



THE



LEISURE HOUR

MAY, 1882.

Contents.

- By Hook or by Crook.
By the Rev. T. S. MUR-
LINGTON. XXIV.—XXVIII. 258
- William Jackson, of Exe-
ter, Musician 273
- Elephants 278
- Curiosities of Criminal
Law 282
- Dutch Cookery 285
- An Ear for Music 289
- English Thrift: its
Helps, Hindrances, and
Hopes. By the Rev. W.
BLACKLEY, M.A. Part II.
I.—VII. 292
- Axel Söderman 296



Contents.

- The Kings of Laughter.
v.—Molière. By the Rev.
E. PAXTON HOOD 300
- A Month's Voyage 303
- Electricity and its Uses.
rv.—The Telegraph 306
- Old Fables with New
Faces 313
- The Queen at Mentone . 316
- Scientific Parliamentary
Grants 316
- What Constitutes a Na-
tion 317
- First Flowers 257
- Paritur pax bello 284
- A Birthday 299
- Varieties 318

ALMANACK FOR MAY, 1882.

1 M ☽ rises 4.34 A.M.	9 T ☽ rises 4.30 A.M.	17 W New ☾ 7.33 A.M.	24 W Q. Victoria bn. 1819
2 T Venus sets 9.4 P.M.	10 W 3 Quar. 0.35 P.M.	18 T [Ec. ☽ beg. 5.10 A.M.	25 T 1 Quar. 0.41 A.M.
3 W Full ☾ 8.31 A.M.	11 T Venus sets 9.31 P.M.	19 F Ascension Day	26 F ☽ rises 3.57 A.M.
4 T Venus near Jupiter	12 F Daybreak 1.30 A.M.	20 S ☽ rises 4.5 A.M.	27 S Clock af. ☽ 3m. 7s.
5 F Clk. af. ☽ 3m. 28s.	13 S ☽ least dis. from ☽	21 S Arcturus S. 10 P.M.	28 S WHIT SUNDAY
6 S Virgo S. 10 P.M.	14 S ROGATION SUNDAY	22 S S. APT. ASCENSION	29 M Bank Holiday
7 S 4 S. APT. EASTER	15 M Twil. ends 1.5 A.M.	23 M Mars near ☾	30 T Mars sets 0.15 A.M.
8 M ☽ sets 7.32 P.M.	16 T ☽ sets 7.44 P.M.	31 T ☽ sets 7.54 P.M.	31 W ☽ sets 8.4 P.M.

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A STORM BREWING.

"Gaming is civil gunpowder, in peace,
Blowing up houses with their whole increase."

George Herbert.

FIRST FLOWERS.



How fair they are, these early flowers,
The dainty gift of Spring,
Her promise of the golden hours
That Summer waits to bring.

I know not if in very truth
Those hours can brighter be,
For hope in springtime as in youth
Paints with a pencil free.

Yet oft when years have made us wise,
And crowned some cherished scheme,
We'd give again the hard-won prize
To revel in the dream.

And all the gay luxuriance
That June around us showers
Will yield no greater joy perchance
Than these first simple flowers.

S. E. G.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—HOME ! SWEET HOME !

"He entered his own house—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome."

—Byron.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cramp had spoken confidently of going home "to-morrow," several days elapsed before he felt equal to the exertion; and it was not till towards the end of the week that he was able to leave St. Gabriel's. Agatha accompanied him to the door of his house. She had been there already to see that the place was made as comfortable for him as circumstances would permit, and she did not go in with him because she was anxious to devote as much of her time as possible to her father. Mr. Cramp had proposed to walk from the hospital to Belvidera, but she insisted on taking a cab for him; and though the four-wheeler in which they travelled was no better than the generality of those noisy, shaky, stuffy conveyances, which disgrace our London streets and London civilisation, he had borne the journey very well, and the air seemed to have done him good.

Agatha left him therefore at his own door, and drove at once to her father's chambers.

The first thing Mr. Cramp noticed was that the chain was not up.

"How is this, Mrs. Chowne?" he asked, angrily; "have you been keeping open house since I have been away?"

"No, Mr. Cramp, but the young man, your nephew, who came about the rent, burst the door open and broke the chain."

"Just like him," said the old man.

"Yes, Mr. Cramp, and I hope I see you better, sir; and it is a good thing you are come back at last."

"Everything is safe and sound I hope?"

"I don't know indeed, sir."

"You don't know?"

"No, Mr. Cramp. As long as everything was left to me, of course I could answer for everything; but when Mr. Bernard came and took everything out of my hands—"

"Nonsense; what do you mean?"

"To see him a-pulling at the cupboard doors as if he wanted to tear them off their hinges, and a-kicking at the box-lids, fit to burst them open, was enough to put anybody in a way! and you at the hospital, not knowing nothing about nothing."

Mr. Cramp went the round of his cupboards and boxes, muttering to himself and trying the locks to prove whether they had been broken or tampered with; and Mrs. Chowne followed him, continuing her remarks upon the violence of Mr. Bernard's speech and conduct.

"He was put out, I suppose," she said, "because he had not got the rents in; as if he expected everybody to come and pour out their money into his bosom without being asked for it. He was in a fine temper, I can tell you."

"Why, what is this?" Mr. Cramp exclaimed, observing that one of his boxes was partly open, the hasp of the lock having been strained. "Have you been meddling with this, Mrs. Chowne?"

"Me, sir? No, sir; you might know me better. It was Mr. Bernard as kicked it open with his toe. He said as he was to see to all the locks and things being right; and that's the way he set about it. He went on like one out of his senses."

"He is an idiot," said Cramp; "a born idiot. I always said he was, and now I know it."

By this time the old man was tired and sat down in his chair, the old well-worn horsehair-seated chair with elbows to it and a straight back. Mrs. Chowne had been charged to keep a good fire, but she had expected her master earlier in the morning, and would not go to the extravagance of burning coal unnecessarily, being uncertain whether he would come or not; the grate was choked with ashes, and the fire burnt slowly and sulkily. The table was littered with old account-books, letters, and circulars, which Mrs. Chowne had never ventured to disturb; the dust and dirt lay thick upon the window panes, and everything in the room was in dreary contrast with the neatness and brightness to which he had grown accustomed at St. Gabriel's.

Mr. Cramp felt more lonely and miserable than he would have cared to confess. He wanted Agatha's cheerful voice, her neat hospital dress, her light step, her gentle hand; and instead of Agatha, here was Mrs. Chowne! Mr. Cramp had a confused idea, a sort of half intention, that if Agatha could have been with him he might have begun a new kind of life, a little more like the life which she would have chosen for him. He might have allowed himself some few indulgences, a book or a newspaper for some one to read to him,—might have learnt to find pleasure in something a degree higher than the perpetual money-grubbing to which all his thoughts and efforts had been hitherto devoted. But with Mrs. Chowne at his elbow, there seemed to be nothing for it but to sink down again into his old habits and go on in the same sordid, miserable way of life to the end. He was like a drunkard who, after having experienced the comfort of abstinence for a time,

is set down again in the midst of his old temptations, and, in spite of a clear and certain knowledge of the fatal consequences, feels that he must yield to them and be lost.

Not that Mr. Cramp would have confessed, even to himself, that Agatha was of so much consequence to him, or that he desired her presence. He was angry with her, and almost thought himself aggrieved because she had not waited to see him made comfortable, though he had not invited her to do so. Was he not her great-uncle? Was it not in his power to make her rich and happy? Had he not hinted to her that her attention to him should be well repaid?

But she despised his riches; she had taken upon herself to lecture him, a man of thrice her age and ten times her experience. He was to her "No. 17" and nothing more. He almost forgot the kindness she had shown him, while thus nursing his wrath against her for what he termed her want of duty and affection.

With Bernard, also, Mr. Cramp was highly indignant; and he could not overlook the fact that Agatha had made excuses for him and had even encouraged him in his misconduct. Bernard had hitherto been subservient to him. Bernard had been, if anything, a little too submissive, too anxious to please him, too spaniel-like in his attention. Mr. Cramp had seen through him, and had taken pleasure in humiliating him. But now Bernard had rebelled, had refused to collect his rents, had vented his ill-humour upon the drawers and boxes which he had been charged to inspect and secure, had kicked one of them open and had left it so. Bernard, in short, had acted, not only disrespectfully towards himself, but foolishly, and in total disregard of his own interest; and that was worse than a crime; that was a blunder, which Mr. Cramp was resolved never to forgive.

The old man spent a lonely, miserable evening, propped up in his straight-backed chair. He tried to amuse himself with an inspection of his securities, reckoning up what interest and dividends would soon be falling due, and then applied himself to his rent-book, in anticipation of the morrow. But that only added to his discontent, especially as he feared that it would hardly be possible for him at present to go about collecting the payments as he had done formerly. Who was to do it for him? That was a difficult question, and one full of annoyance as he thought of Bernard's conduct.

Agatha came the next day to see him. He received her with coldness, and did not fail to show her the broken box-lid and other marks of Bernard's misbehaviour.

"Have you seen him lately?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

Bernard had just been with her to Paradise Row to visit the poor orphan child, and to take it some food and clothing. He had only parted from her a few yards from her uncle's door, near to which she expected to find him waiting for her when her visit should be ended.

"He does not come to see me," said the old man, testily, "and I don't want him. He is better away."

"So he thinks," said Agatha, incautiously.

"How do you know that?" was his quick rejoinder.

"I am sure of it. You told him you would have nothing more to do with him, and it is not likely he would force himself upon you. He would come in a moment if he thought that he could be of any service to you, I have no doubt."

"Service! No! He might have been useful to me, and it would have been to his own advantage if he had not been such an idiot."

"Bernard is not an idiot," said Agatha, warmly.

"He is no man of business, at any rate. He has got no head."

"He has a heart, Mr. Cramp, and that is of more consequence."

"I don't see that," he answered. "With a good head a man can get on in the world. I never heard of any one making a living with his heart."

"Not if it were to be done by rent-collecting in Deadman's Court, Thorn Alley, or Paradise Row."

"What do you know about those places?"

Agatha did not answer him.

"Do you know where they are?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever been there?"

"I have."

"When?"

"Half an hour ago."

"What did you go there for?" the old man asked, angrily. One might have supposed that, because the property belonged to him, no one else had any right to approach it.

"I went to see a poor child in Paradise Row who has lost his mother. Bernard told me about him."

Then, as she seemed to herself to be speaking less than the truth, she added, "Bernard went with me."

"Went with you—to Paradise Row, and would not come a few yards farther to see me?"

Agatha had nothing more to say on that subject; and Mr. Cramp, after muttering to himself, again spoke:

"What have you to do with children, or with any one else in Paradise Row?"

"The child is an orphan, sick, and in want of proper food and clothing."

"Very likely. There are a great many of that sort about. They should go the Union. It is no concern of yours."

"It wants taking care of. A little child may have as much claim upon our care as—as any one else."

"As an old man, you were going to say?"

He had rightly interpreted her thoughts, and she did not contradict him. He looked at her angrily for a moment, but controlled himself. He could not speak roughly to Agatha, therefore vented his displeasure upon Bernard.

"A meddling busybody!" he said. "So he must needs take you into Paradise Row. He ought to have known better! It is no fit place for you to go to. He is an idiot—a born idiot."

"I won't hear him found fault with without any cause," said Agatha, rising; "so if you have



"GOOD-BYE; SEND FOR ME IF YOU WANT ME."

nothing else to say, Mr. Cramp, I will wish you good morning."

"Why, what is the matter with you?" the old man asked, noticing how the colour had risen to her forehead. "He is nothing to you."

"He is my cousin," said Agatha, her voice trembling and her fingers working nervously with the little bag which she carried in her hand.

"Your cousin, eh? And if he has not got a head he has a heart, has he? and that's better, is it? But it's not for you, Agatha; you ought to know that. Bernard's good heart is not for you."

Agatha moved towards the door; but the old man held out his hand as if to prevent her, and she did not like to pass him against his will.

"No, no, Agatha," he said. "Bernard has other fish to fry; and he is right. De Wilde; that's the lady's name; her father is rich, and she is his only child."

"You may be mistaken," Agatha replied.

"I'm not," said her uncle, very decidedly. "Don't think any more of Bernard. He is not good enough for you; and he means to marry De Wilde's daughter, Carara, as he calls her. It is his only chance. It would be a great mistake for you to marry him, if he would have you. He has nothing of his own and nothing to expect from me; no, not a shilling."

"He can do without it. So can I."

"You are mighty independent. Don't be foolish, Agatha; don't be sentimental. Bernard has been courting that other girl, I know. I wish her joy of him. You will do better even if you should never marry at all. I shall take care of you, Agatha, but on one condition—that you do not marry Bernard Tyrrell. My money is not for

him. Bernard is a poor creature, a very poor creature."

"You have no right to talk to me in this way," said Agatha; "I will not allow it. I say nothing about Bernard; but do you think we are to be bribed with your money to marry or not to marry? For shame, Mr. Cramp! Neither he nor I would sell ourselves for all that you possess. Let me go. I will not stay here another minute."

She paused for an instant at the door when she had opened it, and looked round at him. He was standing up, following her movements with his eyes, speechless apparently, with anger and excitement. A great feeling of compassion came over her as she looked at him, and, but for the fear of being misunderstood, she would have returned and tried to pacify him. Tears came into her eyes, springing partly from her own wounded pride, but yet more from pity towards the offender. She could scarcely trust herself to speak again, yet she would not leave him without one gentle word.

"If I can be of any use to you, uncle," she said, "send for me, and I will come at once. But never speak to me again about your money. It has been the curse of your life. I should be afraid to touch it, lest it should destroy my happiness and usefulness, as it has yours. Good-bye; send for me if you want me. I cannot come here again unless you send for me."

Mr. Cramp stood speechless. He heard the door close, and went to the window to catch the last glimpse of her as she quitted the house.

"They are all gone mad together," he said, more in sorrow than in anger, as he crept back to his hard chair by the fire

There he sat brooding for an hour or more, now resting his forehead wearily upon his hand, now stamping with his foot upon the floor, and muttering harsh words between his teeth.

As it grew dark he called to Mrs. Chowne, who brought him, as usual, a single candle in a brass candlestick. He opened his account-books, but could not see the figures; they jumbled themselves up together. Eights and threes and noughts and nines looked all alike. His sight, he thought, must have been much impaired by his accident; yet he would not have a second candle. He had been very angry with Mrs. Chowne for using two candles, and he thought it not improbable that she might be doing the same thing now; but he would do nothing to justify her extravagance. He wearied himself, therefore, over his papers till his head ached and his eyes tingled.

It was yet early, but he felt disposed to go to bed. His bed, he knew by experience, was old and worn and lumpy; he had felt the hard pal-lasse through it all last night, and it had made his bones ache. It was a very different thing from the comfortable mattress upon which he had rested as "No. 17" at St. Gabriel's. He regretted the hospital, and the cleanliness and cheerfulness of the convalescent ward, and, above all, the nursing.

He had had for dinner a single mutton-chop, very much burnt. There was nothing for his supper, as he knew, but water-gruel. He felt faint rather than hungry, and told Mrs. Chowne to prepare the gruel. She brought it to him in a large yellow basin.

"Is there nothing else in the house?" he asked, looking at it with disgust.

"No, Mr. Cramp; nothing else; what should there be?"

"What have you got for yourself?"

"Nothing; but it don't signify about me."

"Do you mean literally nothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I wish you a very good appetite, Mrs. Chowne."

"Thank you, sir, and wishing you the same."

Mr. Cramp tasted the gruel. It was thin and lumpy, like his bed. It was smoked, and yet had not even the merit of being hot. But Mr. Cramp was in want of food, and though the taste of it was anything but pleasant, he crumbled some bread into it and ate it.

"Nasty stuff!" he said to himself, and sat with the spoon resting upon the edge of the yellow basin. It was not so that his food, "milk diet," had been brought to him at St. Gabriel's. He pictured to himself Agatha Hale standing at that moment, perhaps, by the bedside of "No. 17," with a clean cup of well-prepared food, encouraging her patient to take it, and supporting him with pillows while he did so. Agatha was his niece, and cared nothing for him now. Agatha had been to see the destitute child in Paradise Row, and had, no doubt, taken it some food and had waited upon it with her own hand. And he was left alone, with no one to care for him but Mrs. Chowne, and Mrs. Chowne cared not for him, but for his money. Money then, it seemed,

could secure the attentions of a Chowne, but not of Agatha.

Strange as it may seem, these reflections did not soften his feelings towards his niece, but only stirred up a sense of injury. It was wrong; it was cruel; it was disgraceful that he should be so neglected. He had meant to be very kind to Agatha. It was for her own good that he had warned her against marrying Bernard, who was to be cut off without a shilling. And this was the return he met with! He could do without Agatha, he said to himself, if she could do without him; and returned with determination to his gruel.

There was much more than he wanted, but he finished it to the last drop. It was a pity it should be wasted. There was no cat in the house, and if there had been, the cat would have refused it. So Mr. Cramp yielded to the force of habit, and, at the risk of nauseating himself, finished his portion, grumbling in his heart at Mrs. Chowne for having made him such a jorum.

By this time the fire being nearly out, for it was a pity to put on coal when he was thinking of going to bed, he withdrew shivering to his chamber. He felt ill and miserable, and would have given anything, except, perhaps, hard cash, to have been once more at St. Gabriel's and on good terms with Agatha.

CHAPTER XXV.—"I HAD BETTER SPEAK OUT."

"We must endure; this is the short and plain."

—Chaucer.

WHEN Agatha left her uncle's house, she found Bernard waiting for her. She had charged him not to linger in the neighbourhood, as it was quite uncertain how long she might be detained at Mr. Cramp's, but she was not very much surprised to find him still upon the watch. They walked for some distance, intending to hail a cab or other conveyance, but their way led them near one of the parks, and the grass and the budding trees within the enclosure looked so enticing, and the day was so warm and pleasant, though the spring had scarcely yet begun, that they sat down by the water side under a spreading tree. It was not an elm-tree, but it reminded Bernard, and perhaps Agatha also, of the trysting place in the grounds of Westwood House. He said so, and was sorry for it the next moment, for Agatha rose immediately from her seat and proposed that they should resume their walk.

"Not just yet," Bernard pleaded. "It is so pleasant here."

Agatha did not seem to think so, but submitted with an air of resignation, or, at least, of sadness and depression. She had spoken very little since her interview with her uncle; it was an awkward subject to discuss with Bernard.

"How did you find Mr. Cramp?" Bernard now asked.

"Better in some respects; more like himself."

"I should hardly call that better," Bernard said.

"Perhaps not; but it shows that he is gaining strength."

"Did he say anything about those rents?"

"Yes."
 "Anything about myself?"
 "Nothing worth repeating."
 "Is he still very angry with me?"
 "Yes, and with me also."
 "With you, Agatha? Impossible!"
 "It is so. Yesterday he disinherited you; to-day it is my turn."
 "Did he say so?"
 "Yes; or something to the same effect."
 "He cannot mean it."
 "He has got back to his old haunts and his old habits. The love of money cleaves to him like a disease. I thought he had begun to get the better of it, but he has had a relapse already."
 "But why is he offended with you, Agatha?"
 "He wanted to dictate to me—to make conditions, and I would not submit to it."
 "Conditions of what kind?"
 "I cannot tell you."
 "I am so sorry."
 "Sorry I cannot tell you?"
 "Sorry you have offended him."
 "You think I ought to have 'kept in with him'? I believe that is the right expression."
 "Don't reproach me any more with that, Agatha. No; it is he who should have kept in with you. It is shocking ingratitude on his part. He should have considered how much he owes you—more than he could ever pay, if he were to give you every shilling he is worth. But, Agatha," he went on, after a little reflection, "we are both alike now, are we not? If Mr. Cramp had made you rich I should have been half afraid of you."
 "Afraid of me?"
 "Yes; because—because—don't you know?—you used to think me mercenary. You told me so, and I deserved it; it was true."
 "All that is past and done with," she answered, quietly. "We are neither of us mercenary, I hope. Some people would say also that we are neither of us very prudent."
 "Never mind what they say!" Bernard exclaimed, delighted to find himself associated thus in Agatha's thoughts. "We are both in the same case now, as I was saying; and I am going to ask you that important question—"
 He had grasped her hand excitedly, after a hasty glance to assure himself that they were not observed, and was speaking in low but eager tones.
 "Let us go on," she said, withdrawing her hand and rising suddenly. But instead of going on her way she walked slowly to the water's edge, and stood there, looking down upon the ripples as they washed the shore. He followed her, and stood behind her.
 "I had better speak out," she said, without turning her face—"I had better speak out, once for all. I have a very great esteem for you, Bernard. I am sorry I ever said anything to hurt you, and hope you will forget it. You are not mercenary—no, you are nothing that I would not have you. But there have been so many changes during the last few months! I have chosen my vocation for the present. If I leave St. Gabriel's it will be for my father's sake. He will want me. There are other considerations."

"Considerations, Agatha? Of what kind?"
 "Of a kind that you would not listen to, I dare say, but which must weigh with me for your sake."
 "For my sake, Agatha? Then I have a right to ask you to be more explicit."
 Agatha shook her head and said nothing; but turned from the water's edge and walked towards home.
 "It is right that you should consider your father," Bernard said, "but as for myself—"
 "Say no more, Bernard; do not ask for any further explanation."
 "You promised me once," he said, with more of vexation than tenderness in his voice, "that if I asked you a certain question you would answer 'yes.' Am I never to ask it?"
 "Not now, at all events; perhaps, as you say—never."
 "What has changed you, Agatha? Why do you treat me in this way?"
 "I am not changed."
 "Tell me, then, has Mr. Cramp anything to do with this, and what?"
 She did not speak.
 "Tell me, Agatha, tell me! Yes, I see it—it is all his doing. What has he said to you?"
 "Be satisfied with what I have told you, Bernard. While my father lives I must not leave him. Don't think anything more of me, Bernard, except as a friend—a dear friend. Let there be an end to everything else between us from this hour."
 Bernard uttered an exclamation of impatience, and then walked by his cousin's side in silence. He was both mortified and angry, and she could not help being aware of it. He thought himself ill-used. He had made great sacrifices for Agatha; it was in consequence of what she had said to him that he had given his uncle cause to be offended with him. She, too, was disinherited, as she called it, through some imprudence of her own; and he had been willing to marry her, notwithstanding. There was too much ground of truth in what the world would say—that "they were neither of them very prudent!"
 So having hailed a cab at last, and driven to the foot of Mr. Hale's staircase, Bernard parted with his cousin there, shaking hands with her coldly and raising his hat to her, and then walked quickly away with an injured but independent air, and without so much as once looking back at her.

CHAPTER XXVI.—"IT IS YOUR LAST CHANCE."

"Doñt thou marry for munny; but goā wheer munny is."
 —Northern Farmer.

IT need hardly be told that Mr. Cramp's accident, and the consequences which it might entail, had caused a great deal of excitement among all with whom he was connected either by birth or business. The inquiries at St. Gabriel's were both frequent and pressing; the house-surgeons were waylaid and interviewed on every possible occasion, and even the visiting physicians were applied to for their opinion as to the poor

old gentleman's condition and prospects. To very little purpose, however, for members of the medical profession are not in the habit of answering such inquiries from inquisitive or self-interested people.

Mr. Tyrrell, who betrayed perhaps more anxiety than any one else, found it very difficult to obtain a perfectly reliable and satisfactory account of his relative; he did not attempt, for reasons of his own, to see him, but made constant inquiries at the hospital and from Agatha. He even went the length of sacrificing a couple of guineas, which he could ill spare, in the hope of getting information from headquarters. He had suffered lately from wakefulness and palpitation, and although he had not till then thought it necessary to have medical advice for his ailment, he now made it the occasion of a visit to the senior physician of the hospital, taking the opportunity, when his own case had been disposed of, to inquire particularly after his uncle.

For three or four days reports had been unfavourable, and Mr. Tyrrell had gone about with a sad countenance, hinting his doubts and fears, and refusing to be comforted. If any sympathising friend suggested that Mr. Cramp was a man of strong constitution, Mr. Tyrrell did not think much of that, considering his age. If his temperate habits were cited in his favour, Mr. Tyrrell feared that his too great abstemiousness must have undermined his strength, and that his system, so reduced, would never be able to rally from the shock he had received.

When it was told that he was actually getting better, the probability of a relapse, which could scarcely be otherwise than fatal, seemed to weigh heavily on Mr. Tyrrell's mind. But as soon as the patient began to sit up, and Bernard received a message from him relative to the collection of his rents, Mr. Tyrrell ceased to express an opinion on the case, except to remark that it was wonderful what some people could go through; the accident would have been sufficient to have killed ten ordinary men, but Mr. Cramp was made of iron. He supposed he did not mean to die, whatever happened. Mr. Hale, writing to his cousin just at that time to ask for a subscription to the new wing of St. Gabriel's hospital, and enlarging upon the excellence of the arrangements and the skill of the medical staff, received a short but very decided refusal to his application.

It was a comfort to Mr. Tyrrell, however, when he heard that Bernard was to be employed in collecting rents and doing other little matters of the kind for Mr. Cramp.

"It will be a good thing for you, Bernard," he said; "you will see a great deal of him now. He must be very much shaken by this accident, and will feel it more after his return home. You must look after him."

Bernard had been of the same opinion, but after his experiences in Deadman's Court, Thorn Alley, and Paradise Row, and especially after his interview with his Cousin Agatha, as described in our last chapter, he had avoided speaking to his father on the subject.

Mr. Tyrrell, however, lost no opportunity of impressing upon his son the importance of "keeping in" with Mr. Cramp, and was very much surprised and disgusted when Bernard at length answered him, "I have done with Mr. Cramp; I am not going to do any more of his dirty work."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

Bernard then mustered courage and told his father what had passed between Mr. Cramp and himself.

Mr. Tyrrell looked at him with an expression of utter dismay. "Bernard," he said, at length, "you can have little idea of the mischief you have done! You have ruined yourself and me! You have acted like an idiot!"

"That is what Mr. Cramp said. I suppose he was right," he answered, sulkily.

"I told you, above all things, to keep in with your uncle."

"But he would not keep in with me."

"He would have made you his heir."

"He told me just the contrary."

"That was your own fault. You might have done anything you liked with him; why else did he place his rent-book in your hands?"

"To save himself the cost of a collector."

"Whatever he saved might have been your own if only you had had common prudence. Now I suppose it is lost—absolutely thrown away and lost!"

"A man cannot lose what he never had."

"It was as good as yours."

"I never thought so."

"You must go and make your peace with him at once."

"I cannot."

"You must beg his pardon. He is an old man and deserving of respect."

"True; but I must say, once for all, that for me to make any attempt upon Mr. Cramp would now be worse than useless. If he sends for me I will go to him; but just now he is more crabbed and cross-grained than I have ever known him. He has quarrelled even with Agatha, who nursed him through his illness. He almost turned her out of his house, as he did me. If you doubt it, you can go and see him yourself; he would probably serve you the same."

"Then I had better keep away. What can it all mean? He must be out of his mind. That knock on the head has perhaps affected his brain! It would not be at all extraordinary. Did you observe any eccentricities?"

"Oh, yes; lots. Not more, though, than I have noticed ever since I first knew him."

"I must inquire into the case," said the elder Tyrrell, rising, and walking about the room in an excited manner. "I am his nearest relative; at least, your mother is. If it should prove that his mind is really affected, it will be my place to see that he is properly taken care of. I wonder what the doctors would say about it."

"I don't think the doctors have any doubt about his sanity," said Bernard.

"Perhaps not; but they have not looked at the case from that point of view. A lunacy doctor

would probably form a different estimate of his condition. I wonder how I could get some one to see him without his knowing it."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself, father," said Bernard; "Mr. Cramp is no more insane now than he was before his accident."

"He has always been very strange," said his father.

"Yes; and in one sense he may be mad, and probably is so;—

'Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus. Quid avarus? Stultus et insanus.'

According to Horace, a miser must be both a fool and a madman; but you can't lock him up and take possession of his property without some better authority than Horace."

"I beg that you will not insinuate such things. Who speaks of locking up and taking possession?" said his father; "it is very unbecoming of you. I only want to do what is right."

"Of course; I did not mean to imply anything else."

"You know what difficulties arise from mere eccentricities, as they are called. Mr. Cramp might make a will, in one of his tempers, and leave everything he has to Mrs. Chowne. Nothing is more likely. She is the only person about him, and a very unprincipled woman I believe her to be; doing everything with an eye to her own interest."

"Like most other people. But Mr. Cramp hates Mrs. Chowne."

"He hates every one who is kind to him," said Tyrrell; "and that is a very strong evidence of insanity."

"It is with dogs, I know," Bernard answered. "They always bite their friends when they go mad."

"Something must be done," said Tyrrell, still pacing the room; "but it is a difficult thing to manage. If I were to take any proceedings, Mr. Cramp would probably resent it."

"If you were to shut him up in a lunatic asylum, do you mean? I should think he would!"

"Or if I were to take any one to see him with that object, and it should turn out that there was not sufficient cause."

"He would be furious, of course, and quite right too."

"It would be a serious thing for me, Bernard, if I were to fail in such a case."

"It would be a more serious thing for him, father, if you were to succeed."

"I wish you would not talk so flippantly on the subject, Bernard. Consider how I am situated. I should like to know what you mean to do, now that you have broken with Mr. Cramp. What are your intentions for the future?"

"I must stick to business, I suppose."

"There is no business; nothing worth speaking of; and look at the expenses here, and in Horne Court. I shall have to leave this place."

"I am very sorry," said Bernard.

"That will not help me," his father answered.

"Have you seen anything of the De Wildes lately?" he asked, after a long and gloomy pause.

"You have thrown away your chance with Mr. Cramp; I hope you are not going to do the same thing there."

Bernard affected not to understand.

"You know what I mean," said his father, "Miss De Wilde—Cara—will be an heiress. You and she used to be intimate."

"Were we?"

"Don't talk like that. I know that she is fond of you, and you have paid her too much attention to draw back; and why should you draw back? Your uncle, too, approved of the engagement."

"There has been no engagement; nothing of the kind."

"There ought to have been then. It is your last chance, Bernard. I do not wish to influence you in the choice of a wife; but I tell you it is your last chance. I will say nothing more about myself and your mother—how we are situated; though we ought also to be considered; and it is the only thing that can save me, as well as yourself, from ruin. Go and see her to-morrow. Cara is a girl that any man might be proud of. If you marry her Mr. Cramp will be pleased."

"If I marry at all it will be to please myself, not Mr. Cramp."

"Please yourself then; you will never have a better opportunity. Think of it, Bernard."

Mr. Tyrrell left the room with an earnest and impressive gesture, which his son could not fail to understand. He knew in fact that affairs had gone from bad to worse with his father, and that, notwithstanding the extravagance of his style of life, or rather in consequence of it, he was grievously embarrassed. Although the idea of marrying Cara De Wilde for the sake of her fortune was repugnant to his better nature, he could not but feel that it was a great opportunity for him to resuscitate the fortunes of his house, and that, if he should let it pass, nothing remained for him but poverty and trouble. He admired Cara; and though he did not love her, he might have been contented to make her his wife if his heart had not been given to his Cousin Agatha. But Agatha had trifled with him and refused him. He would have been faithful to her, so, at least, he told himself, if there had been any hope that she would marry him. But if she would not have him, why should he sacrifice himself, and give up his last chance for the sake of an unrequited or at least a hopeless passion?

Bernard thought a great deal of Cara that evening. He wondered whether Mr. Spicer had been constant in his attentions to her, and whether she still treated him with ridicule in return for his devotion. It would seem a strange and unreasonable thing if Mr. Spicer should succeed in winning a girl like that, so graceful, so distinguished with fine features and a fine fortune, while he, his superior in all things, as every one must admit, was left in the lurch.

Bernard had not paid a visit to Clover Lodge for some weeks; but he now almost resolved that, as his father wished him to go and see Cara De Wilde the next morning, he would do so. It would be as well to "keep in" with the De Wildes at all events, and to see how things were going on.



A DANGEROUS INTERRUPTION.

CHAPTER XXVII.—“IF ONLY—”

“Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on’t.”

—Shakespeare.

ALTHOUGH Bernard had come to the conclusion that it would be expedient for him to pay an early visit to Clover Lodge, from a dutiful regard to his father's wishes, if for no other cause, he deferred doing so for two or three days. It was distasteful to him, and he could not at once make up his mind to do it. Twice he left home with that intention, but turned aside and went somewhere else instead. On the third occasion he found Miss De Wilde in the garden; the day was fine and the nets had been spread on the lawn-tennis court; and Cara and Mr. Spicer were practising together. Cara left her play at once and came forward to meet Bernard, without a word or a sign to Mr. Spicer, whose existence she seemed to have forgotten.

“Oh, Bernard; oh, Mr. Tyrrell, I have been wanting to see you so much; I want to know all about poor Mr. Cramp's accident. Of course you have been very much engaged with him. You know Mr. Cramp was always quite a favourite of mine. So eccentric, and such fun! I met your father a few days ago and heard such a very bad account of him, and I was so sorry. I suppose there is no hope of his recovery? It could not be expected, could it? Poor dear man!”

“Mr. Cramp is—”

“At his age too!” she went on, without giving Bernard time to relieve her anxiety on the poor dear man's account. “You must have had a great deal to do. I heard he had sent for you and had

placed all his affairs in your hands. What a responsibility! I wonder you can spare time to come and see poor me!”

“Mr. Cramp is better,” said Bernard.

“Better! Oh indeed! only a temporary improvement, I suppose? Mr. Tyrrell said he might possibly rally for a short time. I should have sent to inquire after him if I had known where to find him. Some hospital or other, I was told. How shocking to be in a hospital!”

“He was as well off there as he could be anywhere,” said Bernard. “He would not have had so many comforts at home.”

“How strange! Now I cannot understand any one who has plenty of money living as he did! But there is something rather fine about it too! severe, Spartan, classical! It reminds one of the old Greek heroes, who were so very simple in their habits and—and apparel.”

Cara was thinking of the sculpture galleries in the British Museum, and posed herself, unconsciously, perhaps, in a meditative attitude.

“Mr. Spicer,” she said, presently, observing that gentleman standing at a short distance with his eye fixed gloomily upon Bernard—“Mr. Spicer, I think I struck one of the balls up into the cedar-tree; would you mind looking for it? it is somewhere among the branches. I dare say Bernard would help you to ascend; or there is a ladder at the other end of the garden; you might fetch it. You don't mind, do you?”

Without another glance at him to see whether he minded or not, Cara walked away with Bernard and entered the house, closing the door after her and locking it. Mr. Spicer might have heard the bolt shot.

“And so Mr. Cramp is really still alive?” she said. “Dear old man! And there is another thing

I wanted to ask you about. What is being done about that dear old place which he bought of Mr. Hale? Westwood House I mean. Of course you can tell me, as you have all Mr. Cramp's affairs to manage. Are you going to sell it or keep it?"

"I have nothing whatever to do with it," he answered.

"Well, of course it is only right of you to say so, while Mr. Cramp still lives; but you know all about everything, and you need have no secrets from me."

"Part of the property is sold already," said Bernard. He had seen in Messrs. Price and Bidmore's window, a day or two before, a plan of the ground divided into lots, with the word "Sold" written across two of the smaller segments.

"It is really true, then?" said Cara. "What a pity! I suppose you know that Mr. Spicer talked of buying the property."

"Yes."

"But he says you asked him such a price for it that it made him hesitate."

"It was not my doing," said Bernard.

"True; it was before Mr. Cramp's accident. He made an offer to Mr. Cramp before any part of it was sold, and again after those bits were gone; and the old man actually raised his price instead of lowering it for the remainder."

"Like the story of the Sibylline books," said Bernard, smiling.

"Oh yes. I did not think of that; but you are so classical and so clever!"

"If Mr. Spicer wants to buy, he had better close the bargain at once, or some more lots may be sold, and the price again raised in proportion."

"I doubt whether he can afford it," said Cara. "Philo—Mr. Spicer I mean—is very well off, but not rich. I am afraid if he were to buy Westwood House he would not be able to live in it."

She threw back her head unconsciously, and her lip curled.

"He would not wish to live in such a place as that alone," said Bernard, with emphasis on the last word.

"I understand you," she said, "but you are wrong. I do not pretend to know, of course, what may be his thoughts; but—"

Bernard gave her plenty of time to finish the sentence, but she only looked down at the bracelet of Roman chain upon her well-rounded arm, trifling with it, and was silent.

"I wish papa would buy the place," she said at length, "or else that you would keep it. I don't want Spicer to have it."

"It is not mine to keep. If it were I should be like Spicer; I could not afford to live in it."

"You would not wish to live in it alone," she answered, shyly. "But perhaps you do not care for it?"

"I am not sure that I do," said Bernard.

"You would prefer a more lively situation, nearer town?"

"Perhaps I should."

"It would be rather dull at Westwood, I dare say. London would, of course, be pleasanter in some respects. After all, the place where one

lives is of little importance. I could be happy anywhere, if only—"

"I wonder how Mr. Spicer is getting on," Bernard exclaimed, anxious to change the subject.

"Never mind Mr. Spicer, he can take care of himself."

"But he may be up in the tree all this time, and unable to get down."

"A very good place for him just now."

"I do not see anything of him," said Bernard, going to the window. "I believe he has departed."

"So much the better!"

"And it is time for me to go also. I have an engagement."

"Really? I am so sorry; it is too bad of you. Promise me one thing, Bernard."

Bernard waited to hear what the one thing might be before pledging himself.

"That you will not sell Westwood House without letting me know."

Bernard thought he might safely promise that, since he had nothing whatever to do with the property.

"Not that I care so much about it," she continued. "It does not matter where one lives, if only—"

"No, of course it doesn't," Bernard answered, quickly.

"London is just as pleasant as the country, if only—"

"I cannot quite agree with that," Bernard again interrupted.

"What I mean is that all places are alike, if only—"

"I must run off now, I must indeed," said Bernard. "I will find out all about Westwood House, if you wish it."

"And come and tell me? Yes, do, Bernard. I shall expect you to-morrow at latest. I shall be so anxious to see you. Not that I care about the house, if you don't. One need not care much about any place, if only—"

"Good-bye," said Bernard, again interrupting her.

"So you will come to-morrow?"

"Yes, if—"

"You must."

"I will, unless—" And seizing his hat, he ran out of the house without finishing his sentence.

"I must have time," he said to himself, slackening his pace as soon as he was out of sight; "I must not do anything in a hurry. My father would be very angry with me, and Mr. Cramp would set me down as a greater fool than ever, if they could only know what has passed. She does not care for Spicer, and she does care for me. If she shows her liking a little too plainly, that is my fault. I ought to have been more decided, one way or the other, long ago. One way or the other? I wonder which way? If it were not for Agatha I should have no hesitation. And Agatha, after trifling with me so long, casts me off! I might have settled it in half a minute with Cara. I believe that if it had not been for Mr. Cramp I should have done so. He would think I married her to please him. My father, too—a great catch

he said it would be. A great catch! No one shall say that I am mercenary. Even Agatha shall not do me this injustice. If I had proposed to Cara, or accepted Cara, Agatha might have had some reason for speaking as she did.

"And yet—and yet! There is so much to be said on the other side. I must have time to think about it. Perhaps I may return to-morrow, as she bade me; perhaps I may, but if I should—"

And he went on his way full of thought. To-morrow, if he should indeed keep the appointment, would be a critical day for him. He could hardly hope to escape by running away again.

But although he had been in such haste to leave Clover Lodge, Bernard did not go into the City after parting from Cara De Wilde, but took a long walk through the fields, reflecting and arguing with himself, sometimes aloud, upon his matrimonial opportunities and prospects.

That he loved his Cousin Agatha was certain; and he could not help feeling that, in spite of her refusal of his offer, she was attached to him. But she would not have him, and had told him so, once for all. It was useless, therefore, to think any more of her. On the other hand, he did not doubt that Cara De Wilde would give him her hand and fortune, if he should make up his mind to ask her for them; but it was difficult to believe that he could fall in love with her, however much he might desire it. He was just as much perplexed in mind when he returned home as when he had started on his walk. There was only one thing which seemed clear, namely, that Cara was more attractive to him in theory than in fact. He liked her better in his thoughts or dreams than when she was present with him; and he admired her more while gazing on her features in their statuesque and classical repose than when she spoke or moved.

Certainly he was not in love with her.

After dinner, in the evening, his father rallied him about his pensiveness and silence; and Bernard understood that he was being invited to give an account of himself and of the nature of his thoughts, but he avoided saying anything at present on the subject of his visit to Clover Lodge.

The next morning he went to business at Horne Court, but could not apply himself to anything. The momentous question which Miss De Wilde expected to be definitely settled on that day occupied all his attention, and caused him to be guilty of some very unbusinesslike eccentricities. He thought he would like to see Agatha once more, if he could find an excuse for doing so. It was necessary also that he should ascertain what had been done about Westwood. He left the office, therefore, at an early hour, intending to call at Messrs. Price and Bidmore's, and to be on the look-out in the neighbourhood of Bedford Buildings.

He was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Hale in the street, who took his arm, and, leaning rather heavily upon it, went upstairs with him to his chambers.

"You are not very well, uncle, are you?" Bernard asked.

"Oh, yes; pretty well—only tired."

"You have been doing too much, I suppose?"

"So they tell me. But there is a great deal to be done, and time is short, Bernard."

"You miss your comfortable home and the country air."

"There may be something in that."

"Where is Agatha?"

"Agatha is at St. Gabriel's."

"You must want her dreadfully at home?"

"I shall be glad to have her more constantly with me. We have been talking about it. I must take a house somewhere. I shall keep my chambers, though, and come here as often as I can."

"I am very glad you are going to take a house," said Bernard.

"I think it is right to do so," Mr. Hale replied, "though it will be a hindrance to my work here. I have taken counsel, Bernard, and I have no doubt I shall be guided aright. Do you always take counsel, Bernard?"

Bernard understood him, but did not reply. Agatha had confided to him the secret of the little room with the window towards the east.

Mr. Hale pressed his arm, and said, "Never forget, Bernard, in little things, as well as in great, to take counsel. You cannot go far wrong then, and, whatever happens, you will be prepared and able to meet it—and even to suffer if need be."

Bernard could not help feeling the reproof which these words conveyed, though they were spoken without any such design. The bow, drawn at a venture, had driven the shaft home between the joints of the armour. In all the doubts and perplexities by which the young man had been tortured for weeks past, and especially during the last three or four days, he had never once thought of "taking counsel"—not, at all events, after Mr. Hale's fashion. He had received advice from his father, and also from Mr. Cramp, but had not sought higher wisdom and direction. But for this almost accidental interview with Mr. Hale, Bernard would have come to a decision that very day upon a question of the most urgent and lifelong importance without having "taken counsel."

Mr. Hale kept Bernard for an hour or more, asking many questions about Mr. Cramp, of whose behaviour towards him he had heard particulars from Agatha. He was grieved to think that the old man had relapsed into his former miserly ways so soon. "I thought he would have been a changed man," he said. "Even before this accident I had begun to be very hopeful of him. You heard of his sending me a sum of money—a large sum—and wishing me to accept it? I never could understand it."

"I heard he had done something of the kind," said Bernard, "and that he took it back."

"That was not correct. I wanted him to devote it to charitable uses, and he refused. I might have kept it for myself, but he would not allow me to give it away. Your father may perhaps have understood his motive—it was he who brought me the money. It was a large sum," and he named the amount, pounds, shillings, and pence

"What made him send you that particular amount?" Bernard asked.

"It was the exact sum which I had lost a short time before in an unfortunate speculation: but that was no affair of nis."

"Bambarra Mining Company?"

"Yes, I believe so."

Bernard had heard of this business at the time of its occurrence; his father had been very reticent on the subject, and he knew that there had been something unpleasant about it which had given him a good deal of uneasiness, but he could not throw any light upon the part which Mr. Cramp had acted.

"He called it restitution," Mr. Hale said, "but neither he nor your father were called upon to make me any restitution, so far as I could learn. I never could understand it."

When Bernard left Mr. Hale's chambers he felt much more settled and confident in his mind, though the great question which had to be decided that night was still unsolved. He meant to "take counsel," and already he felt sure that he should be guided aright, therefore he felt comparatively quiet, and was able almost to dismiss the subject from his mind until a later period of the day.

He called at Messrs. Price and Bidmore's, and heard something there which surprised him. He made a note of it, of which the reader shall have the benefit presently. Walking thence towards the City, through St. Paul's Churchyard, he saw that the cathedral doors were open, and with a sudden resolution went in. A few visitors were walking about inspecting the monuments or gazing up into the dome. Others were sitting in the nave, or waiting for the afternoon service. Two or three were engaged in devotion, privately and apart from each other. Bernard took a chair in a quiet corner, unnoticed by any one, and bowed down in silence, taking counsel. Vergers came and went; visitors passed near, whispering their observations to each other; doors opened and shut; the great bell tolled forth the hour and the quarters; but all sounds seemed to be deadened or swallowed up in the great space around him and above him. It was a long time since he had so yielded himself up in the spirit of prayer, making his requests known to God, and waiting for an answer. He rose at length, wiping the unaccustomed tear from his cheek, and went his way with feelings subdued and solemnised, and a great sense of rest and comfort in his heart.

That evening he wrote to Miss De Wilde as follows:—

"Dear Miss De Wilde,—I have ascertained from the agents that Westwood House is not yet sold. Not only so, but Mr. Spicer has withdrawn his offer for it. He called at Price and Bidmore's yesterday afternoon, immediately after leaving Clover Lodge, and told them he had given up all thoughts of purchasing. He mentioned to Mr. Price that he had changed his plans, and was going abroad immediately to visit the sculpture galleries of Italy and to study art.

"I take this opportunity to impress upon you more strongly and explicitly than I did yesterday that I have nothing whatever to do with the sale

of Westwood House, and no interest at all, present or prospective, in Mr. Cramp's property. I have had the misfortune to offend him, and he will have nothing more to say to me. I regret that I did not make this plain to you at our last interview."

That was the substance of his letter. He felt much relieved when he had posted it. For three or four days he watched with nervous anxiety the arrival of the post, but no letter came to him in reply. He then ceased to expect one, and though a little mortified, was very well contented that the affair had ended so.

Before the expiration of a week other startling and important events had occurred to occupy his time and to distract his thoughts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"WHOSE SHALL THOSE THINGS BE?"

"If thou art rich thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey.
And Death unloads thee."

—Shakespeare.

MR. TYRRELL and his son had returned from the City a little earlier than usual: not because there was anything particular to be done at home, but business was not active in town, and there were certain contingencies which Mr. Tyrrell was anxious to avoid. It was a relief to him to get away from Horne Court, where he had lately had some unpleasant interviews with people who came not to bring him money, but to ask him for it. It was necessary still to keep up appearances in the office, as well as at home; but he had, somehow or other, got into disrepute lately, and the two clerks within the railings had more time for conversation than was good for them or for those by whom they were employed. The well-known saying about idle hands, and who finds work for them, is equally true of idle tongues and ears. Mr. Jenkins could not always silence the gossip which went on, though it was not complimentary to Mr. Tyrrell, especially when Bambarra mining shares were mentioned. The Crimean hero, who could not relieve his feelings by conversation, was apt to grow weary of standing at ease all the day long, in the passage, with no inquiries to answer, and only an errand or commission now and then to relieve the monotony of his employment.

Bernard was not yet a member of the Stock Exchange, and had latterly begun to think seriously of another profession. He had broached this subject to his father on his way home; and Mr. Tyrrell had told him that "if he thought he could do better for himself, he was welcome to try. He had done for himself already with Mr. Cramp, and had thrown away his chance with Miss De Wilde; it did not signify much what his next step might be." Mr. Tyrrell was in a very unamiable mood that afternoon, and did not spare his son, whom he looked upon as a chief cause of the embarrassment, if not ruin, with which he was threatened.

They had not been long at dinner when a ser-

vant announced that a gentleman wanted to see Mr. Tyrrell.

"What name?" he asked.

"He did not give his name."

"I am at dinner."

"I told him so, sir; but he said it was very important."

"So is dinner," said Mr. Tyrrell, sulkily; but he rose, nevertheless, and going to the door, looked into the entrance-hall.

"It is Bidmore," he said, returning to the table and speaking in a low voice to Bernard.

"What can he want?" said the latter.

Mr. Tyrrell beckoned to his son, and they withdrew to one of the windows, where they held a whispered conversation.

The cause of Mr. Tyrrell's uneasiness was that he had reason to anticipate a visit of an unpleasant kind on behalf of one of his creditors; and when Bidmore was announced he could not but fear that he had come in his professional character, armed with proper authority, to take possession of his goods and chattels.

Mrs. Tyrrell's fears also were aroused, for she had observed her husband change colour, and thought it strange that he should be talking in whispers to Bernard, instead of attending either to Mr. Bidmore or his dinner. She also rose from table and went to the door; and Mr. Bidmore, catching sight of her, advanced with a polite bow and solemn countenance, and begged to know if he could speak with Mr. Tyrrell immediately.

"What is it about?" she asked.

"About poor Mr. Cramp," he replied.

"Poor Mr. Cramp! Why, what is the matter?"

"Very ill, madam."

Mrs. Tyrrell spoke to her husband, who went to see Mr. Bidmore immediately, very much relieved at hearing that nothing more serious was to be apprehended.

"I called at his house to-day, sir," said Bidmore, "for the rent-book. We have been collecting his rents lately, sir, on account of his not being quite equal to it: we do not collect 'weeklies' as a rule, but were willing to make an exception in his case; and so I called on him this morning, and found him very ill, in bed. He did not seem to know me, and I am afraid he is dangerous."

"Violent, do you mean?" said Tyrrell, recurring to his own particular theory about Mr. Cramp's insanity.

"Oh no, sir; in danger, I mean."

"I'll go and see him directly. He has had a doctor, of course?"

"I took upon myself to send for one as soon as I saw the state he was in. Mrs. Chowne said she durstn't do it herself; it would be as much as her place was worth. Then I went and told Mr. Hale, for he has been very kind to me, and I felt it my duty to do so. And Mr. Hale wished me to go to the office in Horne Court, and to let you know about him, and as you were gone from Horne Court, I came on here."

"I'll go and see him at once," said Tyrrell.

Mrs. Tyrrell and Bernard also signified their intention of going with him; but the former was persuaded to wait till she should hear a more

particular account of her uncle's condition. Agatha would no doubt be with him, and everything that could be done for the old man would be done promptly and well. Therefore Mrs. Tyrrell yielded, as she usually did, to her husband's suggestion.

Mr. Tyrrell plied Bidmore with many questions as they went together to the railway station; but he knew very little more than he had already told them. The old man had been taken ill in the night; but his door was locked, as usual, and Mrs. Chowne had not ventured to disturb him until long after his usual hour of rising. She had then forced the door open with the help of Mr. Coggin, "who happened just to look in," and they found him lying helpless and almost unconscious on his bed.

"He will die," said Tyrrell, gloomily, to Bernard, when they were alone in the railway carriage, "he will die, to a certainty."

Bernard said nothing. It shocked him to think of the old man being taken away so suddenly, not only without medical attendance, but with no one to warn him of his danger, to speak a word of comfort.

"I am very sorry for him," he said, presently.

"You may well be sorry," said his father—"sorry for yourself and for all of us. You might have been with him at this moment and have had an interest in everything. Now there is no knowing how things will be."

"I was thinking of Mr. Cramp's illness," said Bernard, "not of his property."

"Of course you were. I am thinking of both. I do not pretend to be so disinterested as you are. I cannot afford it. As to his illness, you are in one sense the cause of it. If you had been willing to collect his rents for him, he would not have tried to do it himself when he was not fit for it."

"No man is fit for such a business as that," said Bernard.

"You would not have had to go on with it very long," said his father.

Then they were silent, and scarcely exchanged another word until they reached Belvidera; but Bernard heard his father telling a fellow-passenger, one whom he often met in travelling, that Mr. Cramp, the eccentric old man whom he had doubtless heard of, was dying; and could not but mark how little of sorrow there was in his manner of speaking, though the conventional expressions of regret were not wanting from his vocabulary. He did not feel much surprise, and the words of his favourite Latin poet recurred to him—

"Miraris, cum tu argento post omnia ponas,
Si nemo proestet, quem non merearis, amorem?"

"An odd man," said the person addressed; "I have always heard that he was eccentric—but rich, is he not?"

"Yes, oh yes, poor man!—very rich."

"Ah! it is a great pity, and I am very sorry for him."

Riches seemed to atone, in the opinion of the world, for all his "oddness," and to call forth deeper expressions of sympathy for their late owner.

The door was no longer "on the chain" when Bernard and his father reached it, but partly open for any one who would go in or out. Some boys who had been peeping in to see what "Old Cramp's" house was like, ran off at their approach, and stood at a distance watching. Mr. Tyrrell's eyes turned first to the windows. The blinds were not drawn down, but to most of the windows there were no blinds. They found Mr. Hale and Agatha in consultation with Dr. Mandible, one of the physicians from St. Gabriel's, and the surgeon who had been first on the spot. The latter had thought very seriously of the case from the first, and Dr. Mandible's report confirmed his apprehensions. The old man was lying in a stupor, taking no notice of anything or any person. He did not recognise Agatha's voice when she spoke to him, but they thought he was sensible of her presence and help when, with her well-trained hand, she lifted his head and arranged his pillow. Until she came he had retained a small bunch of keys firmly clasped in his fingers, but he suffered her gently to open his hand and take them from him.

When night closed, Mr. Hale returned to his chambers, Bernard going with him, and proceeding afterwards to his home to take a report to his mother. Mr. Cramp might linger some little time in the state in which they left him, but it was not likely he would rally sufficiently to recognise any one.

But very early in the morning, while Agatha and the surgeon were watching by his bedside, his pulse began to falter, and soon afterwards, without any other sign, he passed away.

Mr. Tyrrell left his bedside and went into the front room, the room which had served Mr. Cramp for all uses in the daytime, and sat down in the hard straight-backed chair which he had been in the habit of occupying.

Only for a few minutes, however. One thought had occupied his mind, almost to the exclusion of every other, from the moment when he had heard of Mr. Cramp's illness. Standing by the old man's bedside and looking down upon his withered features, listening to his hard and stertorous breathing, or pressing the faltering, uncertain pulse with his fingers, that one thought still prevailed—who was to have his money? Even in the supreme moment, in the very presence of death, when the passing soul sat, as it were, upon the pale lips ready to take its flight, and Mrs. Chowne went in haste to the door to see that it was unlocked, in accordance with a superstition of her own, that the spirit might have free egress, even then the same thought prevailed, the same anxious, trembling excitement filled his mind—What was he worth? Who was to be his heir?

Whither that soul was going in its unknown flight—how it would fare in the strange world upon which it was entering—what would be its lot throughout eternity, had scarcely occupied Mr. Tyrrell's mind for a moment. How it would fare in this world with those who survived; what disposition he had made of his effects; whose should those things be which he had stored up for himself, and could not carry with him?—that

was the all-prevailing question with Mr. Tyrrell. And now the moment was come for him to seek an answer to it.

True, it was scarcely decent to begin turning over the old man's drawers and boxes, and scrutinising the contents of his private papers, while the attendants in the next room were yet busy with the last offices to his lifeless body. But he dismissed that thought. He possessed himself of the keys which Agatha had taken from the old man's hand, rightly judging, from the tenacity with which he clung to them, that they were the guardians of his treasures, and then, having locked the door of the room, set himself to examine, timidly at first, but more boldly and recklessly as he went on, the contents of the iron safe and other receptacles.

There were bonds, mortgages, stock and share certificates, obligations with coupons attached, notes of hand and other securities of various kinds, and some of them for large amounts; and Mr. Tyrrell soon came to the conclusion that the estimate he had formed of his late uncle's wealth had not been exaggerated. His heart beat rapidly as he counted up the amount represented in the several documents before him. But the vital question still remained unanswered, to whom should all this belong? Who was at that moment the legal owner of it? Now that the old man was dead, there could be no change or revocation on his part; as he had left it, so it must go. "Where the tree falleth there it shall be."

Mr. Tyrrell, in repeating these words to himself, did not know, perhaps, that it was a Scripture truth; nor did he dream of applying it to the solemn event which had furnished an example of it in that house. He thought not of the tree cut down, the life ended, the account closed, the judgment to come from which there could be no appeal, the eternal destiny in which there could be no change; but only of the money left behind to be claimed by some person or persons appointed by will, or in the absence of any such document, to be distributed among the next of kin as the law should direct.

To whom did it all belong? That was the question continually recurring, or rather, never for a moment absent from his mind. He had not met with anything in the shape of a will yet. He hardly knew whether he most desired or feared to discover such an instrument. A will, executed a year or two ago, would, he felt sure, be in his favour; but a will of recent date would, almost as certainly, be fatal to his hopes. Bernard had played his cards so badly! He had done everything in his power to offend his uncle, whom he ought, as a matter of duty as well as prudence, to have done everything to conciliate. But then to whom else could all this wealth be left? Agatha Hale would no doubt have come in for a share of it; but she also had given offence, and had been told, in almost as many words, that she should have nothing. What had he intended to do with it? What had he done with it? To whom had he bequeathed it?

Perhaps to Mrs. Chowne. Mrs. Chowne had been always with him, and might possibly have

persuaded him to leave her what he did not wish to leave to others. A will of that sort might be easily overthrown. The old man's eccentricities were well known, and it might be shown that he had yielded to undue influence.

Or perhaps he had left it to charities; to St. Gabriel's Hospital, in which he had received such tender nursing; or to schools and churches, endeavouring to atone in his death for his utter neglect of all charities during life. Even in that case the will might be open to dispute. Yet Mr. Tyrrell gnashed his teeth at the thought of such a catastrophe, tearing open with trembling fingers every folded sheet of paper which might possibly turn out to be a "last will and testament." The more he thought of it the more anxious he felt that no will should be found. In that case his wife would be entitled to one half, at least, of the property, and that would be sufficient to relieve him from all his difficulties and to ensure him a competency for the remainder of his days. But as it is always difficult to prove a negative, so now Mr. Tyrrell felt impatient at the thought that days and weeks might elapse before he could feel assured that no such document existed. He went on eagerly with his task, ransacking every box and drawer, looking for the will alone, and disregarding for the time the bonds and other papers of value which were continually passing through his hands.

He was so intent upon his search that he failed at first to notice the sound of footsteps treading lightly on the naked boards of the passage, and a slight movement at the handle of the door, which, it will be remembered, he had locked. But he presently became aware that some one was watching him, and closing the drawers and boxes, which he had by this time thoroughly examined, he went to the door and opened it. No one was there; but at the farther end of the passage he observed a tall form slinking away, which vanished as he approached it. Turning round, he observed Mrs.

Chowne peeping from the door of what had lately been the sick-room.

"Did you want anything?" she asked.

"Who has been here, listening and watching?" he inquired.

"Listening and watching? No one. What should anybody listen and watch for now?"

Whether Mrs. Chowne meant anything or nothing by the use of the word "now," Mr. Tyrrell understood it as a confession of her own practices during Mr. Cramp's lifetime. Mrs. Chowne had, no doubt, kept a good look-out upon his movements, assisted perhaps by Coggin.

"Where is Mr. Coggin?" Tyrrell asked.

"Coggin? Oh! he don't come here," she replied; "he never comes here—except, maybe, just to look in for a minute and go away again."

"He had better not look in upon me!" said Tyrrell.

"Did you want anything?" the old woman asked again, seeing that Mr. Tyrrell remained standing in the passage.

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing!" she replied; "only you was looking for something, wasn't you?"

It struck Mr. Tyrrell then that Mrs. Chowne understood the object of his search, and that she or Mr. Coggin, with their peeping habits, might know something about Mr. Cramp's will.

What more likely than that the old man had taken it with him to his bedchamber, hiding it perhaps under his pillow. The room had been set in order since the old man's death, and everything wore an aspect of greater neatness than it had ever presented while he was alive, but cold and dreary-looking as a place no longer inhabited. The guest was gone from the chamber which for so many years he had occupied, and in that respect the room was in harmony with that other vacant shape whose grim outline was discernible through the sheet which rested lightly on it. From that once active form the spirit had gone forth, leaving it desolate; and yet more calm and comely in its



NO ONE WAS THERE.

appearance than when life, with its cravings and passions, had agitated and disfigured it.

As Mr. Tyrrell looked round the room his eye rested on the bed and its lifeless occupant, and for a moment he felt ashamed of the eagerness and heartlessness of his recent search among the old man's papers. What would it profit him though he should inherit all that his aged relative had once possessed? This would be the end for him also. "Though he dieth, he shall carry nothing away with him." To this complexion rich and poor alike must come at last. A few years at most, and then all would be over! What would it signify then whether he had prospered in the world, and had riches in abundance, or the contrary? He did not long give way to such feelings. The question, "Whose shall those things be?" though it might be but a jibe for the former owner of them, was for himself of real importance. Almost unconsciously he began the search again in the dead man's chamber, turning over some articles of clothing in the drawers.

"Was you looking for anything?" Mrs. Chowne asked once more, with an injured look. She had had the charge of the old man's wardrobe, and resented any interference with it.

"Have you met with any letters or papers anywhere?" he asked, in a low voice. Mrs. Chowne was deaf, and he had to repeat his question in a louder key. He could not help looking round at the quiet form on the bed as he did so.

"You may speak out, Mr. Tyrrell," she said; "you will not wake him up."

"Letters, papers," he said in a sharp voice, rather distinct than loud.

"No," she answered; "not likely in this room. All his papers and everything was locked up, and you have took the keys."

"My wife is his nearest relative," said Tyrrell; "and it is my place to look to these things; especially if there is no will."

"No will? Who says there is no will?"

"That's the question; do you know whether there is or is not?"

"I know he made one."

"When?"

"About a week ago. He said I was to have a good legacy and all his things, for waiting on him."

"Then where is the will?"

"I can't say. I shouldn't wonder if he burnt it the same night. He said he should."

"Said he should burn it?"

"Yes; 'as likely as not,' he said."

"Who was his lawyer?"

"He didn't employ none, nor doctor neither."

"Who drew up his will, then?"

"His own self."

"Who witnessed it?"

"I did—me and Mr. Bidmore. And he said I was to have a good legacy and all his things. I hope you will remember that, Mr. Tyrrell, now you know it, will or no will."

"The legacy would not be worth much if you witnessed the will," said Tyrrell. "But where is it? that's the question. You did not see him burn it?"

"No, Mr. Tyrrell; but I saw him holding it over the fire as if he was a-going to burn it, and so did Coggin."

"Coggin was here, then, was he?"

"Only for a minute; but it don't matter about that now."

Mr. Tyrrell could extract no further information from the old woman. That his uncle should have made a will was what he had expected and feared; but that he should have destroyed it again as soon as made was incomprehensible. It was satisfactory to know that no lawyer had been employed. A will drawn up by himself, and executed in the hasty informal manner which Mrs. Chowne's account of it seemed to imply, might be open to dispute. Perplexed and anxious as he felt, there was nothing for it but to wait as patiently as he could till he could see Mr. Bidmore and hear his account of the incident.

Bidmore called at an early hour. He had heard, as he passed Deadman's Court, from some women who were loitering about that Mr. Cramp was gone; and after a whispered conversation with Mrs. Chowne in the passage, entered the room where Mr. Tyrrell was fretfully waiting for him.

"Mrs. Chowne says you know about the will," Tyrrell began immediately.

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I can't tell you that."

"You witnessed it?"

"I did."

"Do you know anything of its contents? I want to know who are the executors; they ought to take things in hand at once."

"I know nothing whatever," said Bidmore. "Mr. Cramp called Mrs. Chowne and myself into the room and bade us witness his signature to a paper, and then told us that it was his will, which he had just made. What he did with it afterwards I have no idea."

"It is not to be found," said Tyrrell.

"Have you looked in the safe?"

"I have looked everywhere."

"You have not lost much time," said Bidmore. "It is very strange."

"Not at all," said Tyrrell, colouring. "It was my place to do it."

"Strange it should not have been found," said Bidmore. "That is all I mean."

"Did he make no remark as to what he should do with it?" Tyrrell asked.

"No—well, yes he did; but I thought nothing of it; I did not suppose he meant it. After we had signed our names he remarked that it was of no consequence after all; he need not have been in such a hurry, or something of that sort. Ah, poor old gentleman! he little thought what was to happen! 'I am not going to give away what little I possess just yet,' he said; 'I don't mean to part with anything until I am obliged.' He looked at the will with a spiteful sort of glare, as if it had been his death-warrant. 'I have a great mind to burn it,' he said; 'it is like giving up everything to have executed such a document as this.' It seemed as if he could not bring his mind to part with his money, or to let any one

else touch it, even after death. 'I have a great mind to burn it,' he said again and again; and he held it over the fire till it was scorched; but he drew it back and put it in his pocket."

"And is that all you know about it?"

"Yes; I never saw it afterwards, nor did he speak of it again to me. He may have burnt it, after all. I shouldn't wonder. It seemed such a trouble to him to think that he had 'made away' with his property, as he called it. He could not bear the idea of leaving it to any one, and the will made him realise the fact that sooner or later it would have to be done."

"From what you say," said Tyrrell, "I have very little doubt that Mr. Cramp destroyed the will as soon as it was made. It is not to be found, at all events."

"Then I suppose you and Mr. Hale, or rather, your good lady and Miss Hale, will share the property between them. That is how it would go, I think."

"I suppose so; but I must consult the lawyers about that."

"I am very glad; glad on Mr. Hale's account, though he is not a man who cares about money, except for the good that he may do with it. It will be very useful to them; and there will be many others who will have reason to rejoice with them. I suppose the property is considerable?"

"I suppose it is."

"Excuse my asking such a question. I was thinking of Mr. Hale, who has been a good friend to me. You will give instructions for the funeral and take charge of everything, I presume?"

"Yes," said Tyrrell.

"And you will be the chief mourner?"

"Yes," he said again, with a lightness and gladness of heart to which he had long been a stranger. "Yes, of course, of course, I shall be chief mourner; one of the chief, at all events."

WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER, MUSICIAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A FEW words of explanation seem called for with regard to this autobiography, which we believe has never been before published, and from which we now present copious extracts. The history of William Jackson is that of one who raised himself from the position of a subordinate member of a provincial choir to a high rank among the musical composers of his day, when he became the valued friend of Gainsborough and Goldsmith, and the frequent guest of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He tells the tale of his success so modestly that it is impossible not to sympathise with his gratification at the immense popularity of his music.

It must have been a great triumph to a man of five-and-twenty to find, by the enormous sale of his songs, that he had become the most popular composer of his day. For many a long year his canzonets, "Love in thine eyes for ever strays," "Time hath not thinned my flowing locks," and others, were favourites in many a drawing-room, while his "Te Deum in F" echoed through every cathedral in England.

It is to be regretted that he did not preserve, and hand down to us the music which he composed in a more simple and severe style, as it would probably have better suited the taste of the present day. The compositions of which he writes that they "must hide their diminished heads," as being too deficient in fancy and effect for the last century, might have been better appreciated now. But he seems to have studied with great success the secret of national melody, and the popularity of his songs lasted till Dibdin became the universal favourite, appealing, as he did, to patriotic enthusiasm roused by stirring events.

Jackson's success as a musical composer would hardly, however, have accounted for the position he attained among the artists and literary men of his day.

Gainsborough's enthusiastic affection for him must have been called forth by personal qualities of which his autobiography gives us no glimpse.

One distinguishing feature of his character we may trace (and, if we may believe Macaulay, it was a rare gift at that period)—a deep, passionate love of Nature in all her aspects and forms. This is specially to be seen in his journal written while in Switzerland and Italy. With loving minuteness he notes, not only the glorious effects of light and shade on cloud and mountain, the solemn pine woods, the path of the mountain torrent, the glow on the evening sky, and the varied tints on the lake, but even the strata of the rocks, and the deepened colour on the flowers.

"The mountain glory had not yet burst upon man," says an accomplished writer,* speaking of the last century, but it burst on the enthusiastic soul of this young Englishman, when, coming from the green hills of Devonshire, he gazed for the first time on the Alps, and wrote, "I hope I shall always preserve the memory of this sublimity, which I consider as a full equivalent for all my disappointments in life!"

Probably this deep love of nature may have been the characteristic that specially endeared him to Gainsborough. Jackson's remembrances of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough were published in a volume brought out by him early in this century, entitled, "The Four Ages." It

* Principal Sharp, in his "Poetic Interpretation of Nature."

had a considerable sale, but has long been out of print. Jackson wrote of Gainsborough, "His profession was painting, music was his amusement," and it might have been said with equal truth of Jackson, "His profession was music, painting his amusement."

Each undertook to instruct the other in the art of which he was master, and it is believed that the lover of genuine English art will find somewhat to interest him in the record of the friendship between Thomas Gainsborough and William Jackson.

A SHORT SKETCH OF MY OWN LIFE.

When we sit down to write a common letter that is soon to be read by our correspondent, we have a different sensation from what we feel when we take the pen to write our will or our life. The consciousness of the latter not being to be read until we are no more, may be allowed to give a seriousness to our occupation, and check every inclination to levity, so that should I be thought dull I am provided with an excuse. However, I ought not to claim it, because in truth I perfectly acquiesce in the propriety of life's having an end as well as a beginning, and to that end I have ever, even from my earliest days, looked forward with something better than indifference. With this disposition I now begin some memoranda of myself, which I shall continue as inclination prompts and opportunity offers.

I was born May 28th, 1730 (o. s.). Of my family I know nothing but that for many generations they were farmers at Morleigh, an obscure place in the south-west of Devon. . . . It seems trifling to add that all the Jacksons in Devonshire have a family face and person; what mine was may be known by a picture by Rennell, painted at twenty years of age, one by Gainsborough at forty, another by Keenan at seventy; I recollect also sitting for a miniature to Humphrey, for a portrait in crayon to Morland, and for two in oil to Opie.

My grandfather, Richard Jackson, was a sergemaker in Exeter, lived creditably, and acquired what in those days was considered as a fortune. He left many children. My father, William, was his second son, to whom he gave a good school education, but not inheriting the prudence of his predecessor, he soon dissipated his little fortune. . . . My classical education was begun in my seventh year, and continued till I was sixteen. I am so far from having any infantine prodigies to record, that my twelfth year had arrived when my musical studies had commenced. Perhaps this may be considered as paying myself a compliment when I declare that I never knew one instance of those early blossoms producing fruit except in the single instance of Mozart. An anecdote of him may be worth preserving. When he was a mere infant (I think under six years of age) he was exhibited as a great performer on the harpsichord; and an extraordinary genius for music, John Bach, took the child between his knees and began a subject on the instrument, which he left, and

Mozart continued—each led the other into very abstruse harmonies, and extraneous modulations, in which the child beat the man. We were afterwards looking over Bach's famous song "Sespiego" in "Zanaida." The score was inverted to Mozart, who was rolling on the table. He pointed out a note which he said was wrong. It was so, whether of the composer or copyist I cannot now recollect, but it was an instance of extraordinary discernment and readiness in a mere infant.

My master received my entrance fee and gave me my notes, which was all I was indebted to him for. From a subordinate member of the choir at Exeter I learnt two or three common airs such as are given to beginners. This was the whole of my instruction for three years which I received from others; by my own assiduous practice I could perform Handel's Organ Concertos and some of Corelli's Sonatas, in a wild irregular manner no doubt. As yet I was a stranger to any but my own poor performance, when I was carried to hear a young lady who, among other pieces, played the overture of "Otho." I have since heard most of the great virtuosi play their own music, but would I could recall the *genuine feelings* which possessed me when I first heard the lady and the overture of "Otho." About this time a Welsh harper arrived at Exeter, who treated us with, "Of noble race was Shenkin," and "Del minacciar del vento," from "Otho." The grandeur of the subject in the latter would have given me the first ideas of musical dignity had they not been anticipated by a march I heard once a year on a very trivial occasion, the commencement of a fair! I listened to it with pleasure many years afterwards, although the band was no more than one poor solitary scraper! Real melody charms under all disadvantages.

Some actors travelling from the metropolis to Plymouth left their first violin sick at Exeter. How he came to be so circumstanced as to make such a situation necessary I know not, but his performance (for that time) was highly respectable. My father became acquainted with him, and of course he became of use to me. He taught me to accompany him in some solos, which I still think he played very finely, and lighted up a new flame within me. Hitherto my future destination was undetermined, but this gentleman persuaded my father to send me to London that I might study music as my profession. After a few difficulties were surmounted I was sent to study under Mr. Travers, organist of the King's Chapel and of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in many respects a proper choice, an improper one in others. . . . While I was with him I filled a folio volume with variations on Guido's Hexachords, tried my hand at a church service, and made some lessons for the harpsichord, in which I was not permitted the free use of my thoughts or my fingers. However, being told that these restrictions were for my good, I cheerfully acquiesced. The Academy of Ancient Music was then in full swing, and helped to keep in existence many pieces that had better been forgot. However, they frequently performed some that were of a superior cast. Geminiani was now (1746) at the close of life, but he led the band in

his own concertos. . . . It was about this time that the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus" was first performed. I squeezed in among the chorus singers, and was remarked by Handel when he entered as a stranger. "Who are you?" says he. "Can you play? Can you sing? If not, open your mouth and pretend to sing, for there must be no idle persons in my band." He was right. However, in the course of the evening, by turning his leaf, and some other little attentions, there became some sort of acquaintance between us, so that I gained admittance to the frequent repetitions of this oratorio, in which are more fine parts than in any other of his compositions. I now had congenial feelings with those I had experienced from hearing "Del minacciar." The first part of "Judas Maccabeus" (improperly termed *an act*) is a succession of real melody, harmony, and good composition. The duet, "From this dread scene," will be always admired, as it is in that general style which will be as good in time to come as in that which is past. . . .

Before I was twenty I composed another set of lessons for the harpsichord. They were in the style of the times, and very inferior to what great performers on the instrument have since produced. However, the harmony is correct and the melody natural. They were never, and I hope never will be, published.

Being with Travers as a scholar, and not as an apprentice, the expense of my residing in London was rather too much for my father's finances, and he sent for me home. Under eighteen I was obliged to practise my profession for a subsistence. My first year produced so little that the most severe economy could not prevent my having a debt of a few pounds. The next year discharged it, and from thence to the present moment I have never owed a shilling, but have ever paid my bills as soon as delivered.

I was early possessed with an idea that a debtor was in the most miserable situation in life, and to prevent being so was determined never to spend any money until I had not only *earned* it, but had it in my pocket.

* * *

Wishing to be acquainted with the French language, I put myself under the instruction of an old Protestant divine, who had abandoned France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. So far from learning French of him, it was almost the only thing I did not learn. The grammar was scarcely open five minutes when something required an explanation, and that brought on another, until at last we had wandered too far ever to return; nor while I wandered with so much advantage and pleasure did I wish to come home again. I now studied by myself, and by degrees conquered the difficulty of *reading* French, but I never had an opportunity of learning to *speak* that useful language. The want of this accomplishment I have often severely felt. Not long after I took up Italian, the first rudiments of which were taught me by a native of Yverdun. This person studied our language with more method and perseverance than any other foreigner of my acquaint-

ance. His method (besides learning the grammar) was to learn a dozen words every morning and evening. He also copied Hawkesworth's "Adventurer" as the numbers came out. By his advice and example I copied an Italian grammar. He was one of the most friendly men I have met with in my journey through life. Having no other intention in this short sketch than merely to show my progress in music, painting, and literature, I shall mention but few circumstances of my life unless they have relations to those subjects.

At twenty-three I married. . . . It was about the year 1755 that I published my first set of songs, under the *firm* (to speak consequentially) of "William Jackson of Exeter." I took the addition of my place of nativity and residence, to be distinguished from a person of the same name at Oxford. This has since been done by some of my pupils without having the same, or any other, reason for the addition. Of these songs perhaps more books have been sold than of any other musical publication, and with less profit to the composer. The amount of my receipts for the subscription was under fifty pounds, after which the plates were sold to Johnson for old pewter. They have been pirated by nearly all the trade, printed in Holland, published separately, adapted for the guitar, for the German flute, and twisted into various different forms for the advantage of all concerned except myself. Their sale still continues, although forty-five years have elapsed since their first publication. As this was the work which gave the impression of my character as a composer to the public, it may not be amiss to say in what it differed from preceding publications under the same title.

Our national melody is peculiar to ourselves; it bears no resemblance to the Italian, German, French, or even to the Scottish. What this was was almost forgotten. This, I think, may be attributed to Giardini, who composed many Italian songs, to which English words were set. To say that they were better or worse than our native tunes is not to the purpose; it is sufficient to say that they were different. Giardini himself, his performance, and his compositions, were then in vogue, and this introduced a new style, which was imitated by those who had nothing original of their own. It is easier to make a hundred tunes like "Voi amanti" than one the mere shadow of "Go Rose." Our national melody may be known from the natural tunes in the "Beggars' Opera," from Carey's ballad operas, and in a more elegant form from many airs of Greene, Arne, Howard, and Boyce. We were losing our national melody apace when my songs first appeared. I depended upon tune as their principal support, to this I added expression (hitherto not much attended to), and choice of words, which had never before been considered as *essential* to the effect of vocal music. I had the satisfaction to find my principle applauded, from which I have never departed.

About 1757 were published my first set of sonatas for the harpsichord with a violin accompaniment. I sold them for twelve guineas. Those

sonatas were not introduced by me, nor, I believe, by any other person, to the public, so that they never were in vogue, but they always had and have still some sale. There are three of them in that general style which is as good at one time as another.

In 1760 my elegies came out, which having as musical compositions a new title, and combining with harmony a more elegant melody in the construction of the parts, together with an expression of passion in such poetry as was worth being expressed—those circumstances occasioned the elegies to be much noticed, which consequently were profitable to me. As these elegies are in that general style I have just mentioned, they are still as much in fashion as ever.

It was about the year 1757 that I first attempted landscape painting in oil, but being perfectly ignorant of the mechanical part, my pictures, though not deficient in design and tone of colour, were ill-painted. I continued in this bad way for many years, nor did I ever receive a hint from any artist of my acquaintance how to correct my touch. The pictures I painted at this period, when hung at a distance, very much improve on the eye. The design is in general good, the colouring never unharmonious, and the parts are connected together. I lately saw one of my pictures of this period. It was in the possession of Lecky, the miniature painter, who bought it from a dealer, and said it had belonged to Sir George Yonge. This gentleman had also three other pictures of mine, which, when his house at Escote, in Devonshire, was bought by Sir John Kennaway, became his property. It is a curious circumstance that the auctioneer put them up as Wilson's (to whose pictures in handling they bear not the least resemblance). One of the company told him that if he would insert what was wanting between the two syllables of Wilson he would have the name of the real painter, *William Jackson*. Some other early pictures of mine still exist. One I gave to Gainsborough, which was sold in his sale and occasioned many guesses at the painter. Sir John Dantze, Mr. Baring, and Mr. White, of Exeter, have also some; they all answer the above description. As I never satisfied myself, I sometimes did not touch a pencil for years together. I think I was once nine years without painting a stroke.

It is (to me) a melancholy consideration that what I wanted might have been explained to me in a few minutes; but being without this necessary information, I arrived at the very advanced age of seventy before I had attained the mechanical part I had till then wanted; and now I must leave the world before I can put it in practice! However, since this late period I have had time to correct some of my early pictures and to produce some others. What merit (if any) they possess the pictures themselves must show.

I ought to have said that about the time I first took up the pencil a miniature painter of the name of Collins came to Exeter who had merit in his line. He possessed a great command of the black-lead pencil and a happy talent for making washed drawings of groups of figures in the humorous style. Collins saw that I was wrong,

and was always saying it, but he never informed me how to be right. By his means I became acquainted with Gainsborough.

I have said enough of Gainsborough elsewhere, but I wish to add one circumstance to the parallel, or rather difference, between him and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua always considered Claude as the Raffaele of landscape painters; Claude was no favourite with Gainsborough, he thought his pencilling tame and insipid.

Conceiving that I had an opportunity of making some advantage of my musical reputation, I published proposals for printing a set of songs by subscription. Many of them were sung at the Bath concert by "the Linley," where they were applauded; and if I had possessed the art of application to friends for pushing subscriptions I might certainly have made this a lucrative business, but as I never asked for a subscription, nor gave the least hint that such a thing would be agreeable to me, my list of names was too short to cut a figure in the front of my book.

However, in spite of my blamable modesty I got towards three hundred pounds, besides the after profits of a constant sale, which has still continued; but the property is no longer mine.

Mr. Linley (who afterwards had a share of the patent of Drury Lane Theatre) was the first person who established at Bath creditable concerts. He was a good singer himself, and brought up his eldest son and daughter to the musical profession. His son Thomas (a good performer on the violin) met with a premature death by the oversetting of a boat. His daughter Elizabeth was accounted the first singer in England. She will be mentioned hereafter.

From the age of twenty-five to thirty (perhaps long after) I was deeply engaged in various studies. Astronomy had much of my attention, and Natural Philosophy, but I never felt much interest in the Transactions of any other country but my own. I am ignorant (even to the present) of the Grecian and Roman History, except what I have accidentally picked up in books which treated of other subjects. My first knowledge of English History I derived from Shakespeare's Plays, and although I have since read Hume and many others, yet all that I can *remember* is Shakespeare. The events from the reign of James the First were never poetically treated, so that I derive my knowledge of them from more legitimate sources.

The thirtieth of January was since my remembrance kept as a day of fasting and humiliation. I have seen my grandmother shed tears when she mentioned the Royal Martyr—of course I was bred up to venerate the memory of Charles I. Very early in life I read Lord Clarendon's and other histories of the times, not so splendid as his, but more natural, in which I am still so much interested that the events from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the Restoration are deeply impressed on my memory. It is true that, not having the tender heart of my grandmother, I do not shed tears when "Good King Charles" is mentioned, but it is impossible for me not to esteem a monarch who had the finest collection of pictures in the world.

Besides the music I published I had composed many other things—a *Te Deum* for voices and instruments, a few vocal duets and trios, and some concertos for violins and wind instruments. The latter I shall destroy, as they are too much in the Quaker style to please fashionable people; in fact they are too deficient in fancy and effect to bear a comparison with the showy things which have since been given to the world. They therefore must "hide their diminished heads."

My next publication was in a different style from the preceding—an anthem for voices and instruments, and "Pope's dying Christian to his soul." Many years after I fitted the anthem for the organ, and it is frequently performed in the Cathedral at Exeter, where it receives church applause—attention.

Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, used to sing it, when perhaps the audience rather applauded the performer than the composer. As this young woman died at an early age, and her merit only lives in the memory of the remaining few who have been present at her performance, it is not inconsistent with my present design to endeavour the sketch of a character which may else sink into oblivion. Elizabeth Linley was the eldest daughter of Thomas Linley, musical professor at Bath. He very early in her life taught her to sing, and before she was twelve years old she sang in public. Her voice was remarkably sweet, and her scale just and perfect; from the lowest to the highest note the tone was of the same quality. She had great flexibility of throat, and whether the passage was slow or rapid the intervals were always precisely in tune. As she never willingly sung any songs but those of real melody and expression, the goodness of her choice added to her reputation. Her genius and sense gave a consequence to her performance which no fool with the voice of an angel could ever attain; and to those extraordinary qualifications was added a most beautiful person, expressive of the soul within.

As a singer she is perished for ever; as a woman she still exists in a picture painted by Gainsborough in her mother's possession, and in another painted by Reynolds in the character of St. Cecilia, well known by the print taken from it.

Bach and Abel for some years carried on a concert in partnership. J. Bach was one of the sons of the old Bach, as he was called. Possessing less science, he was a more elegant composer than his father or brothers. It is an odd circumstance that his symphonies in the vulgar key of D two sharps are superior to his others. Some songs in his operas are better than those of other composers of his time. "Se spiego" in "Zanaida" I have elsewhere mentioned.

Abel, I believe, had more real ability than any other musician of his class. His symphonies and quartets were deservedly much noticed. His performance on the viol de gamba in a room was pleasing as well as masterly, but the instrument had a thin effect in a concert.

Abel in point of execution pretended to nothing on the harpsichord (the pianoforte did not then

exist), but his creeping over the keys showed great knowledge of combination and succession of chords. He had a trick of keeping one note as a centre, round which he would wander through a variety of passages and harmonies, not understood by the common ear indeed, but affording much gratification to the learned professor. His custom, when performing on the viol de gamba, of accelerating the movement in the last two or three bars, always produced a bad effect.

About this time I published twelve hymns for three voices, and also adapted for a single voice. My whole life has been a series of mistakes and blunders, but perhaps I never mistook the world so much as in this instance. I was foolish enough to imagine that I did an acceptable thing by offering to congregations of all denominations where psalms and hymns were sung meritorious poetry, and music which had some pretensions to composition, in lieu of the wretched stuff by the performance of which religion itself was disgraced.

In order to execute this plan, as I aspired to nothing less than universal use, my first care was to find out such words as were free from all *particular* tenets, and contained no other doctrine than that of general penitence or praise. In Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, amid many flat passages are some of a superior character. These I selected, and, with very trifling alterations here and there, adapted them for my purpose.

I set these hymns as much to my satisfaction as any music I ever composed, and the book, in point of bulk for money, was the cheapest ever published. With all these fair prospects it never sold. Some of the causes seem to be these: 1st. They were for three voices only, which I thought an advantage, because fewer performers were necessary. 2nd. They were in the proper clefs for a counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, that the notes might appear in that part of the scale in which they are in reality; but, unfortunately for my correct notions, common singers only understand the *treble* clef. 3rd. They were, as I thought hymns ought to be, in plain counterpoint, but country singers like nothing but what they call *fuge* (fugue) tunes. 4th. The words, being expressive of *general* praise and penitence only, would not suit *particular* doctrines, so that, not having the principles of Luther, Calvin, or Wesley, they were rejected as void of all principle.

The Church of England still performs Sternhold and Hopkins, and the Dissenters their own old pious canticles. By pretending to too much I lost all. Forgetting that *general* ideas are only for philosophers, my hymns would not suit with the doctrine of any particular mode of worship. In justice I ought to add to this discouraging account, that many years after I introduced them, with the addition of introductory symphonies, and a treble part added to the three others, into the Cathedral at Exeter, where they are the greatest of all possible favourites, so that their want of success might be owing to a want of proper introduction. Excepting a few sets, which particular persons may possess, they only exist in the choir-books of that church.

A third set of songs (Op. 7) followed the hymns. As good lyric poetry began to grow scarce with me, Wolcot (better known by the name of Peter Pindar) furnished me with the words of some of these songs.

I endeavoured, and, as it appears, successfully, to do justice to his performances, for they are still

liked where they are known. These songs, I think, are an improvement upon those before published, as I had now acquired a facility of composition which nothing but long practice can give. Thirty-four years have lapsed since their publication, but they still continue to be performed.

ELEPHANTS.

LOOKING at an elephant for the first time, an observer is even more likely to be impressed with a certain presentment of antiquity in the strange creature than with his great stature. So little resemblance do elephants bear to any other animal now existing, whilst so much like certain fossil remains unearthed from time to time, that imagination takes involuntary flight back to some prehistoric period. At the present time elephants cannot be said to be plentiful over large tracts anywhere, and in the matter of climate they are so exacting that the elephants of Northern India never come to the perfection attained by those of the south. It is, however, to wild elephants of the woods that the remark applies, not to elephants in captivity, which, perhaps on account of more generous diet, thrive well, and often attain dimensions even greater than their forest cousins.

The African elephant is stated by all elephantine authorities I have consulted to be smaller than his Asiatic cousin, yet the now celebrated Jumbo, late of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, measures more than eleven feet from ground-level to back, and can pick a flower growing fifteen feet from the soles of his feet. The general height of the Indian elephant is from eight to ten feet, according to one authority; that of the female about seven or eight. The largest male ever heard of by Mr. Scott, of Sinton, was twelve feet two inches high from crown of head to ground, and at the shoulder about ten feet five inches. The length was fifteen feet. But the collection of St. Petersburg (says my authority) possesses a skeleton fourteen feet high, and one or two are recorded of thirteen and a half feet. "The size of the elephant," says another naturalist,* "has been greatly exaggerated, as sundry writers have given fourteen or sixteen feet as an ordinary height, and have mentioned instances where elephants have attained the height of twenty feet. It is true that the enormous bulk of the animal makes its height appear much greater than is really the case. Eight feet is about the average height of a large elephant."

A young elephant grows very rapidly at first; by the second year it has reached a height of four feet; after this period it does not grow so fast, and usually attains its greatest stature at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two. Young elephants

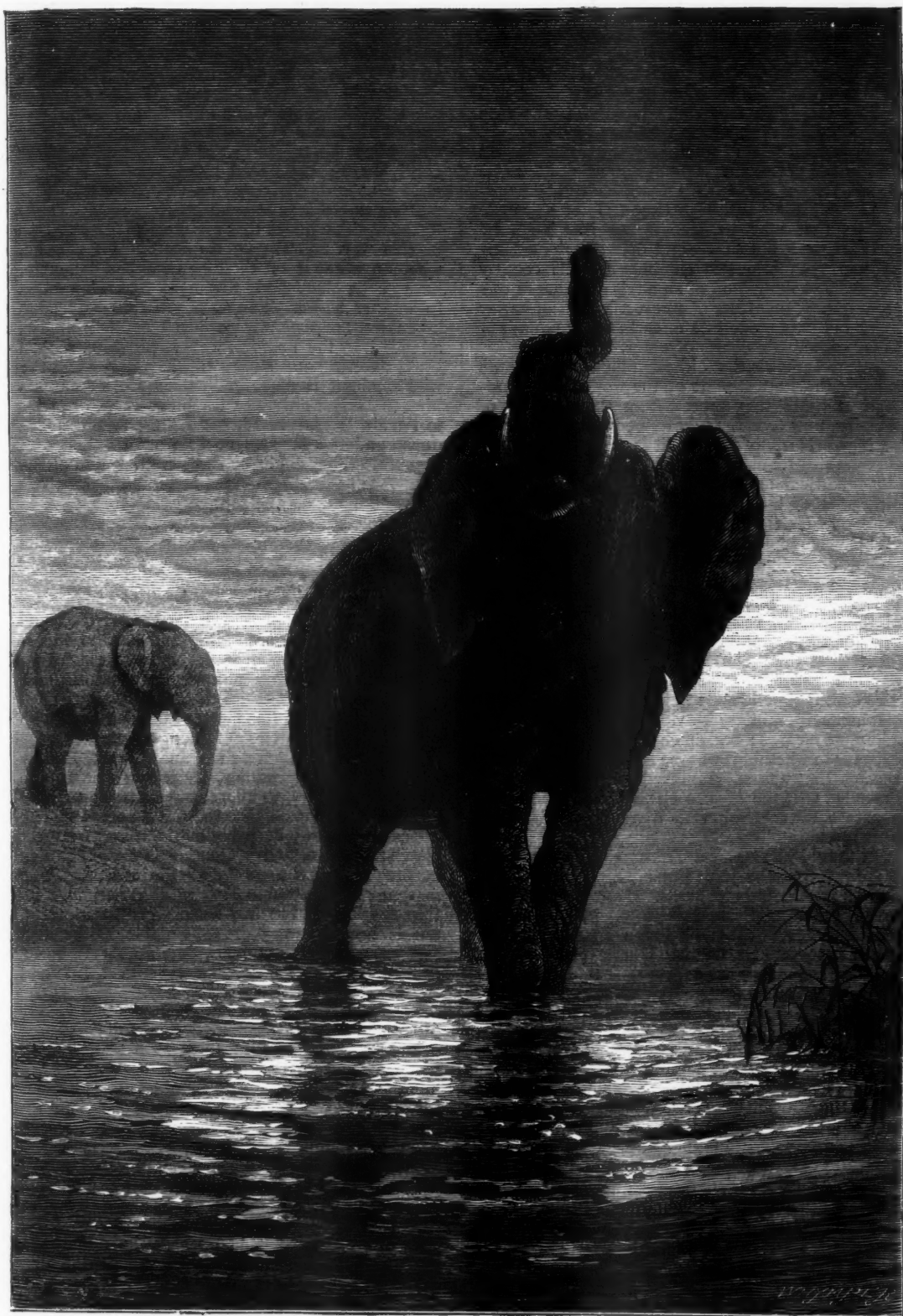
are suckled for two years, running in their wild state to any milk-giving female of the herd indiscriminately.

Existing wild elephants are, as already pointed out, fastidious in the matter of climate. The hotter the place the better the elephant thrives, provided only that he can have plenty of water. Elephants swim beautifully when they must, but they do not like the sea; and if their fresh-water bath be muddy, all the better they seem to enjoy it. Like the camel, the elephant has a stomach-pouch provision for laying up a supply of water, but the storage room is not so great.

Elephants, though easily tamed as a rule, and becoming fond of the (to them) small human creatures who attend upon them, are very shy animals when living wild in the woods. Though not occupying very large tracts of the earth's surface at present, yet where elephants do occur they exist in large droves. It is a common remark of travellers, however, that, of all forest animals, elephants are least of all met with. For this there is more than one cause. First, elephants, though such stupendous giants, move silently, their passage through a forest only being indicated vaguely by the cracking of boughs and underwood, which the animals clear away to admit of progress. Except in combat, excited or alarmed, the elephant emits no loud sound, and the only involuntary sound he utters is a sort of low gurgling in taking breath. Moreover, an elephant's commissariat is a serious matter. It is useless for a herd of wild elephants to take up their quarters in any region which has not abundance of rank vegetation.

Gigantic tropical grasses and the leaves and young boughs of trees are food most seemingly natural for elephants. They are insanely fond of sweets, however, of sugar-canes, sugar, and all things that children call "goodies." When a herd in their explorations get into a sugar-cane plantation they make rack and ruin of it. An elephant will gloat in ecstasy over an enormous sweetmeat made of very coarse sugar and rice, and known in India as a "jaggery ball." These jaggery balls are given to working elephants as a reward for labour done or to be done. In Ceylon, where vegetation is profuse, and the cost of elephant food is little more than the cost of collection, it is reckoned to be two men's work to cut the necessary grass and collect the necessary leaves and boughs for the food of one elephant; and if the

* Wood's "Illustrations to Natural History."



THE CHALLENGE.

elephant be inordinately large or has exceptional appetite, then three men are required to do the needful ministration. Occasionally Indian elephants are trusted to go to the bush alone and collect their own food, but when this is the case they are somewhat apt to take their time over it. The elephant has a bunch of giant grass, we will say, in his grasp, and is hungry, but, polite as he is, he does not gorge it. Oh no, he beats the provend against his fore legs to get rid of any little insects that may be sticking to it. Then he begins to eat, but slowly and deliberately, exactly as books on etiquette enjoin. In this country the average daily food of an adult elephant is one truss of hay, one truss of straw, a bushel of barley meal and bran made into a mash, thirty pounds of potatoes, and six quarts of water.

It is remarkable that although modern elephants inhabit the hottest parts of the world, yet in prehistoric times they appear, from the evidence of remains now found, to have occupied very cold regions. Here, of course, it is taken for granted that prehistoric elephants might have differed in some particulars from the African and Indian elephants of to-day, just as these species differ from one another; but essentially the Siberian prehistoric elephant must have been the same, a fact not merely rendered probable from the evidence of bones and tusks so plentiful in Siberia, but demonstrated by the finding in the beginning of this century, bedded in Siberian ice, the entire body of a Siberian elephant—flesh, skin, and all.

At what time elephants first got tamed and enlisted into the service of man is not known. The Carthaginians are the people of whose use of elephants in military service we have the most complete records; and much difference of opinion exists as to whether it was the African or the Asiatic species that was so employed. An opinion has prevailed that the African elephant is of too fierce a nature for subjection to discipline, and moreover too unintelligent.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1801, there is a paper by John Corse, Esq., on the breed varieties of Indian elephants. Premising that the great primary division is into mooknah and dauntelah, he writes:—"The varieties between the mooknah and dauntelah are considerable, and for these there are appropriate names according as the form of the tusk varies from the projecting horizontal but rather elevated curve of the perfect dauntelah to the nearly straight tusks of the mooknah, which point directly downward. When a dauntelah has never had but one tusk, and this of the approved sort, he is said to be 'goneish, or ganessa'—Ganesa being the name of the Hindoo God of Wisdom, who is represented with a head like an elephant's, with only one tooth. Such an elephant will sell to the Hindoo princes for a very high price, to be kept in state and worshipped as a divinity."

Elephants differ more or less in colour. African elephants have a redder hue than their Asiatic cousins, but of all colours elephants may assume, that of perfect whiteness is most valuable. It is even venerated in Asia, and always brings a most extravagant price.

It being most rare for elephants to breed in captivity, they have to be caught by various devices. Perhaps one of the most frequent for male elephants is by decoy females, which enter into the undertaking so completely that cases are recorded of female elephants going into the forest without guidance, and, so to speak, "without order," but for their own amusement, catching a male elephant, chaining him to a tree, then presenting themselves at head-quarters to give intelligence. The males that are most easily captured in this way, are "rogue elephants," big fellows, who, on account of their general bad manners, have been banished the herd and compelled to wander alone. Two decoy elephants, called koomkies, are generally employed in this business, attended by the mahout, who is provided with a black covering and strong ropes. So soon as the wild elephant is discovered, the decoys approach him, the driver covered with his cloak. He tries to remain undiscovered, but failing this he slides down, and the females go to work on their own account. They begin by caresses to attract attention, thus enabling the men to bind the captive's legs. Sometimes the captive is led to a tree, to which his bonds are made fast. If during binding the drivers are impeded, the tame elephants will attack and restrain the captive; and tales are related of their having suffered death in defence of their masters. If the captive is successfully bound, he is left to his own meditations. He is for a time furious, struggling and roaring incessantly, refusing all approach. But elephants can, no more than other animals, get on without food, and hunger subdues their rage.

Both males and females are divided into two castes by the natives of Bengal—namely, the koomareah and the merghee, and this without any regard to the appearance, shape, or size of the tusks in the male, as these serve merely to characterise some varieties in the species. The koomareah is a deep-bodied, strong, compact elephant, with a large trunk, legs short, but thick in proportion to the size of the animal. The merghee caste, when full grown, is generally taller than the former, but has not so compact a form, nor is he so strong or so capable of bearing fatigue; his legs are long, he travels fast, has a lighter body, and his trunk is both short and slender in proportion to his height.

A large trunk is always esteemed a great beauty in an elephant, so that the koomareah is preferred not only for this, but for its superior strength, by which it can undergo greater fatigue and carry heavier loads. As there appears, however, no predilection in any of these elephants each for his own peculiar kind, several varieties are produced partaking of the qualities of their respective progenitors. This mixed breed is in greater or less estimation in proportion as it partakes of the qualities of the koomareah or merghee caste. A breed from a pure koomareah and merghee is termed "sunkareah" or "mergabauliah," but a further mixture of the breed renders it extremely difficult for the hunters to ascertain the variety. Besides the koomareah, merghee, and sunkareah breeds, several varieties are generally to be found

in the same herd, but the nearer an elephant approaches to the true koomareah species the more he is preferred, especially by the natives. Europeans are not so particular, but will sometimes prefer a merghee female for hunting and riding on when she is known to have remarkably good paces, and to be of a mild and tractable disposition.

Elephants have two tusks in the upper jaw only, but those in most females are so small as not to appear beyond the lip, whilst in others they are almost as large as in one variety of the male named "mooknah." The largest tusks, from which the best ivory is supplied, are taken from that species of male named dauntelah, or "toothy," in consequence of his tusks, and whose countenance, from this circumstance, is the most opposite in appearance to that of the mooknah, which is hardly to be distinguished by his head from a female elephant.

An elephant is said to be perfect when his ears are large and rounded, not ragged or indented in the margin; his eyes of a dark hazel colour, free from specks; the roof of his mouth and his tongue without dark or black spots of any considerable size; his trunk large and his tail long, with a tuft of hair reaching nearly to the ground. There must be five nails on each of his fore feet, and four on each of the hind ones, making eighteen in all. His head should be carried rather high; the arch or curve of his back should rise gradually from the shoulder to the middle, and thence descending to the insertion of the tail, and all his joints firm and strong. There are several other points of less consequence which are taken notice of by natives as well as Europeans. The dauntelah is generally more daring and less manageable than the mooknah, for which reason, until the temper and disposition of the two species are ascertained, Europeans will prefer the mooknah; but the natives, who are fond of show, generally take their chance and prefer the dauntelah, which, when known to be of a mild and gentle disposition, will always be preferred both by Europeans and natives.

Sometimes elephants are caught in pitfalls, especially African elephants, which are never reclaimed by the natives, and are hunted for their ivory, and their feet, which, when roasted, are accounted a luxury; but the most successful plan is by the animals being gradually driven into an enclosed space, where they are easily captured. Thus, only a few weeks ago, sixty-five elephants were captured at one drive in the north-east of Bengal.

Are elephants very intelligent beasts? According to testimony they are, but I cannot say they look very intelligent. Elephant lore would be incomplete without some anecdotal matter having reference to the sagacity of those animals, but most anecdotes of this kind are well worn, having been familiar to the greater number of us from our nursery days. A more recent story is vouched for as true by Sir J. Outram. A certain elephant-owner, leaving home for a time and then returning, found his elephant in bad condition. Suspicion rested on the mahout, who, it was surmised, had cheated the elephant of his

just food allowance. So the master insisted on being present whilst the animal was fed. The rations—full measure this time—being brought and set down before the elephant, the wise animal divided the provender into two equal parts, one of which he "trunked" to his master, keeping the remaining one for himself, by which act the treachery of his attendant was disclosed.

The following communication reaches us from Indian sources, and shows the elephant in yet another light.

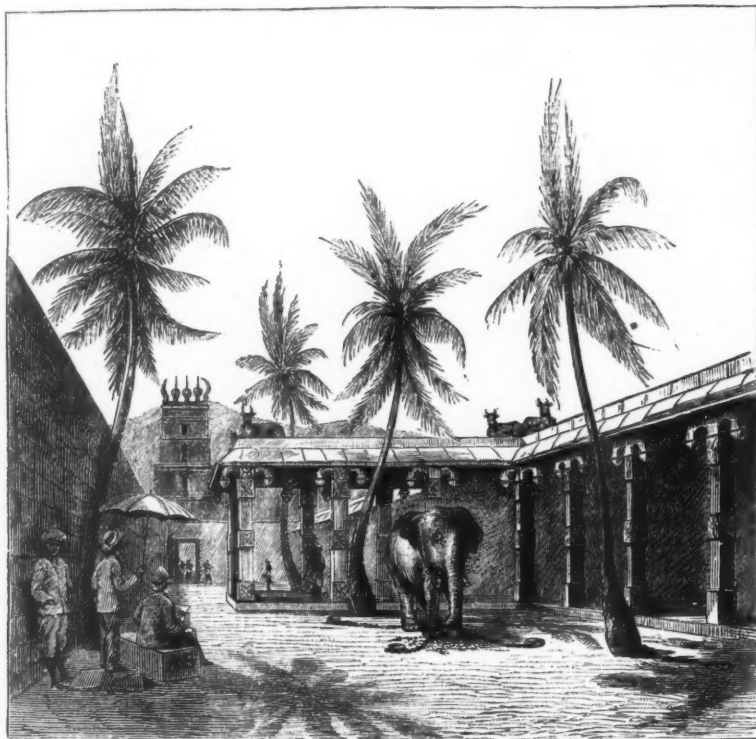
About six weeks ago, dining out at a bachelors' party given by Colonel —, I was asked by my host if I would make a sketch of an elephant's head for him. Of course there was but one answer, "Yes," though I added, feeling uncertain as to the result, "It may be a failure—but I will do my best." So on the first morning that I had time to spare, I set off to the great temple, with the intention of sketching one of the elephants. You know that at all important temples there are elephants: they are much prized as possessions, and take part in most of the religious ceremonies and processions. Some of them are employed to carry the water and flowers which are brought in daily for the gods and goddesses, for which purpose they start off early in the morning accompanied by a few of the temple dignitaries, and to music too, if a fearful noise like some half dozen tin-kettles beaten out of time can be so called.

On arriving at the temple I found that two of the small elephants had started off on this errand; and on looking at the others, in order to judge which would make the best sketch, I decided that the largest, a huge brute (whose tusks had been sawn off because he had once killed a keeper), chained up in a separate court of the temple, would decidedly be the one. Seating myself on a stone which was lying in the shade of the outer wall of the temple, and being further protected from the sun by a cocoa-nut-tree and an umbrella, the last held by one of my servants, and, further, being armed with paper and pencil, I set to work to make my sketch. It always takes me some time to decide upon which view to take, and when that is settled which part of the view shall be commenced first. In this instance I was prepared to begin with a side view of the great brute chained up before me; but in this I reckoned without my host, for, objecting to being looked at, he turned himself round so as to bring one of his little twinkling eyes to bear upon me.

I commenced my sketch, taking a good look first, and then trying to produce the result on paper. As I progressed I observed that the eye next me twinkled more and more, and that the elephant was slowly swaying his trunk from side to side. I tried to make the best of it, and went on with my sketch. When looking up to take fresh observations, I was just in time to stoop down and so avoid a brick which flew over my head and was smashed against the wall at the

back. The whole thing was so ludicrous, that I and my servants laughed heartily. The determined opposition to my presence you can understand, but I cannot describe the merry twinkle in the eye, nor the wonderful accuracy of the aims. From that moment, stick, stones, and pieces of brick were thrown at me, and would have inevitably made acquaintance with my head had not my

servants caught them as they arrived. I could not, however, get on with the sketch. So as the elephant yawned, I did the same; and then I left, much amused by the morning's entertainment. The colonel was disappointed at not having the promised drawing; but then, as I told him, "You see the elephant did not understand the matter, and decidedly objected to my presence."



A TROUBLESOME SITTING.

CURIOSITIES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

TREASON. PETIT TREASON.

THE word treason, from *tradere*, to give up or betray, is, in England, placed at the head of all offences known to the Criminal Law. The betrayal of the duty which one man owes to another is, strictly speaking, treason, although it is in a very few cases punishable by law, but the betrayal of the subject's duty to the sovereign is a peculiarly heinous offence, distinguished as *high treason*, cognisable by the law, and from remote ages punished in an exemplary manner.

Although there are, even in the oldest legal records, many accounts of trials and convictions for treason,* it is remarkable that down to 1352

there was no definition of the crime, and then, as an explanation of what *was* treason, the Statute 25 Edward III, stat. 5, was passed, by which the offence was so clearly explained, that at the present time the law as to treason remains pretty much the same as declared by that ancient Act.

The statute enacted treason to be :—

1. Where a man doth compass or imagine the death of Our Lord the King, or of Our Lady the Queen, or their eldest son and heir.
2. Where a man doth insult the King's wife, the King's eldest daughter, or the wife of the King's eldest son.
3. Where a man do levy war against the King in his realm, or be adherent to the King's enemy in his realm.

* The *accroaching*, or attempting to exercise royal power, was in the 21 Ed. III held to be treason in a knight of Hertfordshire, who forcibly assaulted and detained one of the king's subjects till he paid him £90.—*Hale*, "Pleas of the Crown," § 80.

4. Where a man do counterfeit the King's Great or Privy Seal, or money.

5. Where a man do slay the Chancellor, Treasurer, or Judge of Our Lord the King, whilst executing his office.

Then follows a "saving clause" of great importance.

"And because that many other like cases of treason may happen in time to come which a man cannot think nor decree at this present time, it is accorded that if any other case of *supposed* treason doth happen, the justices shall tarry without any going to judgment till the case be showed and declared before the king and his parliament whether it ought to be judged treason or other felony."

This clause checked the power of the judges in declaring and punishing as treason merely imaginary crimes, a habit which it would appear they had very much grown into, and it left such offences to be dealt with by the king and parliament.

Under the description of "compassing and imagining the death of the king or queen," some most extraordinary trials and convictions occurred.

A vintner of Cheapside, who had an inn called the Crown, said one day to his only son, "Tom, if thou art a good lad, I will make thee *Heir to the Crown*." The worthy Boniface had refused to pay certain dues imposed upon him, and had become obnoxious to the persons in power of that day, and his light words were reported to those who sat in high places. He was arrested for high treason, and although his words "the Crown" undoubtedly referred to the Crown Inn, of which he was landlord, they were looked upon as referring to the Crown Royal of England! He was tried before Lord Chief Justice Billings, convicted and executed.

In another case a gentleman of Essex had in his park a favorite white *hart*, which the king hunted with his nobles, pursued and killed. On hearing of its death, the owner exclaimed, "I wish the beast, horns and all, were inside the man who advised the king to this act." He was arrested, and the curious legal argument used to convict him was this: If the hart, horns and all, *were* in the king (he being his own adviser to the act), it would cause his death, but the prisoner wished the slayer of his property in this predicament, *ergo*, he wished the king so situated, and thereby "imagined" the king's death! A conviction was obtained, but so hard a case did it appear, that Lord Chief Justice Markham, who opposed the conviction, resigned his judgeship upon the sentence of death being carried into execution.

More recently a sermon prepared, but never actually preached, containing alleged traitorous matter, and a paper found in a private receptacle, were considered sufficient to convict Peacham and Algernon Sidney of treason!

So numerous, and in many cases so merely imaginary, became eventually these charges of treason, that the judges, aided partly by statute, at length resolved that to convict for treason, some *overt* or open act must be proved, merely treasonable words not being sufficient.

The overt act required might, however, be of

a very simple and apparently innocent character. For quartering his arms with the royal arms of England, a Duke of Norfolk was condemned to suffer, and narrowly escaped execution; and for sticking a knife through a halfpenny, whilst complaining of the thinness of the coin, a poor wretch was actually executed!

Under the saving clause of the statute of Edward III, a vast number of offences were declared to be treason, such as "clipping of money," burning houses to extort money, refusing to abjure the Pope, etc. In the time of Henry VIII many acts, and even *words*, against the newly-established Church of the Reformation were put under this class of offence, until it became almost as difficult to define treason as before the Statute of Edward III. One of the most serious of these *religious* treasons was the denial of the king's being the supreme head of the Church. By a statute, 1 Edward VI, cap. 12, all these forms of treason were abolished, and in the first year of Mary's reign every species of treason other than those we have mentioned in Edward III's Act, were done away with. Charles II made the law of treason more strict as to the preservation of the king's person and government, and Anne introduced as treason the "maliciously affirming another to have right to the crown." This was of course intended as a protection to the Hanoverian succession as against Jacobite views of the matter, and under the provisions of the Act the last beheadings for treason, that of Lords Lovat, Balmerino, and Kilmarnock, on Tower Hill in 1746-7, took place, whilst seventeen persons of less note suffered on Kennington Common, nine at Carlisle, six at Brompton, seven at Penrith, and eleven at York.

We have only to add, as to the Statute Law of treason, that Acts have passed during the present reign abolishing the more revolting parts of the *punishment*, and also creating an offence called "treason-felony," which is the making of merely apparent attempts on the life of the sovereign. This was done in consequence of a belief that many wretched assaults upon her Majesty were occasioned by a desire in the minds of the silly persons who made them to become historically conspicuous as "traitors." The ordering of such offenders to be examined before an ordinary magistrate—as in the recent case at Windsor—instead of before a special meeting of the Privy Council, of their incarceration in the "common gaol" in place of in the Tower of London, and a sentence of imprisonment and *whipping*, without any hanging, drawing, and quartering, soon robbed this impudent offence of its assumed dignity and prevented its recurrence. It must, however, be remembered that the provisions of this statute are limited to *apparent* attempts on the sovereign's life, and in a real attempt (as by firing a *loaded* pistol), the offender is liable to execution whether or not any harm result. The law thus makes a distinction between an offence committed against a private individual, and the same offence committed against the head of the State.

The ancient punishment for high treason was very dreadful. The culprit was to be *drawn* to the place of execution—originally the feet were

to be tied to a horse and the naked body drawn along the ground; afterwards, from motives of humanity, a hurdle was placed beneath the sufferer; and still more recently he was taken in a cart, or even in a carriage. He was then to be "hanged by the neck, but not until dead;" he was to be "taken down living," and his "heart and bowels taken out" and "burnt before his eyes;" his head was then to be "smitten off," and his body "divided into four quarters, to be disposed of at the king's pleasure." In the case of a woman, simple hanging was the punishment. The more usual disposition of the head and quarters of the traitor was this: they were "par-boiled," covered with pitch, and then exposed on pikes in some convenient place near to where the treason took place. The "quartering table," copper boiler, and other parts of the horrible apparatus used, were, within living memory, shown at Newgate, in an apartment appropriately called "Jack Ketch's Kitchen." Several accounts have descended to us of the manner in which the victims bore their horrible sufferings.

The execution of the conspirators in the Babington Plot occupied two days, and Elizabeth, hearing of the dreadful scenes enacted on the first day, hastily directed that those who suffered on the second should be hanged until dead, before the remainder of the sentence was carried out.

In the "Diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys" is an account of an execution for high treason, which shows how little effect the horrible spectacle had upon him:—

"13 October, 1660. I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there; he looked as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ, to judge them that now had judged him, and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the king beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the king at Charing Cross. *Home, and setting up shelves in my study.*"

The sovereign always had it in his power to mitigate the punishment of hanging into beheading, and to remit any or all of the dreadful accessories of the execution; and in the case of the Cato Street conspirators, executed in 1820, hanging, beheading after death, and "scoreing" the bodies for quartering was alone performed.

In addition to high treason the statute of Edward III provided for another species of the crime, called "*petit treason*:"

"And, moreover, there is another manner of treason—that is to say, when a servant killeth his master, or a wife her husband, or a secular or religious man his prelate, to whom he oweth faith and obedience."

This species of treason is only worth mentioning because of the peculiarity of its punishment. In the case of murder of a husband, the wife was to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution and there burnt alive; and there are several re-

cords of this dreadful punishment having been inflicted. The last and most remarkable of these executions was that of Catherine Hayes, who, on the 9th May, 1726, was burned in the Marylebone Fields for the murder of her husband seven weeks before. It was a cruel and barbarous murder, and although the custom of burning a murderess had fallen into desuetude, it was determined that in her case a severe example should be made.

"On the day of her death she received the Sacrament, and was drawn on a sledge to the place of execution. Billings, her accomplice, was executed in the usual manner, and then hung in chains not far from the pond in which Mr. Hayes's body was found in Marylebone Fields. When the wretched woman had finished her devotions, an iron chain was put round her body, with which she was fixed to a stake near the gallows. On these occasions, when women are burned for petty treason, it is customary to strangle them by means of a rope passed round the neck and pulled by the executioner, so that they are dead before the flames reach the body. But this woman was literally burned alive, for the executioner, letting go the rope sooner than usual, the fire burned fiercely round her, and the spectators beheld her pushing the faggots from her while she rent the air with her cries and lamentations. Though other faggots were thrown on her, she survived amidst the flames for a considerable time, and her body was not perfectly reduced to ashes in less than three hours."—(Jackson's "Newgate Calendar," vol. ii. p. 124.)

It is said that the shrieks of this wretched sufferer reached St. James's Palace, and so shocked the royal ears that it was determined this should be the last execution by fire, which it was.

The latest trial for high treason in England was that of Frost and his co-conspirators at Monmouth in 1848. Several were convicted and sentenced to death "in the ancient and accustomed manner." The Queen's clemency was, however, extended to them, and none suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Many of our readers will remember how the last great attempt to subvert the peace of the kingdom on April 10th, 1848, was checked by the loyal demonstrations of the more respectable classes, 150,000 of whom voluntarily enrolled themselves as special constables.

Paritur pax bello.

SO strange the hidden springs of life
That joy is bred of grief's surcease,
And his the truest sense of peace
To whom it comes enhanced by strife.

He knows not ease who knows not care;
Who knows not labour knows not rest;
And seldom Hope will fill the breast
That has not tasted of despair.

The sun shines brightest after rain;
When lulled the storm how still the shore;
To part is but to meet once more;
And death but life renewed again.

S. G. M.

DUTCH SKETCHES.



A DUTCH KITCHEN.

III.—SOME DUTCH COOKERY.

IN speaking of Dutch cookery, I refer, of course, only to that of private families. The *cuisine* of a Dutch hotel, where foreign tastes and habits have to be considered, may be different.

There are many things about the daily fare in Holland that I like better than at home; but I must say I do not think, as a whole, that their day's provision is as nourishing or as tempting as ours.

The first time I was there I fell a victim to intermittent ague fever, brought on by the extreme dampness of an unusually wet winter, and the, to me, unaccustomed fare. I hung on as long as I could for the sake of singing lessons, the like of which I knew I could not get out of Italy, until spring winds brought on a cough in addition to the ague, which sent me home in a fright, leaving the great part of my body behind me, just carrying away my bones and very little else.

However, my shaky health—and it really was shaky every other day, so I cannot be accused of a slang term in using the word—did benefit me as far as this paper is concerned, for my kind hostesses varied their meals as much as possible to try and coax me into eating. One lady would say, "I am sure Mevrouw So-and-so is not feeding you well; come to us for a week;" so I became acquainted with a much greater variety of invalid fare than if I had been in robust health and able to eat anything that was set before me.

In all parts of Holland is the bread good; I

never saw indifferent bread anywhere. It is never home-made, and even in the tiniest villages you will find an important cooking baker, in whose windows are loaves of all sizes and shapes, even though there is no other shop but a little general dealer's in the place. Its excellence is assured in his manner: every three months or so bread is bought by an unknown person, who does not state why he wants it, at every shop in a town, this is analysed and the result posted up in each shop. So if one baker has better bread than all the others, he gets the custom of the town; if, on the other hand, one has been foolish enough to mix any deleterious matter with his paste, why, he may as well put up his shutters at once. It seems to be a *very* effective plan.

The butter is also delicious, and many families lay down enough for winter use during the summer season, often sixty or seventy pounds. It is kept in great stone jars, in the cool depths of the vast cellars which undermine the entire house, and frequently pass under the street in front of it, to the edge of the canal or gracht flowing down the centre thereof, and by-the-by, when I use the term flowing, I do not in any way seek to imply that a Dutch canal is a running stream of water. Quite the contrary. They are indeed still waters those grachts, so still that where they do not grow the greenest and closest and slimiest of chickweed, they produce a gas which often hangs a foot high over the surface of the water, in colour

of the most brilliant blue, very pretty to look at but suggestive of fever, ague, and other woes.

They drink tea regularly three times a day, at the first breakfast; in the evening; and again at the late supper. At the noonday meal coffee takes the place of tea, and at dinner, which is eaten from half-past four to half-past five, never later, beer, claret, or Rhine wine is drunk.

The provision for the two breakfasts and supper is precisely the same, bread-and-butter and cheese, always with one or more of the following:—smoked ham or beef in the thinnest wafers and uncooked; a little fish, I believe they are herrings, opened out flat and quite transparent, though dried and highly smoked, also eaten raw. Just imagine eating fish raw. We once at Coblenz were offered absolutely raw herrings, just fresh and simply cleaned, with no pretence at disguising their rawness. If I had seen them then I should probably have thought nothing of Dutch people eating fish dried and smoked, but I had not then been farther up the Rhine than Cologne, and was disgusted.*

They have also a kind of sausage, pickled with spices and vinegar, as we pickle salmon, but I do not care much for it, it is so hard, tasting more like leather than beef.

Besides these tasty things, they have a variety of every-day sweets: currant loaf; appel stroop, a preparation of apples, looking like the thickest treacle; gingerbread made with honey, or gingerbread mixed with almonds and raisins; shell-fish, little delicate mussels, and very good too; superb oysters; cockles; still better, boiled chesnuts; new figs, not squashed flat like ours, but new and round in shape, with still some juice inside; prunes; apple balls, a pastry containing each a large apple and a little mince-meat, and with which I filled up many a vacuum when raw ham, fish, or beef appeared.

I have even seen for a change a basin of sugar handed round of which each person took a table-spoonful and spread it on the bread-and-butter. This sugar was not like any I have ever seen elsewhere. It was as dark a brown as that which comes from Demerara, and very fine and smooth, almost like Calais sand; in eating it does not "crunch" as ours does. For beverages, white sifted sugar is used; I never saw loaf sugar in Holland. When a Dutch child is born, all the members of its family have on their tables for several days a large dish of pink and white comfits; if the little stranger is a boy these comfits are rough, if a girl, smooth; they are eaten like the sugar, on bread-and-butter.

That soup shall begin a Dutch dinner is invariable, but I never saw but two kinds, julienne, as a general thing, with occasionally pea-soup. The julienne as made there is very good, strong, and clear, with chopped parsley, vermicelli, and small balls of veal sausage-meat floating about therein.

I do not think I ever saw pork, and mutton is never eaten there; the climate is utterly unsuited for sheep, being so flat and damp. They are, however, kept largely, but only for export to Eng-

land, where they are fattened before sending to market. I have *seen* mutton there, for I once saw a dead sheep hanging up in the passage of an English house, which in the dark looked like a bogey or thief, and I was nearly frightened out of my senses; I saw some too at a hotel at the Hague, where it was dignified by the name of Haag-venison; I can smell it yet.

Beef is very good and the veal excellent. During the "ague" period, my favourite dish was veal cutlets, fried in egg and bread crumbs, with thick gravy and fried potatoes; I remember choosing it for my birthday dinner.

Game they eat a good deal of, and also poultry, but not much fish.

They cook beef-steaks very badly to an English mind. They are tender and very thick, but never half-cooked enough. To be barely warmed is their idea of perfection. Their ragôts were spoilt for me by the flavour of onions, but they looked rich and good.

A dish I like better is a kind of skinless sausage, as thick as—what shall I say? Well, as a man's arm, eaten hot with rich gravy and fried potatoes. One dish I have seen many times in Holland, black puddings, which in the making have been plentifully interspersed with lumps of hard fat, *very* highly smoked, and boiled in a pan, with potatoes and cut French beans.

They eat a good deal of cold beef, and oddly enough always have a cold *compôte* of apples or plums and *hot* gravy; the effect of the hot gravy on the cold meat and *compôte* is anything but agreeable.

I like all the vegetables, with the exception of saurkraut. We had French beans in various ways, cut as we do them, boiled whole, fried with vinegar and French mustard; cauliflowers boiled with white sauce, flavoured with nutmeg; Brussels sprouts plainly boiled; carrots with parsley sauce, and cabbage chopped up with pepper and butter.

Puddings and pies they have none, but blanc-manges and jellies frequently appear. Many people give a most lavish dessert, and always in the centre of the table stands a tall glass, with a cover filled with cherry brandy, some of the cherries being left in it. I knew one family who used to have West Indian preserved fruits at dessert in addition to the usual dishes; I believe they had relatives there who sent them.

To my English ideas, accustomed as I am to plenty of fresh meat, a Dutch diet seems sadly insufficient on which to conduct the business of life; in fact, bread-and-butter and sweets and tea or coffee four times a day, meat and wine but once. As to a popular belief that the Dutch are a hard-drinking, schnap-taking nation, it is unfounded. You see very little drunkenness amongst the poor; they are, in truth, too poor for it, and I never met any one who even knew the taste of schnaps. Certainly the men of the upper classes do not supplement their poor diet by strong drinks. A glass or two of claret or Rhine wine at dinner is all they take, and sometimes at night a little brandy or geneva. There may be some Mynheer von Dunks, and on festive occasions, as

* Du Chaillu, in his "Lands of the Midnight Sun," tells us that *raw* salmon is thought the greatest of all delicacies at Scandinavian tables.

at Kermes or Fairs, there may be revelry, but as a rule the people are temperate.

I may, in conclusion, mention, that on *fête* days they make what is called *avokaat*, and is in fact, a thin custard, strongly flavoured with brandy. It is made in a large bowl and ladled out into the liqueur-glasses, in which it is served to all who attend the afternoon reception of the person whose *fête* day it is. The future felicitation of the holder of the reception is wished before drinking.

A *fête* day may be a birthday, betrothal, christening, copper, silver, or golden wedding, or to celebrate the fact that a gentleman has been a certain number of years in one appointment; say Professor, Dominie (a clergyman), or indeed any other prominent official position.

HOW I MADE A PIE IN A DUTCH KITCHEN.

"I WISH," said Mevrouw to me one morning just after the first breakfast—"I wish you would make us a pie whilst you are here."

"Very well, Mevrouw," I answered; "what kind of a pie?"

"Why, child, you do like veal best, let it then be a veal pie," she said.

"That will be grand," I impulsively cried. "But, I say, Mevrouw dear, why do you never have pies and puddings yourselves? I mean regularly;" for during the many months I had spent in Holland, I may tell you I had never seen either of those comestibles, and at that time the reason thereof was a puzzle to me.

"Puddings!" repeated my hostess, shrugging her shoulders. "Nay, child, I know not what they are."

"Oh, puddings; rice, sago, tapioca, macaroni, fruit puddings," I explained. "In England we have them every day; we should not think we had dined without one."

She looked puzzled. "We do have Wies's apple-cake often, and you know we often get a *taatje* from Van Flit-terer's."

Now Wies's apple-cake was a kind of pudding, and was prepared thus:

Take new bread (baker's bread, of course, for home-made bread is unknown even in the smallest villages in Holland) and cut into slices about two inches thick. Cut off the crust and dip each slice into scalding milk, as many as will cover a dish or plate of the size required when put closely together. Then pour over them a very thick apple-sauce, such as will stand quite two inches high; it must be very sweet, and is profusely sprinkled with powdered cinnamon, to be eaten hot.

This approach to a pudding was the especial invention of the eldest daughter of the house, Wies, pro-

nounced, by-the-by, Visse. I never saw it anywhere else, and it was exceedingly good. A *taatje* from the confectioner's is simply the most sickly and indigestible conception that could ever be produced by human ingenuity. It is only eaten on festive occasions, such as a birthday or on some other *fête* day. It consists of a thick cake of paste, chiefly composed of pounded almonds, and divided on the top into compartments by tracings of white sugar and rows of those bright crystallised cherries you see in boxes of French *bonbons*; each compartment is filled up by different kinds of costly French fruits, apricots, ginger, greengage, plums, and several kinds of West Indian fruits, the English name of which I never learnt. These *taatjes* are dainties, costing a great deal of money, and need very judicious eating.

However, here I may say that in another house I once or twice did meet with a kind of pudding. Take juice of red currants and preserve by boiling without sugar, and pour into bottles whilst hot, sealing immediately. It will keep a long time. When used, sweeten to taste, and thicken with flour till of the consistency of cream; make very



THE GREENGROCER'S BOAT.

hot, and throw in the moment before serving, or at the table if preferred, what the Dutch call "buscuit," but which are exactly like our rusks, allowing a tablespoonful of syrup to each rusk. The effect is really delicious. But to return to my pie.

"Child," said Mevrouw to me presently. "I must tell Hijnkje to order the veal of the butcher. How much do I tell?"

Now at that time I was very young, I knew but little of cooking, and had never made a meat-pie in my life, though I had dabbled indifferently in light pastry. I knew absolutely nothing of the quantities required, scarcely indeed *what* would be needed.

"Oh, Mevrouw, I don't know," I cried, blankly.

"For cutlets we do buy two pounds," she suggested.

A Dutch pound is a good deal larger than ours.

"Then say two pounds," I cried, mightily relieved.

"Two pounds! Do you have anything with the veal?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, yes; of course—ham or bacon. Not much; half a pound will be abundance; and Mevrouw, if you will tell Dortje to put it on to stew gently, with just enough water to cover it, then I can get it made before it is time for Sofie and me to go to Wiefeldt's."

"Good!" said she, departing with her key-basket, then returned: "And the paste; what of that?"

"Oh! flour, butter, and baking-powder," I answered, glibly.

However, they did not know—had not the least idea—what baking-powder was, and I did not know enough of cooking to suggest carbonate of soda in its place. We, therefore, concluded that the paste must be left to "rise" itself, if, indeed, they knew what rising meant.

An hour later beheld me summoned to the kitchen, within whose sacred precincts I had never before penetrated, though I had been in the house for weeks. As you may imagine, I looked about me, and took a good many mental notes of what I saw, though, if I had thought I should ever desire to use them in this form, I should not have permitted seven years to slip away before I committed them to paper.

First I noticed the floor, which was of black and while marble in lozenges. I had by that time grown pretty well accustomed to seeing the entrance of every house paved with marble, but I was a good deal surprised to find the same beautiful flooring in a kitchen. It was a small apartment, and very full of furniture. The large clean-scrubbed table under the window stood upon a platform about three inches high, of as clean-scrubbed wood; I imagine to keep the feet warm, as I saw the same thing in several kitchens afterwards.

The fire was in a closed stove, flanked on either side by an immense oven, there being no boiler whatever. But a round lid over the fire lifted off, as in some of our English stoves, and set over it was an immense copper kettle of a very flat shape, in which *all* water used for household purposes

was heated. I began to understand why they slopped so much cold water about where a little hot would have answered the purpose much better.

The mantel shelf was high above the stove, and was very wide, being adorned by a row of blue plates and bright brass pans, and further embellished by a very deep and full valence of lilac point, such as I have occasionally seen in the kitchens of very old-fashioned houses in England, where there has once been an open hearth.

Everything was very clean. The furniture—some bureaux, presses, and chairs of old oak—shone like mirrors. There were rows and rows of covers and plates, yet the place had a very comfortable air; there was not a scrap of carpet, not even a rug.

I pulled my sleeves up, washed my hands, and had a big apron tied round me, thinking I would get my task accomplished before any one but the mistress and the cook knew I had begun it. I confess I shook in my shoes and shivered under the little air of "swagger" I put on, lest they should discover my ignorance.

I dried my hands in silence, then asked for a bowl in which to make the paste, when down came Wies with a rush and a laugh.

"I come to get a lesson in English cooking," she announced.

I received the bowl, wondering if any more were coming. Dortje, the cook, took up her stand on my left, with a broad smile and her arms akimbo and an evident determination to lose nothing for want of gaping. Then, as I measured out the flour—all by guess, if you please—in flew Sofie, like a whirlwind.

"Ah, Kitty, you little love, I come to see you make the pie, the English pie."

I groaned inwardly at this addition to my audience, for Sofie had quick eyes, and a quicker tongue, but alas! she was not the last. The housemaid, Hijnkje, came bustling in, in her clean smart white cap and lilac kirtle, with a gushing remark, in Dutch of course like Dortje, that to see the English miss make an English pie was a sight she would not miss for the world. By this time I was too far gone in nervousness to be surprised, or indeed to feel any sensation of any-kind, when Moes put his cropped head in at the door and stood staring, without making any remark or excuse whatever.

"Butter, please," I said, "boter alshet oo blieft," then changed doubtful Dutch for pure English instantly, "Oh, I say, I *can't* use that."

Dortje had *melted* the butter, and it was frizzling and boiling like a volcano in a lively condition.

"Can't use it!" repeated Mevrouw.

"I should think not," laughing; "I must have it cold."

This was at once translated into Dutch, for the benefit of the servants, and Dortje, laughing heartily, fetched me some more butter, while Hijnkje went off into gushing exclamations of surprise, as if she had never heard of butter being eaten uncooked in her life.

"But, child," interrupted Mevrouw, as I was about to mix flour and butter together, "you have put no salt."

I was not going to own myself wrong, so I replied audaciously—I really did not know any better—that in England we don't put salt into pastry.

"I am sure the Professor will not touch paste that is without salt," she cried, anxiously.

"Oh, then I'll put some in," I said, "easily."

"I think," remarked Wies, "that you must have a great many diseases of the stomach in England. I observe that you never eat salt yourself. Here we eat it with all things."

I let the remark pass, my brain was too thoroughly occupied with my paste to make statistical assertions one way or another as to the stomach disease prevalent in this country. I looked at my paste as it lay on the board and I wished I had made a little more, it seemed such a very small quantity to make a pie for two pounds and a half of meat.

"Pie-dish, please." I think I was by then too desperate to attempt direct communication with Dortje.

A pie-dish! I might as well have asked for a scorpion, they could not have looked more dismayed; why, they did not even know what a pie-dish was like.

Finally, after a long consultation, Dortje produced a basin, large and rather shallow, but yet

so deep that when the meat was all in it was not more than half full.

"Oh, why ever *did* you mince it?" I cried impatiently. "Why could you not leave it in lumps?" I added salt and pepper, both in plenty, and I put that lid on that pie in an absolute agony of despair, wishing it were at the bottom of the Atlantic with Swarchye's picture of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

"Bake it just a lightish brown," was the last instruction I gave, and retreated under a cannonade of gushing remarks from Hijnkje of how she should pronounce her opinions on the pie made by the English miss *after* she had tasted it.

I lived through that day pretty much after the fashion of Dionysius and his keen-edged sword, but, after all, the pie turned out a success. I own the crust was very thin, and Dortje had baked it nearly black, yet it was so appreciated in the huis kamer that not one scrap went down for Hijnkje to give her opinion upon. I am afraid I was malicious enough to feel rather glad, and as they never persuaded me to do any more cooking for them during the many times I stayed there, I very much fear Hijnkje's opinions remain unexpressed, which possibly is a terrible loss to the world at large.

AN EAR FOR MUSIC.

I AM not a professor of music; but some years ago I had three pupils preparing for Eton.

They were brothers, Charles, Douglas, and Ernest, their ages being twelve, ten, and eight. Their father was very rich, and on both the father's and mother's side they were nearly related to some of the wealthiest families in England.

They were fine little fellows all three, and won my heart so completely that I not only did my best to ground them thoroughly in Latin and Greek for Eton, but also tried, as I have reason to believe not without success, to lay a good foundation for other studies equally important in the education of a gentleman.

The mother of my pupils was a lady of so much refinement, and of such excellent social as well as moral qualities, that I remained for a long time in a state of dumb astonishment at never hearing a note of music in the house, more especially as she was ambitious that her boys should excel in all the accomplishments that distinguish persons of culture from clowns. At last I ventured one day at luncheon to introduce the subject of music, and during the conversation I asked whether she did not intend sooner or later to have the boys taught to sing and play on some instrument, either the piano or the violin.

"It would be of no use," she replied; "it would only be a waste of time and money. They have no ear for music."

"But are you quite sure they have no ear for music? Have you ever tried them?" I again asked.

"No," she replied, with a little laugh; "I have never tried them, for a very good reason, I couldn't. But I know quite well, without trying them, that not one of my boys has an ear for music. The gift does not exist in the family. As far as we know, there has never been a single member, either of my husband's family or of my own, who had an ear for music. It has not been from any lack of teaching; for in my own case, I know, a small fortune was spent, or rather wasted, on my musical education, and I may say the same of other members of our family. We had the best teachers that money could procure; but the most that any of them ever did for any of us was to teach us to strum a few easy pieces on the piano in a style which caused such annoyance to all our friends and such pain to ourselves that we were all glad to give up playing as soon as possible. As for vocal music, none of the distinguished professors ever succeeded in teaching me a single note. So you cannot be surprised at the boys not having an ear for music."

I was not only surprised at what I had just heard, but I found it very difficult, if not impossible, to understand how such a defect should have been common to all the members of two such large and wealthy families, who had, moreover,

been possessed of the most ample means for at least two or three generations, if not longer, and who must therefore have been in the habit of constantly associating with *some* people of musical taste and talent. It was to me all the more incomprehensible, inasmuch as I had nearly all my life lived amongst people some of whom at least were always more or less musical. At an early age, moreover, I myself had not only been successfully taught to sing from note, and to play correctly, though not brilliantly, on that most difficult of all musical instruments, the violin, but I had also imbibed a theory which is in direct opposition to the popular notion or prejudice that only a few favoured people, comparatively, are born with an ear for music.

I was taught, on the contrary, to believe, and I still firmly hold to that belief, notwithstanding all the weighty evidence brought to support the arguments on the other side, that *no human beings with human ears in their heads, and who are born with the ordinary human faculties, are born without an ear for music.*

It will, of course, be understood without explanation that in using the phrase "an ear for music" we do not necessarily mean a special talent which will enable its possessor to excel in music, but simply that faculty which enables some of us to distinguish at once between the different musical sounds, and to reproduce those sounds with the voice. Like all faculties of the mind, the musical faculty is a gift of nature, and some persons are born with it in a higher degree than others, just as some persons are born with a larger capacity than others for learning languages or anything else. But no person born with an ear capable of receiving sound, and of distinguishing the voice of a friend from that of a foe, is born without an ear for music; and there is no person with a voice capable of expressing the different sounds of anguish and of joy who might not have been taught to sing, always supposing that they are not deaf and not totally void of common sense.

Such is in substance the theory which I ventured to propound to the mother of my three pupils even after the crushing statement respecting the apparently total absence of an ear for music in her own family as well as in that of her husband.

The mother listened to me very patiently and with much apparent interest. But when I had concluded, she shook her head in the manner of a person not in the least convinced by one's argument, and, with a kindly smile on her face, said,—

"Your theory is very beautiful, considered as a mere theory; but I am afraid it will not bear the test of such facts as I have just related to you."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, not one wit daunted; "but I still believe that every child with a sound drum in his ear, and a voice capable of the ordinary inflexions used in speaking, might be taught to sing."

"But I suppose you will admit that, in order to sing, it is necessary to be able to imitate certain sounds—is it not so?"

"Certainly it is. But ordinary speech is also an imitative faculty, and it is only by imitating

others that children learn to speak. If they are born deaf, or are by circumstances excluded from hearing the sounds of the human voice, as in some cases that are recorded of children who have grown up in a state of perfect isolation, they remain dumb, not from any defect in the organs of speech, but simply because they have never been taught how to use those organs. But even deaf mutes are successfully taught to speak, and I have heard that in some institutions on the Continent they are even taught to sing. If then, with such a terrible drawback as natural deafness, children may be taught to speak, however imperfectly, is it unreasonable to suppose that all children in full possession of all their faculties might also be taught to sing?"

"But what of the people who have no music in their soul?"

"Well, we know Shakespeare's opinion of such people; but the reason why such people have no music in their soul is not because they were born without an ear for music, but because their ear has become deaf to all celestial sounds, and their soul has emptied itself of all that is beautiful and good, and become full of discord and evil. But they are not the kind of people whom we are discussing."

"Well, let us take the case of these boys of mine for example; I am quite sure that not one of them has any more notion of imitating a note of music than a cow would have. Now, do you really think that any teacher of music in the world would ever be likely to succeed in teaching them, I will not say to sing—that is out of the question—but even to sound a note or two correctly?"

This was a sort of challenge which I could not resist, though I had afterwards some cause to repent of my rashness.

"Though very fond of music," I replied, "I do not profess to be able to teach it; but I feel quite confident that if I tried I could at least do as much as that, and it would at any rate be sufficient to prove the truth of my theory."

"And would you mind, as a great favour, trying them just for one week—say ten minutes a day? I should so like to know whether there may really be any hope; and if you could only get them to sing *one note* I should be satisfied. But it is, I confess, an experiment which I consider it cruel to ask you to attempt."

"Oh, I am quite willing to try the experiment, provided the boys be willing to be experimented upon by a mere amateur in the divine art. What do you say, boys? do you feel inclined to give yourselves up voluntarily for ten minutes a day during the next week to any kind of torture to which I may think proper to put you?"

"Oh! yes, *do* let us try, it'll be such awful fun; and I for one will willingly run the risk of the torture," said Charlie.

"And so will I," said Douglas.

"And tho will I," exclaimed the valiant little Ernie.

The matter having been thus arranged, we tried our first experiment on that same afternoon, with the result that I felt sorely tempted to abjure my pet theory there and then, and to make a solemn

vow that that should be the last experiment of the kind I would ever try.

"Now, then, boys," said I, as we entered the school-room, "we don't want any books or music sheets or printed scales for this our first lesson in singing. All that I require you to do to-day is to open your mouths to the widest extent and to imitate to the best of your ability the note or notes which I shall sing to you. If we can manage but one note to-day, and do it well, that will be sufficient for our first lesson. Never mind what note it really is, but for the sake of convenience we will call it *la*. Now then, chests out, shoulders back, heads up, and don't open your mouths before you begin to sing, but hold your breath so that you may have a good supply for the note when it comes."

These preliminary directions were instantly obeyed to the very letter, more especially with regard to holding in the breath, the lips being so tightly compressed and the cheeks swelling out to such an awful extent that all the three boys looked as if they were going to burst.

"Now then!" I repeated, "are you ready?"

They would not open their lips, but all three signified their readiness by a sort of apoplectic nod.

"Well, now try to sound this note with me—*La-a-a-a! la! la! la! la-la-a-a!*"

After this first attempt I sent one of the boys to see that all the doors through which sound might travel from the school-room to any other part of the house were closed. Although I had associated more or less with boys all my life, I had never before been able to realise to the full extent what dismal sounds some of them were capable of producing. Dismal did I say? That word conveys but a very weak and imperfect notion of the sounds which came from the throats of those three brothers in their first attempts to sing. The noises they made would baffle all powers of description, so terrible were they and so full of the most grating discord. There was no *badinage* or nonsense in their conduct. They tried in all serious earnestness to do their best. But it was as their mother had said; they had no more notion of imitating a simple note than a cow has, and the lowing of a cow would sound like sweet music in comparison with the hideous noises made by those three lads.

At the end of the first lesson Mrs. Beauchamp appeared on the scene and said,

"Well? has not this first trial been sufficient to convince you that your theory is not universally practicable? Do you still think it possible ever to get one single note of music out of these boys?"

"Our first efforts," I replied, "have not, I confess, been attended with such marked and cheering success as to warrant my indulging in eulogy or holding out any hopes of our being able at an early date to give a private concert. We have not as yet quite mastered even the first note. But beginnings are always more or less difficult. I have known boys to flounder for a whole fortnight in the first proposition of the first book of Euclid and then do very well. You gave us a week to

test the truth of my theory, and if you will do us the honour of renewing your inquiries at the end of the week I can promise you a faithful and true report."

This speech was listened to by the kind-hearted lady with much indulgence, for she knew that it was dictated by no want of respect for her but was meant chiefly for the boys, who applauded it with vociferous cheers, which ended in a roar of laughter all round.

During the ensuing week the music lesson was repeated every day, and the three boys strove like heroes to master the difficulties with which they had to contend. But I am sorry to say that during the whole of that week I did not succeed in getting even the inkling of a note of music out of any one of the three. And when I asked them what I should say in my promised report, they suggested that I should send in a duck's egg, which they offered to procure for me. As a matter of fact, however, the mischievous little wags had already procured a real duck's egg from the poultry yard, though they took care not to let me see it until they were safe outside the school-room, when they held it up and then ran with it to their mother, shouting out as they entered the drawing-room,

"Mamma! mamma! we have brought you the singing report. See here! what a splendid one it is!"

But notwithstanding the discouraging results of the first week's work and the apparent indifference with which these results were treated by my pupils, when asked whether they had not rather give up all further attempts in music, all the three boys protested most vehemently against the idea of giving anything up simply because they had not succeeded in their first attempts.

So the singing lessons were continued daily; but the second week passed and still there was no visible or audible progress. Not a note could I get out of them at all like that which I tried to din into their ears. For "accidentals," or sharps and flats of every description, they seemed to have a special talent, except when I tried them with some particular sharp or flat, but to get them to sound the note *sol*, or G natural, which was the note at which we continuously laboured, appeared to be an utterly hopeless task.

The third week arrived, and still we went on with our singing lessons, with as little success, however, as on the previous occasions. Discord, discord, nothing but discord.

But at the end of the third week from the commencement of our lessons something occurred, of which the effect was so startling that for the moment I could not credit the evidence of my own senses.

Douglas, the second in seniority, had hitherto made the most frightful discords of all; probably because he had the most powerful voice; but now he seemed to have suddenly found the note which they had all been trying in vain to catch during three whole weeks, and for a moment I fancied that I heard his voice blend with mine. But my surprise and joy were so great that I could hardly believe in what I had just heard until I had made

the lad repeat the same sound several times, when I convinced myself beyond a doubt that he had at last indeed hit upon the right note.

I now felt amply rewarded for all the wearisome toil and disappointment and torture which I had undergone in my endeavours to accomplish what had up to that moment appeared an impossibility. It is true that what I had just accomplished was not much in itself, but I reasoned with myself in the following manner:

I have now proved beyond a doubt that one of these boys, and the one who at first seemed to be the most unpromising of all, is able to sing one note correctly, and having succeeded in teaching him to sing *one* note, there is no reason why I should not succeed in teaching him *all* the notes in the gamut. The rest will only be a work of time. And what this one boy Douglas has accomplished may also be accomplished by his brothers, and, what is more, *they all shall accomplish much more. I shall make them singers.*

In less than six months after our first discouraging lesson my pupils might have been heard singing with me from the notes a variety of part-songs; and so well did they execute their parts that a stranger would have found it difficult to

believe that these boys had ever been suspected of not having a capacity for music.

But I have one more fact to relate in connection with my former pupils. Some years after I had ceased to be their tutor, their father, who, as I have already mentioned, was a person of great wealth, built a magnificent church entirely at his own cost, and I went to the opening of the church on the day of its consecration. The congregation and choir were on the largest scale, and the music was unusually good. But what attracted most attention in the musical portion of the service was the singing of a solo in the anthem by a lad of fifteen; and in that voice I at once recognised the voice of my old pupil Douglas.

Now if I, who am only a lover of music, and do not profess to be able to teach the art, was able to accomplish so much in the teeth of such stupendous difficulties, what might not be done for the diffusion of a knowledge of the art by an adequate staff of efficient teachers, moved by the same zeal as myself, and having a thousand advantages over me in their musical acquirements, and in the help now offered to them through the College of Music founded by the princes of the royal family?

D. J.

ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

PART II.—HINDRANCES TO THRIFT.

I.—CLASSIFICATION OF THE HINDRANCES.

IN considering the existing hindrances to English thrift, a very clear fact must present itself to our minds; namely, that the hindrances fall naturally into one or other of two classes, according as they originate in the ordinary nature of things, or as they are due to any deliberate and demonstrable interference with ordinary economic laws. In simple words, we may divide our consideration into two parts; firstly, of the obvious hindrances which beset all thrift everywhere; and secondly, of the exceptional hindrances to it which can be shown to arise from our social arrangements. And I will examine first the more obvious hindrances.

II.—INSECURITY OF POSSESSION.

The deadliest foe to thrift and providence is insecurity, as, on the other hand, its contrary, security, is the strongest protection and incentive to healthy self-denial and prudence. The lavish extravagance and reckless waste of soldiers in a campaign is proverbial. We look back through history and learn how, in old times, whole cities were often given up to pillage, and victorious troops were apparently placed in a position to

enrich themselves for life. Even where no sack has been permitted, the prize-money shared amongst soldiers has sometimes been quite enormous; and yet a vast proportion of those who received it have never been bettered by its possession. Often and often every farthing of it has been flung away and squandered in a few hours or days; and yet we shall seldom find an old soldier ready to admit that there could be any blame due to him for this extravagance. And this impression is quite reasonable. A soldier on campaign carries so constantly his life in his hand, as well as his rifle on his shoulder, that, in the very nature of things, he sees very little advantage in trying to carry anything else. He reasons thus: "To-day I am safe and rich, because we have been victorious; if all our work were over, and I were going home on discharge to-morrow, I might reasonably expect to derive a lifelong benefit from the spoil which I have won. But such will not be my to-morrow; we may have to fight again, and though I have escaped to-day, I may fall at the next volley; or we may be beaten and driven to retreat, too glad in escaping with life to burden ourselves with plunder; in either case I should have hoarded for others and uselessly denied myself all that enjoyment which my plunder could procure me now." The fact of his possession being utterly insecure, makes him, in the nature

of things, lavish and reckless of his wealth during the short time he has it at disposal.

We see by this extreme case how naturally the sense of insecurity acts in producing extravagance. These soldiers, if at home they received sums equally large with their plunder, and could invest them securely, would certainly, on the average, be less likely to fling them away; for, in truth, the nature of man is by no means so extravagant as we suppose, and a vast deal more of the wastefulness people are so ready to exclaim against among the poor, is caused by their circumstances than by their character.

We may then, without any unreasonableness, lay down as a maxim that insecurity for savings tends to waste, and *vice versâ*.

And as the insecurity for investment of savings is really by far the greatest in the case of the poorest people, it is not too much to say that a large amount of what we call improvidence and waste among the poor would be corrected, could they be given any perfect security for the little sums they may be able to put away.

III.—INSECURITY OF CONTRIBUTING POWER.

We will now examine separately the different causes of the exceptional insecurity of poor men's providence. And, firstly, the absolute insecurity of their having anything to lay by.

A man of assured income, if he desire to save, has only to deny himself luxuries; to be content with simpler living; to keep his expenses at any desired point within his ascertained income. If his will to save be fixed, there is no other difficulty about it. This is because he *has* an income, the expenditure of which he can limit as he pleases. But the labouring man's uncertainties of saving begin, not with the amount of income he leaves unspent, but with the income itself, which is uncertain and not fixed. All the poor man can save depends, not on what he can leave, but on what he can get; and that is rendered precarious by a number of contingencies, such as slackness of work, want of work, sickness, or accidental incapacity.

If to the soldier, enriched with plunder, the thought of provident self-denial be discouraged by the uncertainty of his being able to keep the store he has gained, discouragement to the ordinary wage-earner, manifestly by far greater, is caused by the uncertainty of his gaining anything at all beyond his daily requirements; and the apparent hopelessness of such efforts at providence as he can make, lies at the root of much of what we call the wage-earners' wastefulness, so far as it is unaffected by the operation of any human laws.

The worker whose employment next week is not assured, has some reason on his side, when, reproached with improvidence, he is able to ask, "Why need I be called on to provide butter for next year, if I be not certain of bread for next week?" And the only answer we can give him must be based on the showing that, if properly managed, his means, which give him bread and butter to-day, may be also made to assure him bread, at least in time to come.

The insecurity of contributing power is the poor man's sternest rock-a-head. It lies at the root of nearly all the lapses from nearly all the societies for self-help and insurance which we have examined farther back in these papers; and the fact, which should not be concealed, that under present conditions more than half the provision working men make against destitution is, through lapse, as utterly lost to them as if it were thrown into the sea, must either tempt them to throw up in despair all efforts at providence, or teach them to make their efforts henceforth on a basis of membership on which no cessation of contribution can vitiate their claim to future benefits; in other words, to complete their payments at an early and comparatively unburdened age, instead of undertaking to make them, throughout all life, from wages, the constant receipt of which neither is, nor can be, perfectly assured.

IV.—IGNORANT MANAGEMENT OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

By ignorant management of friendly societies a very great discouragement is given to thrifty efforts. Many of the good people who are always urging wage-earners to join a friendly society, and to make efforts at independence, are quite satisfied with giving general advice on the subject, without ever taking the trouble to accompany the general advice with any particular warning. If a blind man asked one of us, at the Mansion House, how he had best get to Kew, we should tell him, no doubt, very sound truth in saying, "You must go by an omnibus;" but, for all that, we should be doing him a terrible disservice if we let him ignorantly clamber into one whose destination was Bow. And this is the sort of injury often done to the poor by easily-given counsel. "Join a friendly society" is extremely easy to say; and "Join a *sound* one" is just as easy; but nine-tenths of my readers will find it a very hard thing to point out to the poor man a sound society to join.

And here I am not speaking of societies founded in fraud. I shall turn to them presently. I speak of societies founded, supported, and managed in ignorance; and of which, once established, the managers, however well knowing the unsoundness, will still enrol new members without proposing any amendment of their rules, or hinting at the necessity for such amendment. For these managers are placed in a position wherein, if they would be just to outsiders, they must be destructive of their own interests. If they warn new comers against joining, they cut off the supply of new subscribers, and so, in a short time, extinguish the society; for, in the present state of general ignorance in the working class with regard to such matters, the fact of a club falling off in numbers makes new members shun it as they would the plague: an effect which, if combined, as it very often is, with its abandonment by old members, may really very often rehabilitate its credit, by reducing the number of persons having claims upon its invested property.

It is quite manifest, however, that if managers

continue to enrol members uninformed of the unsound position of their society, and thus make contracts with them that no reasonable hope exists of their being able to fulfil, they are passing from errors of ignorance to acts of fraud. To this, as I have hinted, the temptation is extremely strong, and is one great cause of the unsoundness of many societies, and of the discouragement given to thrift by the too common experience of their failure.

I will give an instance or two (which have come under my own notice) of how, in the management of a friendly society, the ignorance of yesterday becomes the fraud of to-day and the ruin of to-morrow.

V.—INSTANCES OF ERROR CHANGING TO FRAUD IN FRIENDLY SOCIETY MANAGEMENT.

I have in my hands particulars concerning a large friendly society (we will call it the A. B. C.) valued by an actuary in the year 1878, and again, after two years, in 1880. Of course this was done by the society's own actuary, at their own request and expense. The following, in rough round numbers (for I do not wish to give particulars which may identify this one special society), are the comparative results of the two valuations.

	1878.	1880.
Membership	7,500	8,000
Liabilities	£460,000	£500,000
Assets	£290,000	£300,000
Deficiency	£170,000	£200,000
Deficiency per Member...	£22½	£25

Now what I desire to be specially noted from these startling figures is this: assuming that, at and up to the time of the first valuation, the managers of this society had felt satisfied of its solvency, and granting that its great deficiency had arisen through misapprehension or ignorance, as it most probably had; and admitting further, that once they were made aware, by their own skilled officer, of the condition in which their affairs stood, they felt their organisation might be gravely injured if all the then members were made acquainted with the result; admitting all these extenuating circumstances, what name but fraud can we help giving to their act in recommending the society from that period on to any intending contributor, and enrolling him as a member? It cannot even be pleaded that the addition of these new members has done the least good to the general prospects of the society. It has increased the membership by 500 persons, and has increased the assets by £10,000 in two years; but it has increased the liabilities at the same time by £40,000, and consequently the deficiency by £30,000, or at the enormous rate of £15,000 a year!

In cases such as this it only too often happens that the members generally (and the poor friends whom they urge to join them) are only told the two former facts; namely, increase of membership and of assets, from which (setting their total membership at 8000, and their increase of assets at £10,000) they ignorantly gather that the

society is better off by £1 5s. a member than it was before. They are not told of the increase of liability and deficiency, and have no idea of the vastly accumulating speed with which their organisation is rushing to destruction.

In the particular case before us the actuary warned them in 1878 that their rate of contribution could not support their rate of benefit offered; but, notwithstanding that recorded warning, *no change was made*.

I will now give an example, with details well known to myself, of similar action by the committee of a rural friendly society. We will call it the C. D. E. Club, for distinction sake.

It has been managed for many years by labouring men, with a paid secretary. I have for a long time seen every year their balance-sheet and accounts. It showed always fair care, good balancing, and a very strict keeping down of expense. I believe the management to have been entirely honest up to the time of its valuation.

It is quite probable that, but for the new Friendly Societies Act, they would never have valued their funds. For several years I had urged them to spend £5 in a valuation; but they never would do so till they were compelled, and late in the year 1880, they sent in to the Registrar of Friendly Societies their valuation as on December 31st, 1879.

They asked me to dine with them on their feast-day in 1881, I having been their guest on that day for many years. I asked the committee-man who invited me whether he had seen the valuation. He said he had not; that the secretary had it, and had sent in the statement required by law.

"How much was paid for the valuation?" I asked.

"Five pounds."

"Has that item passed your committee accounts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it possible, then," I inquired, "that not one of your committee asked to see the valuation itself for which they were paying?"

"No, sir, we did not. I know," he added, "it is against us; but then we don't see why it should be."

"Shall I tell you," I asked, "how much it is against you? I have a copy of your valuation from the registrar's office. Here it is. It ought, by law, to be hung up in your lodge-room. Your own actuary tells your society that with only £850 of property realised in your little club you are in an estimated deficiency of £2,700! Are you going to tell that to your committee or not? Will you print it on your balance-sheet? Will you, who are trusted to manage the affairs of your brethren, tell this to even your present members? And will you let a hint of it come to the knowledge of the young men whose entrance money you will hold out your hands for on the feast-day? If you will do these things I will dine with you with pleasure, and give you the best advice and help I can. But if not, I can be no party, even as a guest, to your proceedings, and shall stay away from your feast."

And they let me stay away; and I believe that,

from that hour to this, the members remain in a fool's paradise, and that some, if not all, who form their committee, have been afraid to ask their secretary to produce the valuation!

When these two societies which I have used for illustration actually collapse, *as they must one day do*, there will be thousands of poor men in the one case and hundreds in the other, whose provision against pauperism will fail. The public will hear nothing about it; their bankruptcy will fill no line in the newspapers; but it will discourage many and many a poor man from joining any society whatever, if he have seen so many of his neighbours, who have done so, left no better off in the end than the most wasteful and worthless in the land.

VI.—FRAUDULENT MANAGEMENT.

We have seen illustrations of how even well-intentioned, but ignorant men, who have undertaken to manage friendly societies, may find them to their surprise in great deficiency, and from sheer bewilderment and desperation become fraudulent by concealing their knowledge, without any idea whatever of appropriating the funds. But there is a very large class indeed of so-called friendly societies, building societies, and other organisations, founded, fostered, and carried on by systematic and deliberate villainy, to the terrible discouragement of thrift, and the eventual misery and pauperisation of thrifty people. There is really no law at the present time to prevent any rogue, who can pay for a little paper and printing, from putting out a specious prospectus, promising a number of impossible benefits to any persons ignorant enough to trust in him. And hundreds of such swindlers earn a large income by this means. The very smallness of the sums they gather, and the poverty of those the sums are gathered from, make the security of their plunderers. The robbed and disappointed dupe feels, once the villainy is discovered, that " 'tis no use to throw good money after bad," even if, as very rarely happens in such cases, he have any money, good or bad, to spend in unremunerative vengeance. Or, if he do contrive some means for prosecuting, the office is found empty, and the manager not found at all. As a rule, societies so founded continue to exist just as long as, and no longer than, the contributions exceed the outgoings. The moment this ceases to be the case follows the grand outgoing of all—of secretary, chairman, auditor, collector, treasurer (very often all in one person), and the outgoing, too, of all the hopes of independence which the poor and swindled dupes have entertained.

VII.—ENORMOUS RELATIVE EXPENSE OF POOR MEN'S PROVIDENCE.

Among the many disadvantages of the poor there is none more evident than the fact that, for almost everything he buys, he is compelled, by the smallness of the transaction, to pay a higher relative cost than richer men. I have touched this point already in considering the principles of co-

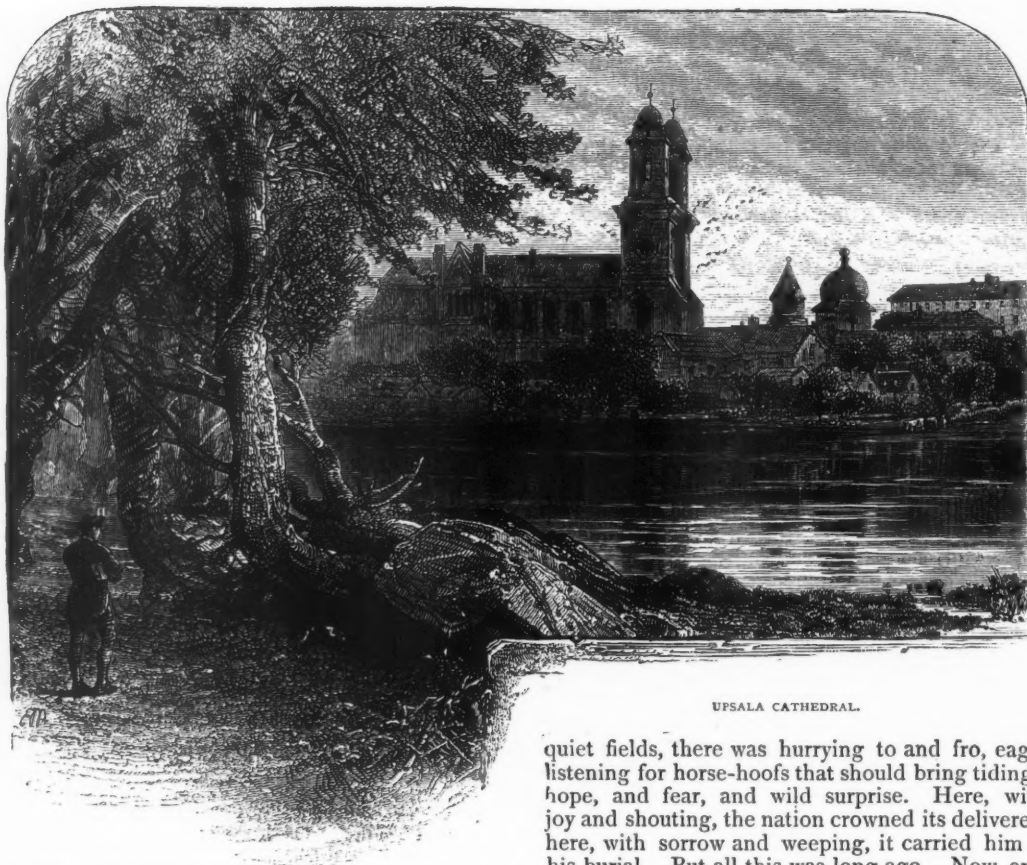
operative distribution, and I recur to it here, in order to show how the same general rule largely increases the price the poor man has to pay for his providence, as well as the price he has to pay for his tea or his cheese. For instance, the little life insurance which a poor labouring man makes to secure a decent funeral for himself or his children, or to provide a few weeks' support for his dear ones when he dies, costs, for mere collection, an immensely larger sum in proportion than life insurance for higher amounts contracted for by richer people. If a professional man of thirty years of age insure his life for £2,000, at an annual cost of £50, he can send his yearly premium to the office at a cost of one single penny for the postage stamp. The poor working man, who has no means of paying in his little insurance except through the weekly collector, has to pay him *at least* threepence out of every shilling for his trouble. If, to save £4 at death, his premium contribution be a penny a week, and its yearly amount 4s. 4d., he has to pay 1s. 1d. for getting it to the office, where the professional man only pays one penny, and (when the sums assured in each case are compared) the relative cost to the labouring man, for collection alone, is 500×13 , or 6,500 times as much as the professional man has to pay.

Herring Heads.—A correspondent of "Land and Water," Mr. W. Reid, of Wick, makes a curious and important suggestion about herring heads:—"It has often struck me on getting a herring served up to breakfast that the head was superfluous. It encumbered the small breakfast-plate, along with the milt (or roe) and bones, tail, etc., so that when you finish a breakfast you appear to have more bulk on the plate than when you commenced. Some years since I found I could purchase headless herrings at about half the price of those with heads on, and I found them much superior. A few herrings in a drift of nets get so fixed in the meshes by the head, that in shaking them out they are decapitated. These are cured by themselves, and have no brand to distinguish them, and are sold cheap, but are really superior to those with the heads on. This arises from the vertebræ at the neck being broken with the jerk in getting them out of the nets, when the fish bleeds freely, and the flesh when cured, and afterwards cooked, becomes quite white, and much more agreeable to eat. Having found this out, I this season purchased a small lot of very fresh herrings, and not only cut off their heads, but their tails also. Thus the fish were freely bled at both ends, and I have never seen herrings so white in the flesh and fine to eat as these. Should any one try this plan of mine, they will find a herring cured in this way as superior as a crimped cod is to a cod not crimped. If we could educate our German customers, and all other consumers of herrings, to have nothing but headless herrings sent them, they would find the benefit of it in more ways than one, but especially in the superior article they would have for their money. I have made a calculation of what consumers pay for herring heads which are of no use. Say that our total catch of herrings in Scotland is yearly 800,000 barrels. A herring head is about the eighth of the whole fish, so that 100,000 barrels of herring heads are sent into the market. This, at the present price of £2 per barrel, is £200,000. To contain these 100,000 barrels of heads, the cost of barrels, at 3s. 6d. each, is £17,500. To cure these—salt, coopering, gutting, etc., at 3s. 6d., £17,500. Freight of ditto to markets, at 2s. per barrel, £10,000. Branding 75,000 barrels of the above, at 4d. per barrel, £1,250. Total, £46,250. This large sum could be saved by decapitating all our herrings, which could readily be done by the gutter-women when they were at work gutting, etc.; and the heads sold for manure would more than pay for the extra trouble, and the fish would be much improved, and instead of selling at a reduced price as now, should fetch considerably more per barrel."

AXEL SÖDERMAN.

BY MARY A. M. HOPPUS.

CHAPTER I.



UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

AXEL SÖDERMAN sat, with a book upon his knees, in one of the deep embrased windows of the University-Library at Upsala. There was no one else in the long white room, walled round with books. No one else? Was there ever so crowded a room? thought Axel. Did not unseen presences hem him in? Was it not as though this room was a harbour, wherein all the thoughts of all the ages rode peacefully at anchor?

It had not always been peace here. Long ago—so long ago that History only silently pointed with outstretched finger into an illimitable mist behind her, and Tradition herself said, "Once upon a time," and whispered names and deeds in awe-stricken sentences which she could never finish—long ago there were wars here, the wars of gods and heroes. Long ago, too, but yet in days which were as yesterday compared with that other misty morning-time, great deeds were done here, deeds whose fame lives wherever generous hearts are moved by the story of heroic struggle and endurance. Armed men trampled over these

quiet fields, there was hurrying to and fro, eager listening for horse-hoofs that should bring tidings, hope, and fear, and wild surprise. Here, with joy and shouting, the nation crowned its deliverer; here, with sorrow and weeping, it carried him to his burial. But all this was long ago. Now, only faint echoes of the great world's tumult came floating on the winds which blew from the south over the quiet fields.

Oh, quiet fields, stretching away northwards! Axel shifted himself round in his seat and clasped his arms, not heeding what he did, over the book he had been reading, as he thought of what lay northwards. But a very little way over the fields is Old Upsala, and Odin's grave—if he is buried anywhere but in the sunset. And northwards still is Dalarne, and beyond Dalarne, Nordland, and beyond Nordland, the North Star! It seemed to Axel that he looked out over the last few leagues of the world; that, like some mariner of old, he stood on the extremest verge, and looked towards other worlds.

Not only when he looked over the fields (where the spire of Wak-Sala Church rose from its surrounding trees) did Axel feel that he was brought near to the far-off. Everything around him said, "Here has Thought made itself a harbour." The old-world city, the quaint cathedral, the sense of

union with all the ages, and yet of extreme remoteness from all the world, filled him with a vague yearning to do, to be, he knew not what. The place seemed so crowded with ghosts, that there was no room in it for him. Ghosts? No, not ghosts—rather, thoughts, awful, majestic, beautiful. When he first saw the long white room, with all its treasures, he had said to himself, and to his father, that here one could read well. But now it seemed to him that he could not read for thinking, and could not think for dreaming.

There was not much in Axel's own life to look back upon. The last month seemed to him far more crowded with events than all the rest of his sixteen years. He had gone to the village school, studied with his father, dreamed away whole days on the shores of the great lake, which always seemed to him to be reminding him of some vast sea, whose moanings he had yet never heard. Sometimes he had gone out in a boat; once as far as Motala. But he had never been so lucky as to see a mirage, and had been fain to content himself with begging his father to repeat the oft-told tale of the wonderful phantom-city he had seen as he was returning from visiting a sick parishioner, in the year the old king died. But nothing had ever happened to Axel—not even to see a mirage!

To be sure he had been confirmed last Easter; but every one is confirmed.

Not every one, however, has such a sweet little mother to kiss him on his confirmation-morning, or such a father to lay his hand on his head and bless him. Dear father! dear little mother! Axel felt as though he had pins in his eyes, and presently there was a wet spot on the yellow page of the old book he was not reading.

Axel Söderman was sixteen years old, and had been a student in the University of Upsala exactly one month; but he felt like a man, and a man who had seen the world (had he not walked the streets of Stockholm and listened to the professors of Upsala?), and he looked back over the vast experiences of the last four weeks to those uneventful years of childhood and boyhood, with a tender regret too pathetic to be absurd.

His father had brought him to the university. The dear little mother, and Anna Möller, and the schoolmaster, and a good many more, had all stood on Lilleköping-Quay, waving their handkerchiefs and calling "Färel!" as the Konung Karl weighed her anchor. Axel had felt a lump rise in his throat, and had admitted to himself that he must have cried had not his father been going with him.

The voyage from Lilleköping to Stockholm was to Axel a kind of tour of the world. How many places they called at, whose names he had learned and whose situation he had found upon the map! And how glorious the sunsets were upon the lakes! And how his heart leapt into his mouth when, on a fine afternoon, the captain came up to his father, and, pointing to a white glimmer of houses and spires between two wooded bluffs, said "Stockholm!"

Then what a three days was that which they spent in seeing the city. The people were far more ele-

gant than the good folks of Lilleköping (who had not a bonnet among them); and the father's coat looked very old-fashioned beside the Paris-cut coats which frequented Hasselbäcke; but Axel was never so proud of his father as when he compared him with these elegant persons, and remarked that the pastor's grey hair, and keen eyes, and rugged features resembled those of the "Village Pastor making a Visit of Consolation," in the picture in the Palace.

They saw the Palace, and the King and Queen, and Gustaf Wasa's sword, and the horse which Gustaf Adolf rode at Lützen, and many robes of state or masquerade, in which kings and queens had danced, or fought, or died. Axel was too much carried away by reverent enthusiasm to be able to single out any one relic from the rest; but his father seemed most impressed by the sight of the little yellow-painted wooden cradle in which Charles XII was once rocked to sleep. The pastor stood long before it, and then, with flushed face and gleaming eyes, he laid his hand on Axel's shoulder.

"Look, my son!" he cried; "in that little cradle slept the babe who conquered at Narva! He pressed Czar Peter hard. The only man before whom Czar Peter ever fled, lay in that poor cradle! Had he but lived another ten years!"

A number of people had collected, and to them the pastor further descanted on the history of that strange madman-hero, at whose name once the world grew pale. And Axel listened; and the vague longings which had disturbed even the sleepy quiet of Lilleköping awoke in him, but he did not know what they meant. And all the rest of the day the pastor murmured to himself, "That little cradle held him! He pressed Czar Peter hard!"

Not even the vaults in the Riddarholms Church had so deeply moved the pastor; but Axel's young imagination found more to enthrall it in the dim tapers and the rich but faded trappings of the coffins which held the dust of kings. He stood so long leaning against the rails, looking, as it were, into the dimness of death, that his father at last aroused him.

"Art thou sleeping, my son?" he asked, kindly. "It were no wonder; we have had much fatigue."

But Axel turned round and showed a face which had been dreaming other dreams than those which sleep brings. The pastor gently patted his shoulder, and the two went silently up the steps and out into the great church, and Axel's eyes wandered over the escutcheons of the Knights of the Seraphim, and that vague longing rose in him higher than ever, and wrung his heart with pain, which yet was not pain.

"It is so still in our village," said the pastor, as they stepped out into the broad sunshine; "thou art overcome by the sight of the great world."

The simple pastor of Lilleköping had never been out of Sweden in his life, and found this expedition to the capital tremendously exciting to himself.

At Upsala they set off to find Professor Larsson, the pastor's old college-friend, and the author of "The Northern Flora," whose letters to his father

had generally resulted in a "botanical day," as the pastor called the long rambles they took together in search of some rare species mentioned by the professor.

Professor Larsson received them both with the greatest affection, and himself took them over the Cathedral and the Lecture-rooms. Axel first caught a glimpse of this enchanted room between the good professor's waving arms.

"You should be here, Söderman," exclaimed the professor. "You are thrown away at Lilleköping, positively thrown away. A man who has studied the *Zygodontes* as you have!"

"We cannot all be professors, dear Larsson," said Axel's father. "Some one must be pastor to the poor people at Lilleköping."

"Tell me not!" cried the professor. "A man who understands the distinction between *Gymnotum* and *Anictangium*!"

Axel was a little indignant. Was not his father beloved and honoured by every man, woman, and child in Lilleköping? Did not the schoolmasters of all the villages for miles round bring their difficulties to Pastor Söderman? Had not even Pastor Winkel, of Jönköping, the most learned pastor in Smaland, sent his translation of the "Georgics" to the pastor of Lilleköping, beseeching his opinion and even adopting several of his suggestions? Axel was about to inform the professor of this flattering circumstance, when his father's adoring admiration of the "Codex Argenteus" made him forget all personal considerations. The professor unlocked the case in which this priceless treasure lay, and Axel reverently touched the venerable parchment, while the professor narrated how an Englishman had offered a hundred thousand dalers for the famous "Codex." "But we told him," said the professor, with suppressed exultation, and bending down to look closer at the manuscript, "we told him that he should not have it if he gave us that for every leaf!"

"It is very affecting to me, dear Larsson, to behold again all these things, which I knew so well so many years ago," said Pastor Söderman, as they all walked up the knobly streets of Upsala. "Old age then looked so far off, and now it is youth which seems distant; and here is my boy, preparing to begin the same experience! One day he too, perhaps, will return here, a grey-haired man, with his son by his side, and will tell him of this day, and of the old grandfather, long since—"

But Axel threw his arms round his father's neck, and sobbed out that he must not talk so, he could not bear it. There was no one in the street to be surprised at this outburst, only a pretty girl, who happened to be looking out of a window at the moment, and whose curiosity had no doubt been aroused by the little scene, drew back blushing as she saw that Axel observed her.

These things happened a month ago. The pastor had long since returned to his village, and Axel was accustomed to his new life. He had written regularly to his father and mother, telling them all that he did, and a great deal that he thought.

"I work as hard as I can, dear father," he had

said, "and I think the professors are satisfied with me. But, dear father, I am greatly troubled by wandering thoughts. When I am learning botany, I am thinking about history, and when I am at the history-class, Horace's 'Odes' or some passage from Virgil will come into my head. There is so much to learn that I can scarcely be patient enough to learn only one thing at once. And there still seems something beyond, which I want more than all which lies near at hand. You will think me foolish, perhaps, but I promised to tell you all that troubled me, and, indeed, this that I tell you follows me, whatever I do, and makes my tasks harder than they would be."

This had been the substance of Axel's last letter home, and he was thinking it over and wishing he could see the dear father and mother but for an hour—perhaps then he would be able to settle down better, and concentrate his wandering thoughts—when a slight noise made him turn his head. He was a little startled to see Old Jörgens, the librarian, sitting at the other end of the window-seat.

Old Jörgens always moved about as noiselessly as a shadow, and Axel thought to-day that he looked as though, if the sun shone in at the window, he would fade and flicker and be gone, as shadows do when the sun comes out. How old Old Jörgens was was an uncertainty—sixty, seventy, eighty, no one knew which. He had a thin, fresh-coloured face, very little wrinkled; his eyes were clear blue, as clear as a boy's, and his long scanty hair was perfectly white. He was thin and slight, and a little bent. He seldom spoke, and when he did his voice was like a very distant tinkling bell, or a voice in a dream. He wore knee-breeches, and his small but well-shaped old legs were encased in neat grey stockings. His coat and waistcoat were of a remoter date than even Pastor Söderman's best suit, which he wore at marriages, funerals, and confirmations. It was not unlike that worn by the old schoolmaster of Lilleköping, the father of the present one, and grandfather of Anna Möller, Axel's playfellow. One of the senior students, a good-natured fellow, who came from Jönköping, and condescendingly addressed Axel as a neighbour, had told him that Old Jörgens was once a student himself. That must have been before the memory of living man, for the senior student had never heard of any one who claimed to have been his contemporary. Even the professors had all found him there, said the senior student, who, however, was not one to spoil a good tale for the sake of a few extra details.

Old Jörgens was Young Jörgens once upon a time, and was so distinguished a chemist and mineralogist that he was appointed assistant to the chemical professor of that day. It was expected that he would in due time be a professor himself. He married a beautiful girl, whom he had chosen while he was still a boy, and loved all his life. They had two children. Then, when the youngest was about two years old, there came an unhealthy autumn, and fever broke out in Upsala. In one week the young wife and her babes died, and were buried together. Jörgens himself, lying between

life and death, did not know of his loss until, when his fever had left him, he crawled one day from his bed and searched the house to see why his wife did not come to him. The nurse, who had fallen asleep, was awakened by his shaking her violently, and crying, in a terrible voice, while he held towards her a string of cornelian beads, "Where is my wife?" Frightened, and but half awake, she could find no answer. "Is she dead?" he shrieked. "Speak! Is she dead?" And when the trembling nurse burst into tears, without replying, he suddenly released his hold, and fell, with a faint cry, at her feet. They thought at first that he was dead; but after many hours of unconsciousness he opened his eyes, from which the look that had so frightened the nurse was quite gone. Very slowly his strength returned, but his hair had grown white, and there were strange gaps in his memory. He seemed to have quite forgotten that he was assistant to the professor of chemistry, and resumed his student-habit of reading in the library. As it became evident that no attempt must be made to rouse him—an incautious reference to the past having produced a most alarming excitement—he was made sub-librarian, and he had faithfully discharged the duties of his post. He knew where every book was to be found; he prepared new catalogues from time to time, and kept the library in perfect order. But he was never seen to open a book on the subjects which had been his chief study. He but seldom consulted any book, unless to ascertain its title for the catalogues on which he was always at work. It was said that Jörgens was a poor student, and had, on completing his course, modestly solicited this very post of sub-librarian; but the authorities considered him worthy of something better, and had made him chemical assistant.

Sometimes it seemed as though Old Jörgens was disturbed by dim memories. He would wander about with the air of one who seeks for something. At such times he usually carried with him a cornelian necklace, which tradition said he had given to his wife on her wedding-morning, the same which he had found on the fatal day which overthrew his reason.

Axel had been much struck with Old Jörgens and his story. He felt a mixture of pity and awe for the old man whose real life had stopped so long ago—he even thought he perceived deep meanings behind the few and strangely-turned sentences he uttered.

"Good day, Mr. Jörgens," said Axel, respectfully.

"Not good day—it is always good morrow with you," said Old Jörgens, looking at him with a smile which disconcerted Axel.

"What have you there, Mr. Jörgens?" he asked, not knowing what else to say to divert Old Jörgens' eyes from himself. In spite of the senior student's description of the sub-librarian as a harmless, half-cracked old fellow, Axel credited him with mysterious powers of discernment. To him Old Jörgens' reply seemed to have direct reference to the thoughts which had so lately been occupying his own mind.

Old Jörgens did not answer Axel's question, but,

as though it had recalled him to his own concerns, he began closely examining the object which he had been holding half-concealed in his hand. Old Jörgens' hands were at least a quarter of a century older than his face. Axel's fresh young face grew pale as he saw what it was that the sub-librarian was holding up to the light, weighing in his hand, and caressing with withered fingers. It was a string of cornelian beads, and Axel had little doubt that it was the identical necklace of which he had been told. He turned away his head to the window lest Old Jörgens should see the tears which he could not keep back, for this young student had as yet had little experience of tragedy.

Axel was still gazing over the fields (without seeing them very clearly), when Old Jörgens laid a hand on his knee.

"That is bad, very bad," he said, making as though he brushed tears out of his own eyes, those clear boyish eyes, which looked as though no tear had ever dimmed them. "You should get one of these." He held up the necklace.

"What use would it be, Mr. Jörgens?" asked Axel, wondering.

Old Jörgens looked at him and smiled and nodded his head. "It is the stone of forgetfulness," he said, softly. "It will make you forget."

Axel was beginning to say, "But I do not wish to forget," when he checked himself. Better not to say that; better to humour poor Old Jörgens. So he asked instead, "Where can I get one, Mr. Jörgens?"

The librarian looked from him to the necklace, then to him again. "Out there where you are always looking," he said, in the mysterious inner voice, which seemed to Axel's susceptible imagination so pregnant with secret meaning. "There, where you are always looking."

He pointed to the fields, still nodding and smiling. Then, before Axel could find words, he had risen and glided noiselessly out of the library, turning once or twice as he went, to say, still with that mysterious air, "Out there, where you are always looking."

A Birthday.

I WILL not wish thee, dearest, length of days,
Riches and fame—these make not life complete;
But unto thee the sweet be very sweet,
Though bitter be most bitter. Good is praise,
And blest are they that leave all men their heirs,
But love is better. Wealth hath many cares.
Be rich in love and joy, in thoughts that raise
Thee from the sordid throng who toil and fret
Still more and more of this world's good to get,
Scarce glad when they have gotten. Whate'er ways
Thou goest, keep thy heart in tune, and hear
Beneath life's discords hidden music clear,
Which whoso hears, although all else decays,
Keeps spring within his heart through wintry days.

M. A. M. H.

THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

V.—THE LUDICROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

WE suppose that, merely regarded as a humorist, Molière, the master of French comedy, was the greatest that ever lived. William Hazlitt ranks him not only equal with, but almost above Shakespeare in this single particular. Shakespeare, however, was a humorist but something more; Molière was a humorist, this was his attribute; and, as a humorist, he stands alone. He was neither a mere wit or droll, like our comic dramatists of the Restoration, but, in a real and honest and ingenious manner, he set himself to the task of preaching truths essential to the well-being of society, and ridiculing its almost necessary follies. Few of the laughers of society are more healthful than Molière; true, he set himself to trounce the sins and the follies of life; noodledom and knavedom were the kingdoms against which he marched the bright legionaries of his nimble wit; the things he set himself to thrash were powerful things in their day, powerful in all days, as powerful now as then; they put one in mind of what he said of some corpulent character in one of his pieces: "That fellow is so big that a man could not thrash the whole of him in one day, he gives himself such airs of grandeur."

It was far from Molière's design ever to laugh at things or persons truly religious, although his most famous piece, "Tartuffe," was charged with holding religion up to ridicule, and for a long time the Roman Catholic clergy in France succeeded in keeping it down. The king, Louis XIV, liked it, and once, after he had been to see the scandalous play of "Scaramouche," in which religion was not only laughed at, but made the subject of mockery and scoffing, the king said to the great Prince de Conde, "I should like to know how it is the saints are so scandalised at Molière's comedy, and yet they make no complaint of this one of Scaramouche." The prince replied, "Ah, the play of Scaramouche ridicules religion, and these gentry don't care about that, but Molière ridicules themselves, and they can't endure that."

The medical profession furnished this humorist with some of the best preserves and battues for his satiric fun. Would it be possible for any physician or apothecary to read him and to forgive him? Again and again, in the course of his works, the medical profession is the target of his wit; it is perhaps not too much to say that, at that time, it deserved all the jokes that he fired at it. In his "Lover Doctor" something of his contempt appears in the exclamation of the father, "Go, run for a doctor, and bring a lot of them!" The same father, utterly distracted by his four physicians, runs out in bewildered despair, and purchases a quack medicine, a quack hawker puffing up its merits, vowing that it will cure anything, and that

all the gold contained in the bowels of the earth could not sufficiently repay its numerous virtues. To which the poor purchaser replies, "Sir, I can fully believe that mountains of gold are inadequate for the purchase of your remedy, still, if meanwhile you will accept the slight sum of—eighteenpence." So the etiquette of consultation, which is still about as fearful as a ghost, sometimes more terrible than a ghost in a household, is finely hit off by Molière when he makes one of his doctors exclaim, "Your daugh-au-aughter ma-a-ay d-i-e, bu-u-t you at le-e-ast will have d-one your du-u-ty; and you will have the con-on-solation that she met her de-a-eath ac'-c'-ording to fo-o-orm." And Monsieur Babis, the gabbler, clatters out, "Certainly; better to die *by* rule, than to recover *against* rule!"

Few of Molière's pieces are better known and have been more frequently quoted than "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—the citizen who apes the aristocrat. Monsieur Jourdain, his cunning valet, mentions that he had been acquainted with monsieur's late father—who, it should be remembered, was a draper—but the valet speaks of him as one of the Parisian gentry. Monsieur, enchanted, exclaims, "And yet there are some idiots of people who try to make out that he was a tradesman!" To which the valet replies, "He a tradesman! It's a piece of sheer calumny! He never was! The fact is, he was an extremely obliging person, and, as he possessed a thorough knowledge of woollen stuffs and broadcloths, he chose them from different manufacturing districts, caused them to be brought to his house, and gave them to his friends for money." This was the worthy who desired some assistance in concocting a little note to drop at the feet of a lady of quality. The professor whose assistance he implores says:

Do you think of addressing her in verse?

Mons. F.—No, no; not in verse.

Prof.—You wish it merely prose?

Mons. F.—No; neither prose nor verse.

Prof.—It must be one or the other.

Mons. F.—Why?

Prof.—Because, monsieur, we can only express ourselves in prose and verse.

Mons. F.—Only in prose and verse?

Prof.—No, monsieur. All that is not prose is verse; and all that is not verse is prose.

Mons. F.—And what are we talking now; what's that?

Prof.—That's prose.

Mons. F.—What! When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my nightcap," that's prose?

Prof.—Yes, monsieur.

Mons. F.—Only think. Here's more than forty years I've been speaking prose without knowing it.

Monsieur Jourdain's notions of marrying his daughter were in harmony with all his other notions, and when his wife attempted to reason with him upon their preposterous folly, endeavouring to dissuade him from attempting at a match so much above their own rank, he exclaims, "My daughter shall be a marchioness in spite of you and all the world! and if you put me in a passion, I'll make her a duchess!" We have a great number of these sly hits at human follies, which seem to perpetuate themselves through all ages in "*Les Femmes Savantes*" (*The Learned Ladies*), in which we find much laughter indulged at many social foibles which seem to be as characteristic of our times as those of Molière. It is an elaborate satire upon a solemn style of pedantic cant, and as the "*Tartuffe*" satirised hypocritical pretentiousness in religion, this satirises the same in literature.

Molière delighted to inflict chastisement upon the ignorant pretenders to knowledge, upon dealers in fine words. Virtue itself finds no enemy, but, on the contrary, a warm friend in Molière. There was a wealth of wisdom in him, strong common sense, a constant dwelling upon the plain, the homely, the good, and the true. He says, very truly, "One of humanity's weaknesses is curiosity to learn things it would not like to know; one of its vices is the dressing paltry ideas in great, sonorous words, and almost imposing upon itself with the idea that it really has knowledge because it has deliberately enmeshed itself in ignorance." Thus, in the "*School for Wives*," we meet the following passage:

Elise.—Courage, courage, Monsieur Lysidas! We are lost if you give way.

Lysid.—What, monsieur! When the protasis, the epitasis, and the peripeteia—

Doran.—Ah, Monsieur Lysidas, you overwhelm us with fine words. Don't be so learned, for mercy's sake! Humanise your discourse, and speak so as to be understood. Do you fancy that a Greek term gives more weight to your arguments? And do you not think that it would be quite as well to say, "the development of the subject" as the "protasis;" the "progress of the plot" as the "epitasis;" and the "crowning incident" as the "peripeteia"?

Thus he dealt with pretentious exquisites. How he would have enjoyed hitting off in one of his polished character paintings such a person as Beau Brummell, who, upon being told that it was understood that he had dined at the house of some rich nobody, said, "Yes, it is true; and the worst of it was, the fellow sat down to dinner with us!" And we believe it was on the same occasion, when the invitation was given, and Brummell was pressed to accept, that he consented, saying, "Well, I will, if you won't mention it!"

With a singular ease, but a delightfully graceful manner, Molière delineates innumerable aspects of the ludicrous side of life. It is true, that which one of his best English commentators has said of him, "He is a vital writer—a really great author; his wit has an unfading vivacity, his humour an undying richness." He was one of the Kings of Laughter, and, we venture to think,

frequently more enjoyable through an English translation than even in the French. So much is written in that rhyming versification which Byron has called "that whetstone of the teeth, monotony and wire." There was a certain Count Gilles in Paris in that day, upon whom the following epigram was written:

Gilles wishes it thought he's full of affair;
You meet with him here, you meet with him there:
To bustle about is the whole of his care;
Though he's always a-going, he's going nowhere.

Molière drew the likeness of the same fussy person as follows:

From the head to the foot he's made up of mystery;
With a glance of his eye infers a whole history;
For ever he's busy without any business,
And fidgets without any grounds for uneasiness.
He takes by the button each one in his turn,
And hints, speaking low, with a face of concern,
At some secret that just turns out to be none;
Tells trifles as if they would never be done;
Even bids you "Good day," approaching quite near,
And whispers the "Farewell" into your ear.

Molière's humour is so rich and various that it is quite as vain to attempt to represent him by any two or three extracts as it would be to attempt in the same way to represent Shakespeare; and we do more than a little injustice to him by the very brief passages we have quoted, for it was his manner to turn his humour round and round, and with every turn to set it in some fresh facet. His consultations of physicians is very mirthful in this way: when one of four physicians inquires of Lisette, a servant-girl, how her mistress's coachman is, she replies:

Oh, very well. He's dead.

M. Tomès.—Dead?

Lisette.—Yes.

M. Tomès.—That can't be.

Lisette.—I don't know whether it *can* be, but I know that it *is*.

M. Tomès.—He *can't* be dead, I tell you.

Lisette.—And I tell you he is dead and buried.

M. Tomès.—You are mistaken.

Lisette.—I saw him.

M. Tomès.—It's impossible. Hippocrates says that three kinds of disorders never terminate before the fourteenth or fifteenth day, and it is only six days since he fell ill.

Lisette.—Hippocrates may say what he pleases; *the coachman's dead*.

It has been thought by many quite undesirable to have the eyes opened to what has been called the ludicrous side of life; it has been judged by some undesirable to be enlightened to the knowledge of the incongruous and inconsistent in human nature and society. Is it desirable, it has been said, to be able to see all the little ways and little tricks of little men, and all the same littlenesses as they exist in greater men? It seems that this is what the wit of the highest order and the humorist have been perpetually engaged in noting, the laughable side of life, the morbid, the

one-sided development, the caricaturing spirit perpetually on the look-out to pounce upon the follies of stupidity or falsehood. "This comes of walking on the earth," said an hidalgo of Spain as he fell to the ground. The wits of society catch up such traits as these and turn them to account. "A Conservative," said Douglas Jerrold, "is a man who will not look at the new moon out of respect to that ancient institution the old moon." Hogarth was a humorist as well as David Wilkie, and perhaps we soon find that the first is neither less pleasing nor instructive than the last. Such men, wits and humorists, whose eyes are thus opened, behold in all things, even the very meanest, moral analogies, and use them. It is not absolutely essential that all laughter should be spiteful, bitter, and cynical; there is a point of vision from whence we may look on many of the characters of every-day life, and laugh while we look.

One of the most genial and kindly of all humorists was Washington Irving, and seldom have the follies of mankind been more gently laughed at than in that rare book, now so seldom referred to, "Knickerboker's History of New York." How far superior to so much of the coarse and boisterous humour which has superseded it. Every page presents pictures of moral incongruity; how he describes the days of Wouter van Twiller, Wouter the Doubter, and those golden times of his when a sweet and pensive calm rested over the whole province, when there was nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in. Significantly enough we are told that in the days of Wouter the Doubter, grass grew before the doors, and sheep and calves grazed in the Broadway. The family of the Doubters, the men to whom heaven's sweetest atmosphere was a gale of smoke, lived amidst the becoming silence of the long pipes, and closed their eyes amidst whiffs of tobacco. Rip van Winkle was just such another sketch from the same sly and quiet pen. But who does not know the story of Rip van Winkle, and his strange ramble to the Catskill Mountains, and his twenty years' sleep; and how he came back to his own village again, expecting, after that long unconscious slumber, to find everything unchanged; and how all was changed—the village sign of George III to George Washington; wife, daughter, friends, all gone! While Rip slept, the world, and time, and change, had all been upon the move. Who does not read the intention in all this? Washington Irving is one of the most charming of humorists; every reader ought to love him. His merriment does not glare or glitter, it plays so harmlessly round the foibles rather than the sins and crimes of humanity; and the lighter follies and smaller infirmities of mankind furnished him with some of his choicest hints to the lovers of the ludicrous.

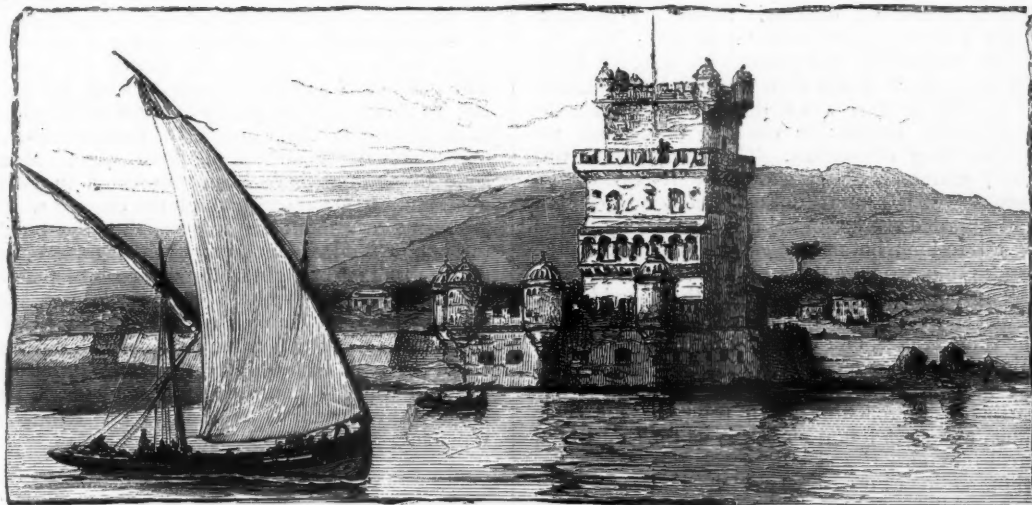
It is beneath the influence of such a humorist we pleasantly notice the absurdities of great minds, and the egotism and foppishness of little ones. It is the perception of the ludicrous which, while presenting to us the weakness of others, let us hope, creates some perception of consistency as a safeguard to ourselves. In the absence of this

perception we are in danger of walking upon stilts, parading our virtues, worshipping appearances, and studiously misrepresenting ourselves to ourselves; we are like tourists who visit sublime scenery, preparing our emotions before hand, and laying in a stock of wonder and awe to be used on appropriate occasions; all cant and simulation of great sentiment is but the appearance of a self-exaggerating foible.

Some persons lay themselves very especially open to something more than a merely quiet delineation of a strange foible. Sometime since we met with the anecdote of a man exceedingly distressed by a nightmare, so much so that he applied to a physician, and he accounted for his distressing visitations in a singular manner. "If you'll believe me, sir, my supper is usually nothing particular; perhaps one blood pudding, then a trifle of pickled salmon, usually after this I have a beefsteak and onions, and then only some Derbyshire toasted cheese, which I relish exceedingly, and not one drop do I drink only a jug of egg-flip. I think it must be all owing to the *bread*." The clever author of the "Stomach and its Difficulties" dwells at length on the folly of modern dinners. It is possible that since the publication of that little work some reform has been effected. In our luxurious condition of society there is room for reformation still. The author says very truly:

"The world's mode of living is preposterous; mixtures, and spices, and wines are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see: you take at a dinner-party soup (say turtle), a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps, turbot, and a rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, say an oyster pâté or a sweetbread to amuse yourself with while your host is cutting you a slice of Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and kidney beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or sauterne are added. A wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, solaced with a red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once ease and chill your stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyau or some other liqueur; if you are not seduced to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are certain to try a bit of stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. A dessert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. Now, I ask you," continues our author, warming with his description, "if this is not about the routine of the majority of dinner-parties one goes to? One man may give ox-tail for turtle, or another venison for mutton, but such is the usual order. Let us take all these things—soup, punch, turbot, and lobster pâté, haunch and sweet sauce, partridge and port, jelly, ice, and noyau; and instead of putting them into your stomach, throw them all into a basin, infusing a couple of glasses of champagne to make them ferment, and what a noxious-looking mess you will have. Depend upon it, until modern dinners are altered, there will be no health; the man, in fact, who asks you to a dinner-party, instead of being your friend, is your mortal enemy. He makes a hospitable attempt on your life."

A MONTH'S VOYAGE.



BELEM TOWER.

I.—“IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!”

LET not the reader who turns these pages expect any thrilling adventures or graphic description of unknown places. Our object is simply to show what may be accomplished in a month, on a comparatively unfrequented track, by any one who desires a pleasant trip.

It was the end of April. A dull grey sky stretched over us as we steamed down the widening reaches of the Thames. But our course was set sunward; we were bound for the south of Spain. The majority of our little company were in pursuit of health or pleasure, and prepared to make the best of their holiday. Before the pilot left us at Gravesend, we had assembled for our first meal, and made acquaintance with each other. There were twelve of us, as harmonious a set, we presently found, as could well have been thrown together.

Our ship was one of a line of trading vessels, and was named after her southernmost port, The Gibraltar. She proved, by common consent, in every respect worthy of our choice. The first night was spent at anchor off the Goodwins. At daylight we were threading the narrow channels. When we passed Dover, and the familiar points along the coast faded one by one from sight, we felt our voyage begun. There were many speculations as to what sort of treatment we might meet in the Bay of Biscay; but the winds and the waves were merciful. Certainly the magnificent seas were one great source of enjoyment. There is a charm in the perpetual roll of breakers on the shore; but far grander was the wild confusion here. The intense deep blue, passing almost into

black, was relieved by bright emerald flashes as the white crests fell over and the light shone through. There

was no serried movement, but now hither, now thither, the billows rose, till one great swell seemed to engulf them all, every big wave being fretted by the winds with innumerable tiny ones, like the veins on a leaf. As we drew southward there were touches of softer beauty. The skies had their tints of purple, and orange, and gold. There was a luxury of rest in watching the silver seas. Never can one forget those sheets of molten silver, flashing and curling, and breaking into countless spangles of light,—cascades of almost unendurable brilliance. And at night they were silver still, but softened in the moonlight—like the pavement of some fairy land, too ethereal for heavy earthen tread. Such things no doubt are the common-places of sea-travel; but the landsman notes them as he would the features of an Alpine scene. There was, however, no lack of other amusements—books, converse, games.

II.—LISBON.

We reached Lisbon on the morning of the seventh day. The palace-crowned heights of Cintra had come early into sight. As the sun rose higher, we had watched the jagged coastline, beautiful in the purple haze. On the sea behind us, a fleet of fishing-vessels spread their white wings, like huge gulls hanging lightly on our track. The water was smooth as a rippled lake. Lisbon, as seen from the Tagus, is a

picturesque city, revealing its palaces and streets in bright array. For five miles it stretches along the river front. The volcanic outline of the hills shows plainly, though it seems difficult to realise that on these fair banks were enacted the terrible scenes of the great earthquake, in the middle of the last century. Noon was at hand when I went ashore with my friend. The sun struck back from the street with a fierce heat, but to residents it was their choicest weather, and in the shade there was a delicious, if somewhat treacherous breeze: it was the only time we suffered any discomfort. The temperature was never extreme; but it should be remarked, the season was late in unfolding, and floods of rain had retarded the spring. Lisbon has many points of attraction; but as our purpose is not detailed description, we pass them by.

The modern tramway runs near the riverside, but it was strange to see the patient oxen traversing the same streets, and dragging rude waggons that might have belonged to the ancient world. Almost the first sight that caught our eye was the royal carriages approaching. We followed on their track, and soon found ourselves in the midst of a great funeral. It was that of the Duke de Avila, whom we heard described as "the Beaconsfield of Portugal," a man who had risen from the shoemaker's bench to the highest position. The church in which the last rites were being performed, was filled by a dense crowd in which all classes jostled. High personages, profusely decorated with ribbons and stars, exchanged words with each other as they might have done in a drawing-room, while the monotonous chant went on. There were many finely-featured faces in this typical gathering, a sort of placid nobility in which there was no trace of life's severer toil. When the last taper was extinguished, the coffin was borne forth and laid across a carriage, projecting over the doors on either side. It seemed as if half Lisbon had sent its representatives, but we did not follow to the cemetery. It would have pleased us better to have visited the graves of Fielding and Doddridge in the cypress-girded English burying-ground. This also was inexpedient.

It was wiser to make acquaintance with the living, and we were soon strolling through the streets. One novelty was the sale of lottery-tickets by itinerant vendors. They met us at every turn, and we were surprised afterwards to learn with what large sums these vagrant merchants were sometimes trusted. The lotteries are supported by the state, and the drawing takes place at frequent intervals. More to our taste were the musical cries of the orange-seller. The barefooted fish-women, many of whom are peasants from the north, were also conspicuous with their balanced pose and quaint costume. The shops, as far as we explored them, seemed far behind the average of northern cities.

Later in the day we turned our faces westward towards Belem, to the church of São Jeronymo, where now repose the ashes both of Camoens and Vasco da Gama. It was in a little church on this site that the great voyager spent in

prayer the last night before he sailed to discover a southern passage to India. The first gold brought from the East was devoted to the erection of the pile which now stands here. Architecturally it is disappointing. When the scaffolding was taken down from the central columns, condemned criminals were employed to do the work with a promise of pardon if they survived, while the architect fled before his critics. The pillars still sustain the vaulted roof, but they are so slender as to justify to later generations these first fears. Adjacent are the famous cloisters of the monastery built at the same time. Monastic institutions have been suppressed in Portugal, and it is characteristic of the change which is passing over Southern Europe, that the building is now used as a national orphanage. A few steps farther on brought us to the Tower of Belem, which is said to have been built on the very spot where Vasco da Gama embarked. We looked down upon the Tagus from its highest tower, and could fancy the little ship breasting the ocean beyond to win the knowledge of new seas. The western sky warned us to descend and make our way back.

III.—CINTRA.

Our plan was already laid for the next day, by the kind aid of a friend to whom we had introductions. Cintra was the goal of our intention. We remembered Childe Harold's glowing lines. Lord Byron wrote to his mother that it was "the most beautiful village in Europe;" Southey declared that it was "the most blessed spot in the habitable globe." And we were to test this praise in an excursion. A carriage was waiting for us on the quay at six the next morning; we were a party of four. Soon we were leaving the higher suburbs of Lisbon behind us, and passing gardens where tall palms grew under the clear sky. The distance to be traversed was about seventeen miles. A striking feature of the landscape often reappearing was the great Moorish aqueduct. The sworded cactus did duty by the wayside as a hedge. As we neared the end of our journey the scenery assumed a bolder aspect. We drove to an hotel, and then, while breakfast was preparing, sallied forth to visit a Moorish palace near at hand. It was an interesting old place, its legends and its adornments quaintly harmonising; with its Magpie Salon, that once rebuked the chattering gossip of the court; its Hall of Shields, where hang the escutcheons of the Portuguese nobility; its prison-chamber, worn by the tread of Alfonso VI, who was confined there for eight years; its bath-room, open to the courtyard, which, from a thousand unseen pores, distils on every side its mist of waters, while a fountain springs and falls to catch its overflow; and not least, the kitchen, with its two huge domelike chimneys, that catch the voice and sweeten it to softer tones in a manner faintly reminding one of the exquisite echoes to be heard in the Baptistery of Pisa. Close by, in the centre of the village, stood the prison. Is it so, then, that "only man is vile"? It was pitiable to see the prisoners in this two-storeyed building, clinging to the iron-

barred glassless windows, like animals in a cage, and holding out their hands, or dropping their baskets by a cord from above for any stray gift, be it coin or tobacco.

the highest tower, whence King Manuel was wont to search the horizon for the long absent vessels of Vasco da Gama. I counted some fifty toy villages or hamlets scattered below. To the south



PENA CASTLE.

Breakfast dispatched, the real duties of the day began. In obedience to the custom of the country, honoured for a century past, we all mounted donkeys. Our way led upward by a winding road, past pleasant groves, and with an ever-widening view. Presently we reached the gates of Peña Palace, the residence of Dom Fernando, the father of the present king. Leaving our donkeys to go round by another path, we entered the gardens and wandered slowly on in the delightful shade, resting by babbling fountain or cool moss-covered rock. Enormous boulders, tumbled among the firs, lay strewn as if some superhuman powers had been warring here in Miltonic fashion. In any other place one would have ascribed their appearance to glacial action, but at so great an elevation, near the summit of the hill, the theory was perplexing, though other facts more startling may sustain it. The imagination could more readily have conceived that nature had a fortress near by, which under the stress of the storming ages had long since fallen over and crumbled. The palace, or castle, which crowns the hill was originally a convent; the rock runs into the lower wall; battlement and tower and dome commingle above; and moat and drawbridge guard its approaches. It cannot be called an eagle's nest, for the softer domesticities have found a place there; but it is perched on a pinnacle far above all other habitations. We entered the palace and ascended

was the Tagus, with the hills beyond; to the west the blue ocean; and to the north the lines of Torres Vedras. We descended from the palace through groves of camellias and azalias, passed the lakelets with their swans, and came at last to a gate on the other side of the domain, where we found our donkeys waiting.

We remounted, and rode on for an hour or two, all agreeing that the mode of locomotion was very pleasant. These strong-limbed, safe-footed creatures seemed to have no ambition but to do their duty. Their pace suited us better in this intoxicating air than any quicker movement. Is it the artistic disproportion between beast and burden that makes their use so rare at home? The flowers at our feet were bright and abundant; and the lizards that now and then ran across our path wore the gay green livery of a sunny clime. At last we reached the Cork Convent, a deserted haunt, the doors and inner roof of which are lined with cork. We inspected the various rooms and cells, no one of which could be entered but by stooping; and wandered beyond into the garden on the brow of the hill. The "Reformed" Franciscans once held rigid rule here; there was then not a bed in the place. Under one huge boulder, on the hillside, in a small, pitch-dark cell excavated beneath it, St. Honorius is said to have died in extreme old age. In the utter solitude of nature, under the eternal skies, the tired heart still yearns for a

serener rest. Here we fall in with more of our friends from the ship; one of them has had a narrow escape; his coat pocket is burnt and tattered. Sitting down on the highest point of Peña Castle, his cigar-lights had ignited from the heat; a companion behind perceived the smoke and extinguished the flame. They were at a dizzy height, but happily neither of them lost his presence of mind. Fancy an Englishman on fire in such a spot—half Portugal and the broad seas beholding him!

From this point we turned, circling homeward, across a wild heath, down through rough water-courses, to a more cultivated region, and soon reached the far-famed Montserrat. Every one has heard of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and how the same prodigal hand that built Font-hill Abbey, built also a charming chateau in this paradise of Portugal. The chateau fell into semi-ruin, but was rebuilt by Mr. Cook, of St. Paul's Churchyard—who bears the title of Marquis of Montserrat—in style appropriate to its fame, and with every addition of art and beauty that wealth can devise. The gardens are among the most remarkable in Europe. They are perfect in situation, like a little Eden in their enclosure of hills; and many an exotic flourishes within them as if on native soil. The cork-trees, common in the neighbourhood, are very fine; they seemed to us like elms "gone mad," grown grey and weird in vain endeavours after larger freedom. Silence fell upon us; we stretched ourselves on the enchanted hillside, and mused awhile in luxurious rest. Then up and away, and by another road, under shady trees, with springing ferns and brilliant flowers on either side, back to our hotel in time for the *table d'hôte*. When we started for Lisbon the fire-flies were flashing to and fro, and weaving their ethereal threads of golden light into the evening gloom. We drove back by moonlight, found a boat still waiting for us, and reached our ship about midnight.

The next morning we explored some of the principal churches. Amongst them we visited the fine old pile of São Vicente de Fóra, in a chamber adjacent to which rest the kings of Portugal, each laid in his place, some covered still with the pall and immortelle, others in bared coffins, that quaintly remind one of old-fashioned travelling-chests. Ah! have they not left useless baggage, and gone all on the long journey from which "no traveller returns"? Coming back, we passed a large prison, which presented the same pitiable exhibition as that at Cintra. My friend was seized with a sudden impulse to see more of it. We turned aside to the entrance. There, below the iron-barred door, on a stone step, sat a young woman with an infant asleep on her knee, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her dropped arm and whole pose a perfect picture of despair every line betokening the absolute abandonment of hope. Such a picture may often have been witnessed elsewhere, but one could never forget it; it was a glimpse into the troubled heart of the world. We spoke to the janitor and obtained admission. In a room adjacent was a long partition, wood below and open bars above; on one side was a row of prisoners, on the other a row of

friends. It was a strange sight, as head bent to head, and the conversation went on in whispered tones along the whole line. We saw the superintendent, but, having no official permit, were obliged to content ourselves with this peep.

IV.—GIBRALTAR.

In the afternoon our good ship was steaming down the Tagus on her southward voyage. There had been an influx of passengers—a beginning of changes which from this point the traveller must expect. The next day a strong east wind came across our path and greatly retarded our progress. The sail down the Straits, when at last we reached them, was beautiful. On the Spanish side were rolling hills; on the African a succession of low peaks, with a background of higher mountains; the shore line on the south fringed with colour; the sea a deeper blue than the sky, and crested with foaming waves, in the incessant contest of wind with tide. The familiar outline of the fortress-rock came grandly into view. At midday we cast anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar. On landing I started at once, with my friend, for the highest point; it was a hot climb; by the rugged zigzag path, for the rock rises 1,430 feet, the same height as our Malvern Hills. The view well repaid us. Strange to realise that we stood, as it were, at the gate of the ancient world. This was one of the Pillars of Hercules; yonder was the other, the Apes' Hill, rising, as it seemed, abruptly from the waters. The broken African hills were lying in rich purple light, a white line of snowy cloud parting the distance, above and beyond which rose the Atlas range. The Mediterranean lay below, from this height looking calm as a lake. We could hear, however, the gentle thud of the waves from afar, filling the air like the murmur of a great city. A soldier afterwards told me that at this point he had heard a gun fired on the other side, and seen the flash, seventeen miles off. Looking inland, we could see across to the Sierra Nevada. But I must not linger.

There was the town below to explore. A motley population met us in the streets, many tongues and many costumes. The peculiarities of trade were as marked. There are still many temptations to smuggling here, and strange devices are practised to elude observation. There is also much hideous vice. It was pleasant to enter the little Soldiers' Institute, to see good literature on the table, to taste the wholesome cocoa cheaply provided, and to learn that the quiet meeting place was duly appreciated. The stranger is apt to forget that Gibraltar, as a fortress, is under strict military rule. At sunset all the gates are closed. The firing of the gun warned us that it was time to seek our ship.

We visited the next morning the famous galleries. Within the rock, which is tunnelled in all directions, there are now some eight hundred guns, commanding every approach; but so vast is its surface, that the apertures of these batteries are not perceptible from below. Flagstuffs are used in practice instead of targets, and the staff is snapped at distances

surprising to an unpractised eye. To give further security, a heavier armament, with the latest appliances of strength, is being erected at the head of the bay. Gibraltar has its pleasant gardens, graceful with tropical foliage, the presence of which would be scarcely suspected from the sea; strains of music, from some of the many bands of the large garrison, enliven the hours; but existence there is bounded, and long residence must be liable to great monotony. The circumference of the little territory is about six miles.

V.—TANGIERS.

The Moors have played so large a part in the history of Southern Spain, that I was wishful to get at least a glimpse of them on their own soil. The weather had moderated and promised favourably. I accordingly took passage at noon for Tangiers, on board a little French steamer. Missing my fellow-voyagers, some of whom had gone by another ship, I found myself alone, and free to muse in undisturbed silence. There were two or three passengers only. Three hours and a half brought us within sight of the little white flat-roofed town, nestling on the sandy bay, with its rude castle clinging to the higher ground. Tangiers is, in theory at least, one of the oldest towns in existence, dating its ancestors back to Carthaginian times; though one does not forget that the disquisitions of Martinus Scriblerus, as to whether a stocking preserves its identity when totally darned, may have their application to cities. It came into possession of England for a brief space, and the waves are now washing the ruins of the mole which was destroyed when the place was abandoned in the reign of Charles II—an incident, by-the-by, which was witnessed by gossiping old Pepys. The boatmen were already at our side as we cast anchor; a clamorous swarm they were, over the ship's side in an instant, turbaned, girdled, bare-legged, not a European costume among them, like so many athletic Arabs. To one who has never visited the East, it is like a sudden plunge into a new world. A larger crowd waited on the shore. I had no luggage, so paid my fare with consummate knowledge, and dashed forward as if on familiar ground. A dead wall faced me. I had missed the city gate. In a moment two young copper-coloured urchins, one of them squint-eyed, both of them with frowzy heads, and hair short as a pig's bristles, bare-legged, with nothing on, indeed, but an Arab shirt, had constituted themselves my guides. I took no notice, but walked on.

Tangiers I had heard described, as "more Eastern than the East." How Oriental it is in habit was apparent from the number of Bible phrases which received illustration at almost every turn. The rugged street was crowded with people, Moors of all ages, Arabs, jet-black natives of the Soudan, white-sheeted women who hid their haggard faces with their drapery, and Jews of both sexes. Jews, indeed, abound, for driven from Spain many took refuge here. There is not a carriage in the place; indeed, no wheels could live an hour in such a sea of stones; and the streets are mostly too narrow for such locomotion.

Long planks were carried past me for building; but one end rested on a donkey's back, and the other was borne by a second behind. Some men let fall a piece of timber; the overseer fell upon them, and cuffed them, a worse cuffing than a dog would endure at home. The main street, or bazaar, had a dirty, squalid air. Every tiny shop had its cross-legged turbaned figure sitting at the open front. Here sat the scribe writing most neatly. The blind passed feeling their way, or led by their children; how many blind there were, and how many stricken with some form of ophthalmia. Suddenly I spied a knot of Europeans in the crowd, and recognised some of my fellow-voyagers. It was a relief, for I did not yet know whether my purse was safe. As I afterwards learnt, there was no need of apprehension on that score, the punishments in vogue being very severe, and practically deterrent. My companions had a dragoman with them, a man of commanding presence, attired in snowy turban and flowing blue robe, who at once offered me his escort, and accompanied me to a hotel. We quickly rejoined his party, and resumed our tour of the town. The monotonous tom-tom of a begging procession



STREET OF THE SOC-DE-BARRA, TANGIERS.

from one of the villages was dying away in the distance. Drove of camels, which had brought merchandise from the interior, lay outside the walls. A serpent-charmer had just completed his performance in the market-place. The mosque, of course, we could not enter, but the call to prayer had sounded from the minaret.



JEWISH MONEY-CHANGER.

In the house of the Belgian consul we had the opportunity of inspecting a Moorish building, with many Moorish adjuncts, made subordinate to European manners. Near the castle gate, on the edge of a hill, sat the lieutenant-governor and a group of well-dressed Moors. We visited one of the prisons where the inmates are permitted to sell their handiwork. A bare-legged soldier kept guard; through the aperture we saw a poor wretch dragging his heavy irons to beg of us. A sickening odour polluted even the open court. There were two hundred prisoners in this place. A worse dungeon, with worse criminals, was close at hand. If all that we heard be true, many a tragedy has been enacted here. The occasional outbreaks of fever or pestilence might be expected; but the craft of a cruel enemy, which drags an innocent man into these dens, must be more terrible. Throughout Morocco, it should be noted, one despot rules another in a gradation which crushes all progress. Much more agreeable were the schools, but intruders are wisely forbidden, and we could get but a passing glance at the little squat-legged groups.

In the evening we visited a Moorish café. On the way we caught from one house the sounds of wedding festivities, and saw on the door of another a chalked cross, indicating that there a newly-married couple had taken up their abode. Stepping past the slippers deposited at the entrance, we found the Moors sitting cross-legged or reclined round the little room—smoking, or playing a chance game. The coffee was roasting over the charcoal, and the black cup seemed to taste of the fire. In one corner sat a group of musicians, two or three of them keeping up a perpetual song, “a wail for the loss of the Alhambra,” we were told, but it seemed more like a lunatic Gregorian. Presently, a big man, whose rolling eye had been searching for his opportunity, stood up, and began waving his arms to and fro, and gradually throwing into the body, from the waist upward, the utmost movement of which it was capable, in the fashion of a Moorish dance. There are some heads that can endure anything, if that Ninevite legend have any foundation which describes how a hundred hammers played upon the skull of a certain Nimrod, to rid him of an imprisoned gnat. Not forgetting that there may be other heads so afflicted, I doubt if any one was ever put to severer test than this Moor’s, it was tossed so vehemently to and fro. A wild chorus accompanied his movements, with a sharp clapping of hands, that grew into almost fierce excitement. Then followed a pause—and a collection!

We were up soon after daybreak, and slipped from our little chamber on to the roof, but yonder in the cemetery already was a Moor at prayer, with his face bowed towards Mecca. We had arranged, a party of three, for an excursion to the open country, and soon started, mounted on mules. On the road we stopped to inspect some gardens; grass-grown and neglected we found them, but with luxuriant vegetation. The labourers interested us more; handsome—in a



A MOORISH SHOPKEEPER.

sense, beautiful—men, of another and ruddier race, wearing only one single tuft of long hair, who responded with smiles to our vain endeavours at speech, and laughed heartily at a practical joke. The hills were green, after the rains; and clouds even now both favoured and threatened us. We rode up into the low waving greenery, where the wild boar is hunted, and then back by rough tracks homeward; one of our number, used to hunting at home, declared he would rather ride downstairs, but our animals knew the country better than we did. Noon came, and the time of our departure.

The wind had risen during the night, and a heavy surf was fringing the yellow sands. Many a traveller has been detained reluctantly at Tangiers by a change of weather. Ships lie out at some distance, and no boat can reach them over the breakers. Return was practicable now, but the slightest additional force per square inch, and we should be made prisoners. As the passengers of the two ships gathered on the jetty, the hubbub of voices rose with the gale. Large sums were demanded to take them. One merry Englishman, impatient of the clamour, rang out the strain, "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!" But the most potent nationality was no more than the salt spray on the wind. Only the dollar could prevail; and nothing less than a dollar each. My friends settled down into their boat, and made for their larger ship, as afterwards appeared, not without risk. I found a place in another. Five stalwart Moors took each their oars, and bent their strength to them; we bounded from crest to crest, with a quite newsense of exhilaration. There were quivers and tears, it is true, but our little party reached the ship unharmed. A strong arm clutched me from above by the neck, as we rose on a wave, and I found myself safely on deck—how I knew not. Gibraltar derives a large por-

tion of its supplies from Tangiers; but the cattle we were to have brought back had been of necessity left behind. There were but a handful of passengers. The little steamer was presently in the stress of the sea; she was well managed and behaved splendidly; but when I came ashore—I had been drenched and redrenched—there was scarcely a dry thread left.

During our absence the Channel Fleet had entered the bay; the *Livadia* also. The next day, when we were all detained by the severity of this "Levanter," their presence afforded an agreeable variety; there was much to be learnt on board the English admiral's ship, and much also in the luxurious floating palace of the Emperor Alexander. We had time also for a further exploration of the Rock, on the eastward side, where the governor has his summer residence, and where now at one corner the waves struck and seethed as in some fierce abysmal cauldron.

The gale moderating, the Gibraltar at last put out to sea. But it was plain there was to be no southern poetry that day. And this was "the blue Mediterranean!" We had the chill of wintry seas; the wind was dead against us; heavy rolling waves made the ship swing as if on a pivot; there was gloom on the waters, and scudding cloud overhead. Our speed was reduced sometimes to two miles an hour. After a long day's toiling, the lights of Malaga came into view at midnight. Quietly, steadily, our ship neared the port; the moment was exciting; the blast behind made it perilous to enter. For an instant our engines stayed their pulse; and in another minute we were falling back into the darkness and the storm. Was it not a parable representing many a life-story? Not till daybreak could we enter; and so it came about that we were twenty-six hours in accomplishing what is sometimes done in six.

ELECTRICITY AND ITS USES

IV.—THE TELEGRAPH—DUPLEX AND MULTIPLEX SYSTEMS.

SO far we have considered those instruments which are worked by the interruptions of a current from one pole of the battery; but there is a class of apparatus which operates with the currents from both poles of the battery. In these the "dot" signal is made with a "positive" current, or current from the positive pole of the battery, and the "dash" signal by a negative current. Thus time is to a certain extent saved, for both signals may be short, or, in other words, "dots," only they are indicated in the receiver by opposite effects. The Single Needle instrument, shown in Fig. 16, works on this principle, and consists of a hollow coil of wire, through which the current passes, just as it passes in the electro-magnet of the Morse receiver. In the hollow of the coil, which is inside the case, is pivoted a magnetic needle, seen in front, which moves to the left when the "dot," or positive, currents pass, and to the right when the

"dash," or negative, currents pass. The play of the needle is confined by stops, so that it may not move too far, and the clerk watching its movements interprets the message. The sending key for these "double current" signals is a double form of the Morse "single current" key, which we have already noticed. It has two levers instead of one, and is so connected between the line and battery that when one lever is pressed by the finger of the operator, a positive current enters the line, and when the other lever is pressed a negative current enters. Thus, in Fig. 17 L and E are the two levers, L being connected to the line wire, and E to the earth-plate. The two poles of the battery (positive and negative) are connected to the cross-bars c and z respectively. Now, when the lever L is pressed down by means of the finger cup N, the line is connected to the negative pole of the battery, and the positive pole

is joined to earth through the bar *c* and the lever *E*, which presses up against it. The result is, that a negative current traverses the line and actuates the needle instrument. On the other hand, when the lever *E* is pressed down the negative current is put to earth, and the positive current enters the line and works the receiver at the other end.

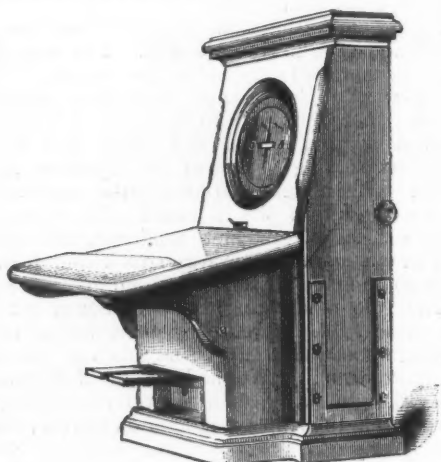


FIG. 16.

Although the double current method of telegraphing is not much employed on land circuits, it is largely used on submarine cables, in conjunction with a very delicate modification of the single needle instrument, known as the mirror galvanometer. The single needle instrument is chiefly to be found on railways at this day, or in some out-of-the-way telegraph offices where the traffic is very slight. It is a survival of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone's original instruments, and is sometimes worked according to a signal code of its own. The Double Needle instrument is a

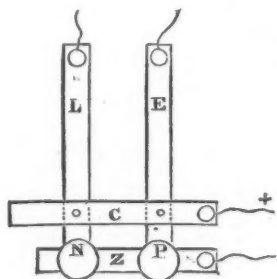


FIG. 17.

modification of it, in which there are two coils and two needles, the signals being made by operating both. Latterly, too, the visible signals of the needle instrument have been turned into audible ones by making the stops capable of giving out a ringing sound. This is the idea of Sir Charles Bright's bell sounder, in which the oscillating needle hits two bells of different pitch.

An expert clerk can only transmit about twenty-five words per minute, because each average English word of five letters requires about fifteen

separate dots and dashes to signal it. But by means of Wheatstone's Automatic Sender as many as a hundred and fifty words per minute may be telegraphed. In this instrument, which is too complicated to describe within our limits, the sending is done by a strip of paper on which the message is represented by three rows of holes, punched out by the punching clerk. Every hole in the right hand row is a dot, and every hole on the left hand row is a dash, while the central holes are merely to pull the paper through the sender. The strip of paper therefore contains the words of the message, much in the same way as the cards of the Jacquard loom comprise the pattern of the woven fabric. On being passed through the sender two little plungers in connection with the poles of the battery slide along the surface of the paper and dip through the holes one after another, at each dip making contact with the line wire and sending a current into it. For every hole on the right side a positive current is sent, and for every hole on the left a negative current. The Morse ink-writer is well adapted for receiving messages sent by the automatic transmitter, and the latter is modified so as to send the long and short single current signals required.

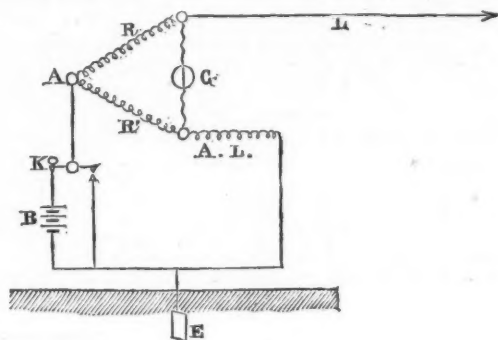


FIG. 18.

The duplex system, whereby two messages, one in either direction, can be sent on one wire simultaneously, and the quadruplex system, whereby four messages, two in either direction, are sent, both depend upon ingenious ways of connecting up the receiving instruments at the end of the line so that the signal currents sent out from a station do not affect the receivers there, while those which arrive at the station do. This plan will be understood from Fig 18, which represents the arrangement at each station. As before, *B* is the battery supplying the current, *K* is the sending key for interrupting it; but instead of joining the end of the line (*L*) direct to the middle of the key, it is connected through a "resistance," or coil of wire (*R*). Another coil of wire of equal resistance (*R'*) also branches from the middle of the key at the point *A*, and is connected to one end of an "artificial line" (*A L*), equivalent in all electrical respects to the actual line. The other end of this mimic line is connected to the earth-plate, together with the other pole of the battery. The receiving instrument (*G*) is connected between the home ends of the line and the artificial line by a wire bridging

across the branched resistance ($R R'$). Now it will be readily understood that on pressing down the sending key the current from the battery will split at A, and part will flow to earth through the telegraph line (L), and part to earth through the artificial line (A L). But since the artificial line is just equal to the real one, and the resistance R' is equal to the resistance R , the two portions will be equal to each other, and one half the current will flow by each route. The result will be that the receiving instrument will remain unaffected by the outgoing currents; while at the same time the disturbance of this electric "balance" by currents coming in from the other station will affect it and cause it to make signals. Thus each station can both send and receive a message at the same time. This method of duplexing was first successfully applied on land lines by Mr. J. B. Stearns, of New York; and in submarine cables by Dr. Alexander Muirhead. The quadruplex system is a combination of the duplex with a plan for sending two messages simultaneously in the same direction along a wire. This is effected by sending two currents of different strengths, each capable of working a separate receiver. It was practically introduced for the first time by Messrs. Edison and Prescott, of America.

These two American systems have been adapted into the English postal telegraphs, and they are sometimes worked in conjunction with the Wheatstone sender when there is a glut of press news. As many as four hundred words per minute can then be sent over a single wire. The most ingenious multiplex system now in use is the Harmonic Telegraph of Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, by which five independent messages are sent together in the same direction along one wire. This is done by five tuning-forks of different pitch, each vibrating and interrupting the circuit as it vibrates. In this way rapid pulses of current are sent into the line, and these are caused by electro-magnets at the receiving-station to set five corresponding tuning-forks in vibration there. Only the pulses due to the sending tuning-fork which has the same pitch will affect a particular receiving-fork. Now, if the five vibratory currents are broken into "dots" and "dashes" by five sending-keys, the five corresponding notes given out by the receiving-forks will also be broken into audible signals. Mr. Gray, however, does not stop at mere sound, and by means of local batteries and Morse ink-writers causes the tuning-forks to record their "hums" and "pauses" on a strip of paper as dots and dashes.

Another multiplex system, successfully employed in France, is that of M. Meyer, and consists in putting the end of the line into connection with each sending instrument in turn, so as to allow each clerk to send a letter turn-about. Thus, if there are five clerks there will be five messages going over the wire together, one letter at a time. This is done by causing the end of the wire to sweep round a metal circle divided into five segments, each segment communicating with the sending apparatus of a clerk. At the receiving end the line also sweeps over a similar circle of five parts, each part being in communication with

a receiver. Now, as the revolution of the receiving end of the line is made to keep perfect time with the revolution of the sending end, the individual letters of the message, though apparently all jumbled together, are distributed to their proper receivers, and five separate messages are the result. Meyer's system was originally worked with Morse receivers; but lately it has been applied by M. Baudot to the Hughes type-printing instrument. This beautiful apparatus, which is the invention of Professor D. E. Hughes, better known as the discoverer of the microphone, actually prints the message in Roman characters, and is extensively used on the Continent. The principle of synchronous action between the sending and receiving instruments is also involved in it, the types of the receiver being set round a small wheel which turns at a uniform rate, and the sender, knowing the position of the receiving type, sends a current which presses the paper against the wheel and prints the letter he intends. Baudot's union of the Meyer and Hughes systems gained for him the high distinction of a Grand Diploma of Honour at the Paris Electrical Exhibition.

Another very useful little type-printer is the Exchange instrument, now employed in large cities for telegraphing the latest prices of stock to private subscribers. Like the Hughes instrument, it has a type-wheel working in synchronism with the sending instrument, and the message is printed on a travelling ribbon of paper. A number of these, each in a separate house, can be connected in the same circuit and operated together by the same current.

Besides the Exchange instrument there are a number of local telegraphs, such as the A B C instrument of Sir C. Wheatstone, for private correspondence; but the Speaking Telephone of Professor Graham Bell has, to a certain extent, superseded these. This electrical marvel was invented in 1876, and first exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia that year. It was originally feeble in its effects, however, and was more successful when combined with the Carbon Transmitter of Mr. Edison, or the microphone invented by Professor Hughes. This is the way in which it is employed now for general conversation on the exchange system. Fig. 19 represents

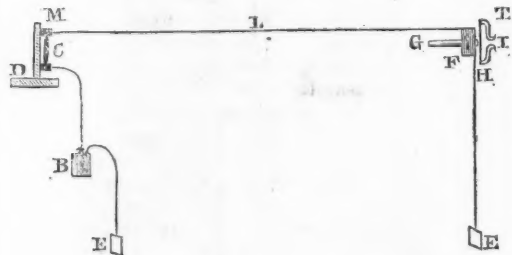


FIG. 19.

the telephone circuit, where M is the microphone transmitter, and T the telephone receiver, connected together in circuit with a battery (B), the

telegraph line (L), and the earth-plates (E E). The microphone consists of a pencil of willow carbon (c), lightly supported above and below by two little brackets of the same material, and set on a wooden stand (D). The peculiar property of this device is that when waves of sound infringe upon it they shake the loose contact of the pencil (c) with the brackets, and thereby cause the current flowing from the battery through the microphone into the line to vary in strength according to the undulating waves of the sound. The undulating or sonorous current thus set up traverses the line and passes through the telephone (T) at the other end. This consists of a coil of fine wire (F) insulated with silk, and mounted on the pole of a small magnet (G). In front of the coil is placed a thin disc of iron (H), which is fitted into an ear-piece (I). Now, when the undulating currents flow through the coil to earth they attract more or less, according to their strength, the iron plate (H), and thereby set it into a vibration, which is audible to the ear placed at I, and reproduces the sounds which affected the microphone at the other end, be these sounds what they may—music, song, or speech.

The more finished microphones consist of several carbon contacts like to that described, and in the Edison carbon transmitter a single button of lamp-black carbon pressed upon by a disc of platinum is employed. The air-waves of the voice are directed upon a vibrating plate which reacts on the platinum and presses the carbon button. The current from the battery flows through the button, and it varies in strength according to the pressure exercised upon the button, or, in other words, according to the undulations of the sound.

The external appearance of the Bell telephone is shown at T, in Fig. 20, which represents the



FIG. 20.

entire apparatus fitted up in the room of a sub-

scriber. This also includes the alarm-bell (B) for announcing a conversation, and the microphone transmitter, which is placed within the mouthpiece (M), together with a sending battery inside the box. A second telephone of a watch-like pattern is also shown to the left, and can be used for another ear in listening.

There are other telephones besides that described—for example, the Gower form of Bell's instrument, in which the magnet is made stronger and the disc larger; and the Dolbear telephone, in which there is no magnet at all. This ingenious little instrument consists of two thin metal discs placed very close together, one being rigidly fixed while the other is free to vibrate at its centre, like the disc of a Bell telephone. Both are enclosed in a wooden frame fitted with an ear-piece, which opens to the vibrating-plate, so that any sounds given out by the latter shall pass into the listening ear. Now the fixed plate is connected to the end of the line wire, and the free plate is connected to the earth-plate, and when the fixed plate is changed by the currents of the line it attracts the free plate and causes its middle to vibrate. These vibrations correspond to the varying strength of the currents in the line, which are determined by the voice of the speaker acting on the transmitter.

The telephone exchange is a system of telephone circuits all radiating from one central station to separate houses in a district or town, so that any person renting the use of a circuit can speak to any other client of the exchange by asking the attendant at the central station to connect his circuit to that of the client in question. Thus, if Brown, of Mark Lane, E.C., wishes to speak with his friend Robinson, of Cheapside, he simply goes to the telephone hanging up in his office, and calling up the attendant at the central station of the United Telephone Company in Coleman Street, requests to be put in communication with Robinson. The clerk replies "All right;" then, by means of a "switch" board, to which all the ends of the circuits radiating from the station are brought, he quickly joins the circuits of Brown and Robinson, and leaves them to talk together until they signify that they have done. In this way much time is saved.

J. MUNRO.

Restaurants.—The origin of restaurants is by no means generally known. They sprang into existence in France in the latter end of the seventeenth century. One of the most popular soups of that time was known as the "Restorer" (*restaurant divin*). It was an expensive aliment, and was composed of the remains of fowls and chickens, boiled down, and mixed liberally with crushed barley, Damascus currants, and dried roses. Unfortunately for the lower, and even middle classes of society, the cost of this savoury liquid aliment was so high that none but comparatively affluent persons were able to indulge in the luxury. A doctor named Gaillard, however, provided a tolerable substitute for the expensive soup. His imitation consisted of aromatised water, in which a fat fowl had been cooked, and he sold the preparation under the same sounding name. The eagerness with which this cheap substitute was sought after called a new class of eating-houses into being, and the places where it was sold came to be called restaurants, or "restorers." The first of them was started by a man named Boulangé, in the year 1765.

OLD FABLES WITH NEW FACES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, JUNR.

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE TITMOUSE.

THERE is, it is said, a certain bird in the West Indies that knows how to imitate the notes of every other bird without being able itself to add any melodious strain of its own. As one of these mock-birds, perched on a branch of a tree, was displaying its talent of ridiculing, a titmouse, speaking in the name of all the other birds, said, "That is very good indeed: we grant that our music is not without fault; but pray, give us an air of your own."

People who have no other talent than that of finding out hidden faults in others, render themselves very absurd when they want to ridicule those who try to make themselves useful to the public.

THE BEAR AND THE QUACK.

A quack, as bold as one of them can be, was extolling his drugs and ointments near the Tower.

He boasted before the mob of having cured a great number of incurable maladies, and spoke of Hippocrates and Galen. Everybody listened to him with wonder, when a native of Savoy happened to pass by. He was leading a bear by the snout. Farewell, quack, drugs, and ointments. Everybody ran after the bear and laughed at it. "Brethren," said the animal, "you do wrong to laugh at me. I am only a bear, it is true, but you who are men, and who boast of your reason, suffer yourselves to be led like fools, not only by the nose, but also by the ears. Witness the quack."

This bear is the emblem of many people. The only difference is, that the former is led by force, and that the latter are led by self-interest or by stupidity.

THE APE AND THE MULE.

A mule, proud and haughty, was walking here and there in the fields. He looked upon other animals with contempt, spoke frequently of his mother the mare, and boasted everywhere of the nobility of his birth and of his ancestors.

"My father," said he, "was a noble courser, and I can, without vanity, boast of having descended from one of the most ancient families, fertile in warriors, in philosophers, and in legislators."

He had no sooner said these words than his father, an infirm and antiquated ass that was near him, began to bray, which gave a check to his prattle, by reminding him of his origin and of his extraction, whereupon an ape, a cunning animal, who was there by chance, said, hissing at him,

"What a fool you are! Remember your father! You are only the son of an ass."

Among people who boast to strangers of a noble extraction there are some in the condition of the mule, and to whom may be applied the sarcasm of the ape.

THE LYNX AND THE MOLE.

A lynx was lying at the foot of a tree. He whetted his teeth and waited for his prey. In this condition he saw a mole half buried under a small heap of earth which it had raised.

"Alas!" said he to the mole; "how I pity you, my friend. Poor creature! What use do you make of life? You don't see at all. Surely Jupiter has been very unkind to you to deprive you of sight. You do well to bury yourself, for you are more than half dead."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied the mole, "but I am very content with what Jupiter has allotted me. It is true that I have not your piercing eyes, but I have an extremely fine and delicate hearing. Listen: I hear a noise behind me which warns me to preserve myself from a danger which threatens you."

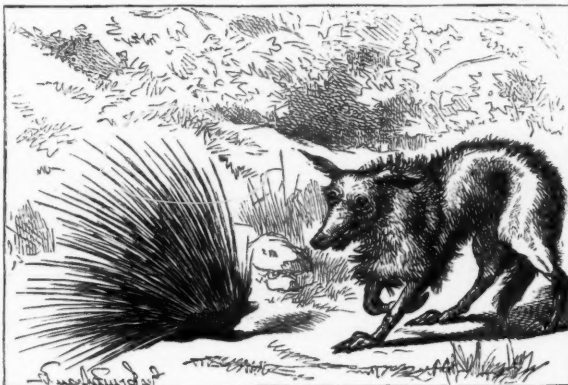
Having said this, she slunk into the earth. Almost at the same time the javelin of a hunter pierced the heart of the lynx.

We ought not to be proud of the faculties that we possess, nor despise those possessed by others.

THE WOLF AND THE PORCUPINE.

A wolf by chance met a porcupine. "Brother," said he, "you surprise me to be armed as you are. We are not in war-time, but in the time of peace. Believe me; lay aside your arms; you can take them again when you think proper to do so."

"Friend," replied the porcupine, "I shall not



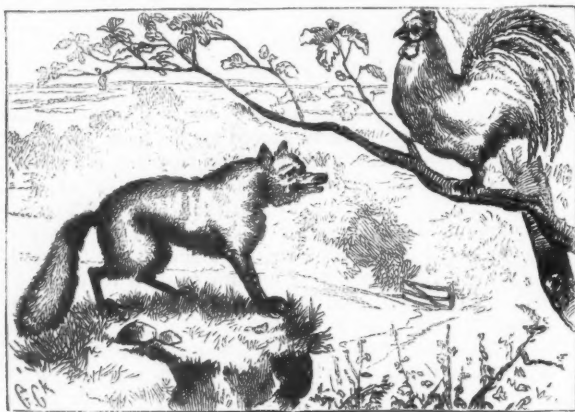
SEMPER PARATUS.

let go my arms. We are in times of peace, you say. That may be, but it is not the question here. Am I not in the company of a wolf?"

A prudent man is always on his guard against the wiles of an enemy, and statesmen will receive with caution proposals for disarmament except it is mutual.

THE FOX AND THE COCK.

"Brother," said a fox of good appetite to an old cock perched on the branch of an oak, "we



CAVE VULPEM.

are no longer enemies. I am come to announce to you a general peace. Come down quickly, that I may embrace you."

"Friend," replied the cock, "I could never hear more agreeable news, but wait a moment. I see two greyhounds that are coming to bring us the announcement of the peace. They are coming fast, and will be here in a moment. I shall wait for their arrival, in order that we may all four embrace one another, and rejoice at the good news."

"Your very humble servant," said the fox. "Good-bye. I cannot remain any longer. Another time we will rejoice at the success of this affair."

The hypocrite fled immediately, very discontented at the issue of the stratagem, and our old cock began to clap his wings, and to crow in derision of the impostor.

It is well to know how to repel craft by craft, and to distrust the insinuations of those who have already distinguished themselves by their want of good faith and honesty.

THE WILD AND THE TAME ASS.

An ass was grazing in a meadow near a wood of Arcadia. A wild ass approached him.

"Brother," said he, "I envy your condition. Your master, as it appears to me, takes great care of you. You are big and fat, your skin is smooth and shining, and you lie down every night on a good litter, whilst I am obliged to stretch myself on the ground."

He did not continue very long without chang-

ing his language. On the morrow he saw from a corner of the wood the same ass whose happiness he had so much envied. He was loaded with two hampers, which he could scarcely carry. His master was following him, and making him go on by the blows of a stick.

"Oh! oh!" said the wild ass, shaking his ears; "upon my word, I am a fool to complain. My condition is preferable to that of my brother."

Every state of life has its difficulties as well as its pleasures. The wise man does not complain of his, and does not envy that of others, because people are rarely so happy or so unhappy as they are thought to be.

THE SPEAKING PORTRAIT.

A man had got his portrait drawn—for self-love is fond of portraits—and he wanted to have the opinion of his friends concerning his. "You are mistaken," said one; "that is not your portrait; you are only sketched; the painter is an ignorant fellow; he has drawn you dark, and you are fair." "The portrait represents you ugly and old," said another, "and you are young and handsome." "The painter has drawn the eyes and the nose too small," said a third; "he must mend the portrait." In vain the painter maintained that he had drawn it very well; he must begin again. The

painter went to work, did better, and succeeded to his liking. He was again mistaken: the friends condemned the whole work. "Well," said the painter to them, "you shall be contented, gentleman. I engage to satisfy you, or I will abandon my calling. Come again to-morrow and you will see." The critics being gone, the painter said to the man, "Your friends are but ignorant critics. If you like you shall see a proof of it. I will take away the head of this portrait; you shall put your own in its place." "I consent to it," said the man; "good-bye till to-morrow." On the mor-



SIMILIS NON IDEM.

row the crowd of connoisseurs assembled. The painter showed them the portrait in a dark place, and at a certain distance. "Gentlemen," said the painter, "does the portrait please you now?"

Tell me what you think of it. I have retouched the head with great care."

"It was certainly not worth your while to make us come here again," said some of them, "to show us only a sketch of your doing; that is not the least like our friend."

"You are mistaken, gentlemen," said the head of the picture; "it is myself."

Do not undertake to convince ignorant and prejudiced critics; they will neither hear nor see the truth.

THE TWO BOOKS.

There were at one time in a bookseller's shop two books side by side on a shelf. One of them was new, bound in morocco, with gilt edges. The other was worm-eaten, and bound in old parchment.

"I wish I was taken away from this place," said the new book. "How mouldy this old book smells! I cannot stay near this half-rotten carcass."

"Ah! a little less disdain, I pray you," said the old book. "Every one has his merit. You are just come out of the press. You are ignorant of my lot. I have gone through many editions. I have never been seen in a grocer's shop, nor in a trunkmaker's. You will perhaps soon serve to make instruments and pasteboard, or to wrap up cheese."

"Insolent fellow!" replied the book in morocco; "leave off your impertinent language, and get you gone."

"A moment's explanation."

"No, I will not listen to you."

"At least let me tell you one thing."

"No, I tell you; hold your tongue. I am ashamed of you."

Whilst the two neighbours were thus bickering, a literary man came into the bookseller's shop to buy some books. He saw the old book, opened it, read some pages, admired it, and bought it. It was a rare and curious book. He opened the other. It was poetry, or rather, I should say rhymed prose. He read the title and glanced at some pages.

"Oh! the silly book," said the man of taste, putting it back to its place; "the morocco binding is very badly employed."

It is not dress or outward appearance that shows real merit, but the qualities of the heart and of the mind.

THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Once on a time, in a far distant land, the wise elephant thought that there existed great abuses which needed to be reformed; and to promote this good purpose he invited many animals to a congress. When they were assembled, and silence was obtained, he saluted them respectfully with his trunk, and began to deliver an earnest harangue

which he had prepared for the occasion. For some time he proceeded, pointing out the evil ways and ridiculous follies which had troubled his mind—the hurtful idleness, the affected conceit, the arrogant ignorance, the malicious envy, the quarrelsome temper, and other faults which were too common.

A portion of the assembly heard the address with sincere pleasure, and took in good part the sage counsels. In this spirit listened with open mouth the innocent lamb, the faithful dove, the skilful bee, the industrious ant, the obedient horse, and the patient ox.

But another portion of the audience began to show signs of impatience, and soon manifested anger at being addressed in such a manner. The cruel tiger and the rapacious wolf were enraged against this censor of morals; the venomous serpent hissed out resentment; while an undermurmur of discontent was raised by the drone, the wasp, the hornet, and the bluebottle fly. The cricket hopped off very quickly, and the butterfly flew away to his usual levities. The crafty fox sat with a look of curious dissimulation; while the monkey began to make fun of the whole affair.

The elephant observed the effect of his speech, and concluded with these words: "My censures and counsels are addressed to the whole company, and I have named no individual; whoever takes blame to himself, that is his concern; in speaking to all, I mean offence to no one; but in making application of what I have said, 'Let every one eat his own bread,' or, as Man says, 'If the cap fits any one, let him wear it.'"

THE FROG AND THE HEN.

A hen had laid an egg not far from a pool of water where an old frog lived. On hearing the cackling of the hen, the frog came to the edge of the pool, and said, "What a troublesome neighbour you are, my sister. Why do you make such a terrible noise? all about nothing, except to tell that you have laid an egg!"

"Only an egg!" replied the hen; "and such a disturbance! Only an egg; yes, my lady. Are you annoyed at this, when I am annoyed by your croaking night and day? I am of some service, and make it known; you, who are of no use to any one, ought to be quiet."

THE GOOSE AND THE SERPENT.

A goose stood on the bank of a pond, and said, "To what animal has Providence been so lavish of gifts as to me? I belong to air, earth, and water; I can walk, fly, and swim."

The astute serpent, hearing this self-adulation, said, "Don't be such a boaster. You can do nothing well; you can neither run like a doe, nor fly like a dove, nor swim like a perch."

It is better to know how to do one thing well than many things awkwardly.



The
place,
said
now?

Varieties.

The Queen's Residence at Mentone.

The house in which the Queen resided during her last visit to Mentone is called the "Châlet des Rosiers"—not "Rosières;" in England we should call it "Rose-tree Cottage." It is a pretty house, built in the Swiss style—a style not usual at Mentone or on that coast. It stands in a beautiful garden, approached by a winding private road, at a considerable elevation above the sea, and at a sufficient distance from it to escape the noise of the waves breaking on the shingly beach; for at Mentone the beach is steep, and composed entirely of shingles, and the Mediterranean is by no means so quiet as some suppose it to be. Mentone—in the opinion of many the most delightful spot on all that delightful coast of the Riviera—is situated along the edge of two bays, the east bay and the west bay, and villas and hotels are now beginning to climb the slopes behind, and to penetrate the valleys.

The old town, with its tall houses and narrow streets, occupies a ridge, or backbone, which slopes down to the sea, and divides the east bay from the west. It is said that the name is taken from the Italian "Mento," a chin. At the point where this ridge, or chin, reaches the shore is an ancient Genoese castle, occupying the extremity of the little promontory, and from this there now extends a rough jetty or pier of considerable length, which encloses the harbour. From the end of this jetty a beautiful view is obtained of the east bay, with the mountains behind, and of the Gorge de St. Louis, where is the Italian frontier; and the view is bounded in that direction by the bold promontory of Bordighera, with the houses glittering in the sun.

The Châlet des Rosiers appears across the harbour from this point of view, nestling among the olive-trees. The house is not very large, but its rooms are light and airy, and are tastefully decorated in the style of the country; the ceilings have been embellished by an Italian artist, who has represented wreaths and bouquets, and especially sprays of ivy, in one room, in such a way as to make it hard to believe that one is looking merely at a flat surface of plaster. It was built by its present owner, Charles Henfrey, Esq., only three or four years ago. Mr. Henfrey also owns the lovely Villa Clara, on Lago Maggiore, which the Queen once occupied. The views from the house are enchanting. At sunrise the island of Corsica may sometimes be seen, ninety miles distant. Those who have seen that sight will never forget it; and the Mediterranean, not by any means always calm and blue, but most changeable in its hues and surface, is always before the eyes. Some accounts have said that not only Bordighera on the east, but also Monaco and Monte Carlo on the west, can be seen from the châlet; but that is not the case, for between the châlet and Monaco rises the ridge of the old town of Mentone, completely shutting out the view in that direction. The east bay of Mentone is backed by hills, the chief of which is Berceau. No cold wind can there reach the delicate; yet the Châlet des Rosiers is far enough removed from the hills to enjoy a perfectly free air; and, besides, from the centre of the bay a deep valley recedes into the mountains, towards the mountain village of Castellar, one of its sides being formed by the Berceau itself.

There are many objects of interest at and near Mentone; but some can be reached only on foot, either of man or of quadruped. The village of Castellar is one of the nearest, being about three miles from the shore, high up among the hills—a most quaint and picturesque old place. Dr. Bennet's garden is still nearer. It is just above the road, in Italy, a mile and a half from the town. As a garden, it is almost unique, consisting chiefly of terraces almost hewn out of the rock, and, from its position, being almost tropical in its flora. It commands lovely views, and the view from the top of the old Saracenic tower, which stands within the garden, near the entrance, is especially striking. Mr. Hanbury's grounds at Mortola, two miles farther, are even more interesting—there is not a more lovely garden on all the coast. Our Queen finds many of her subjects at Mentone, for the number

of English there in the winter is very large. There are two English churches, besides a room in which the Scotch Presbyterian worship is conducted. The winter climate of Mentone is most enjoyable. Brilliant weather often lasts without interruption for many weeks, and if a few days of storm and wet then occur, the fine weather soon again gets the mastery. The prevailing foliage is that of the olive. But this somewhat sombre hue is enlivened by the brighter shining leaves of the orange and lemon-trees which abound; and here and there a noble carob-tree shows its shapely form and rich foliage. The blue-gum-tree also forms a striking feature in the landscape; though comparatively lately introduced, its rapid growth has already carried it in many instances to the dimensions of a forest-tree.

F. B.

Scientific Parliamentary Grants in England and France.

In our annual parliamentary estimates there are various sums devoted to scientific objects, as well as to education and art, the last department having been growing in magnitude ever since the establishment of the South Kensington schools and institutions. The vote for the British Museum is one of a mixed character, partly for literary and partly for scientific objects. No objection is ever made to votes where science is concerned. Even in the days of "Reform Bill economy," Joseph Hume, the stern critic of the estimates, used gladly to approve of these votes, and was complimented by Sir Robert Peel for his generous liberality in such matters.

But the aid given to science, with the exception of annual grants for maintenance of museums, observatories, and other permanent institutions, has always been to some extent a matter of special application and appeal. The response is usually liberal, whether it has been for Arctic explorations, or for such expeditions as that of the Challenger, or on special occasions such as the observation of the transit of Venus. For this latter object nearly £15,000 has been lately voted. There is a vote of £5,000 for continuing the publication of the results of the Challenger expedition; £4,000 for the Royal Society; and no less than £15,300 for the Meteorological Department, including £800 for the daily publication of the weather report in the newspapers. It cannot therefore be said that science is not liberally supported by the British Parliament and Government.

It is interesting to compare what is done in France in the same direction. The total is not so large, but money seems to go further in the hands of French men of science, travellers, and institutions. In addition to the usual grants to museums, observatories, and other permanent objects, there is a regular annual vote of 200,000 francs, or £8,000, for "missions scientifiques." Year by year this sum has enabled Frenchmen to pursue geographical, ethnographical, and other researches of a scientific kind in every region of the world. The results appear in the many valuable additions to the public museums, and in books of travel, whether official or in such popular forms as the "Tour du Monde," the publication of which makes all nations partake of the benefit of the French liberality towards their scientific voyagers and travellers. The vote is in the Department of the Minister of Instruction, the object being connected with public education, through the increase of objects in the museums and the advancement of many branches of knowledge.

In the budget of 1882 there is a "supplementary credit" of £6,000 (150,000 francs) for four scientific missions—1, for the *Mission Charnay*, in Central South America; 2, *Mission Crevaux*, in Guiana; 3, *Mission Picart*, in Mexico and other regions of North and South America; 4, *Mission Delaize*, in Africa.

The expedition of M. Desiré Charnay has been to explore Falanca and Yucatan, and he has been successful in discovering and photographing many ruins, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions. The American Government shared the expenses, having voted for it 150,000 dollars. The Geographical Con-

gress at Venice last year honoured M. Charnay with a medal of the second class.

The Mission Crevaux completes a series of three expeditions, the first of which occupied the year 1877, when M. Crevaux explored the territory on the borders of French and Dutch Guiana. In the following year he ascended the Oyapok river, which bounds French Guiana and the region of the Parou, an unexplored tributary of the great Amazon river. Other vast tributary streams he explored, making his way to the central region of the continent, crossing the Andes, and coming down the Oronoko to the Atlantic. In his third journey he is accompanied by M. Billet, an accomplished astronomer and physicist. They are to explore the great space between the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata rivers.

The Mission Picart is directed to the exploration of Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, as well as Bolivia and Peru in the south. The expedition has been carried on during five years, and the vote this year is the last grant of 25,000 francs, £1,000 a year having met all the requirements of the exploration.

A fourth vote is for the Mission Débaize, which came to a sad and premature conclusion by the death of the Abbé Débaize last year near Ujiji. He was just entering upon new and almost unexplored territory, and his death is much regretted. It was hoped that the sale of the large quantity of stores prepared for the expedition might have reimbursed some of the grant, but the great distance from the coast caused the sacrifice of much valuable material.

We have briefly referred to these most recent French expeditions in order to express a hope that a similar vote could be found in our own annual estimates. The place of the Ministry of Instruction in France could with us be taken by the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, who might safely be entrusted with the duty of preparing and planning scientific expeditions, which would result in great national benefit.

What constitutes a Nation?

M. Renan lately made an oration or conference at the Sorbonne on the theme, "What is a nation?"—"Qu'est ce qu'une nation?" An immense assembly was attracted by the interest of the subject, as well as the celebrity of the speaker. It was an eloquent and philosophical discourse. He showed that patriotism was not dependent on geographical or political limits, nor was it a question of race, religion, or language.

How is it that Holland is a nation when Hanover is not one? How is it that France is a nation, although its monarchy has disappeared? How is it that Switzerland, which has three languages, two religions, three or four races, is a nation, while Tuscany, homogeneous in language, race, religion, is not a nation? Switzerland never had a dynasty, and France has lost its traditions of government, yet both are nations.

Nor is it race that makes a country and excites patriotism. France is Celtic, Iberian, Teutonic; Germany is Teutonic, Celtic, Slav; Italy is Gallic, Etruscan, Greek; race is not therefore a constant element in patriotism and nationality.

Nor is it language that is the cause. It may invite union, but cannot compel it. It did not prevent England and English America, Spain and Spanish America, from separating. Switzerland, with several languages, is one of the most united of countries. Language, like race, is therefore a variable element and factor in a nation. Wales, once all Celtic, now speaks English; Egypt speaks Arabic; Gaul and Spain received their tongue from Rome. Meanwhile examples show that similarity of language does not imply similarity of race.

Nor is it religion that makes a nation, although at first sight the Jewish nation might appear an example. But the Jews have no country, no patriotism in the ordinary sense of the word. They are a nation by the same cause which alone gives national feeling to any people.

And what is this cause? It is a principle, spiritual, not visible or external. A nation, like an individual, has a soul, so to say; it has historical identity; it has recollections of the past, and it has the will to continue this memory, and to carry forward its possession for other times, sustained and enlarged. It has a patrimony, more or less rich and honourable, of common deeds, of common sufferings, of common memories; it has a heritage received from the past, which it

desires to pass on to the future. Common glory in the past, common will in the present; to have done great things together, to wish still to do them, or greater things—this is the essential condition of being a nation.

M. Renan made some political allusions, without naming provinces, which, although annexed outwardly to a nation, did not thereby become nationalised. The wishes and traditions of the inhabitants of a country or a province, can alone bring it into the influence of patriotism.

In the main this theory seems to be true and right, although it may be, as in the case of England and America, that common memories, common literature, common laws, can make an inheritance grander than the separate nationalities into which history has divided the Anglo-Saxon race.

United States Finances.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, bearing date December 5th, 1881, gives an encouraging view of the country's progress, and shows that the ordinary revenues of the Government from all sources for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1881, amounted to \$360,782,292.57. Of this sum the customs yielded \$198,150,676.02, and internal revenue \$135,264,385.51. The ordinary expenses for the same period were \$260,712,887.59. Of this amount pensions absorbed \$50,059,279.62, the military establishment \$40,466,460.55, and interest on the public debt \$82,508,741.18. The surplus revenue reached \$100,069,404.98. Of this 74,371,200.00 was used to purchase bonds for the sinking fund.

Compared with the previous fiscal year, the receipts for 1881 increased \$29,352,901, while the expenditures decreased \$21,700,800.39.

The revenue from customs for the past fiscal year was \$198,150,676.02, an increase of \$11,637,611.42 over that of the preceding year. Of the amount collected, the port of New York yielded \$138,908,562.39. The exports show an increase in value of \$66,738,688 as compared with the previous year, while the imports show a decrease of \$25,290,118. The annual average excess of imports over exports for ten years previous to June 30th, 1873, was \$104,706,922. For the past six years the average excess of exports has been \$196,778,017.

The rapid reduction of the public debt and increase of surplus in the Treasury suggests the question whether there may not be a reduction in public taxation. The lightening of taxes upon spirituous and fermented liquor is not recommended. Friends of temperance will read with regret the following paragraph. The increase of the revenue from spirits during the last fiscal year was \$5,968,466.09; the increase from tobacco in its various forms of manufacture for the same period was \$3,984,851.23; the increase from fermented liquors was \$870,438.37; the increase in revenue from taxes on banks and bankers was \$411,222.79; the total increase of internal revenue from all sources was \$11,019,454.50.

Duration of the Stone Age.

If we may judge of the duration of the stone age in England, from the comparative fewness of its relics as contrasted with America, we must conclude that it had only a short reign. There are sundry hoards of flint tools here, in such places as Cissbury, Hoxne, and Dartford, where they appear to have been selected and manufactured, and flint arrow-heads have been sparingly found all over our area, but in nothing like the profusion which occurs in many parts of the United States, where their use continued until a recent date, and commenced before the era of Columbus. The quantity of stone hoes turned up in the Connecticut valley is prodigious. Far, very far exceeding in number the flint implements of the valleys of Europe. Still more plentiful, as might have been expected, are the arrow-heads of the Indians, scattered over the soil once occupied by the Red man. Thoreau, who lived at Concord, on the Merrimac, in Massachusetts, thus records his observations on this point. "March 28th. It is now high time to look for arrow-heads, etc. I spend many hours every spring gathering the crop which the melting snow and rain have washed bare. When at length some island in the meadow or some sandy field elsewhere has been ploughed perhaps for rye, in the fall, I take note of it, and do not fail to repair thither as soon as the earth begins to be dry in the

spring. If the spot chances never to have been cultivated before, I am the first to gather a crop from it. The farmer little thinks that another reaps a harvest which is the fruit of his toil. As much ground is turned over in a day by a plough as Indian implements could not have turned over in a month, and my eyes rest on the evidences of an *aboriginal* life which passed here a thousand years ago perchance. Especially if the knolls in the meadows are washed by a freshet where they have ploughed the previous fall, the soil will be taken away lower down and the stones left, the arrow-heads, etc., and soapstone pottery amid them, just as gold is washed. I landed on two spots this p.m. and picked up a dozen arrow-heads. It is one of the regular pursuits of the spring. As sportsmen go in pursuit of game, and scholars of rare books, and travellers of adventures, and poets of ideas, and all men of money, I go in search of arrow-heads when the season comes round again. . . . Many as I have found, methinks the last one gave me about the same delight as the first did. Some time or other you would say it had rained arrow-heads, for they lie all over the surface of America. . . . Plough up a new field, and you will find the omnipresent arrow-point strewn over it, and it will appear that the red man with other tastes and associations lived there too. No matter how far from the modern road or meeting-house, no matter how near. They lie in the meeting-house cellar, and they lie in the distant cow-pasture. The red man, his mark!"—From "*Early Spring in Massachusetts, from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau.*"

Gambling.—Benjamin Franklin used to say that there were only two ways of getting money honestly and honourably—by industry and by thrift. There might occasionally be windfalls, through gifts or inheritance, or through some happy invention or discovery, but whoever professed or pretended to become rich by any other personal method was a poisoner of the fountain of truth and morality. Hence every mode of gaining money by gambling, by lotteries, by betting, and other ways than by labour and economy, is to be condemned as pernicious to society. If one person sometimes gains money by such means, it is at the expense of his own soul's welfare, as well as through the injury and loss of other persons. The great French banker, Jacques Lafitte, said, in his day, "If I had an enemy whom I wished to see ruined, I would wish him to gain at play, or at the Bourse!" And the Genoese have a proverb which expresses the same wish in regard to lotteries, meaning that the gaining a grand prize was as great a curse as could befall any man. In the public gambling establishments—formerly numerous, but of which one only remains to disgrace European civilisation, Monte Carlo, at Monaco—suicides were constantly occurring, with the ruin and misery of multitudes. In a lesser but still a pernicious degree, private gambling, whether in the form of games or of betting, is the cause of much evil, stirring up the worst passions. This is forcibly depicted by the German artist, whose picture forms our frontispiece this month, under the title of "A Storm brewing."

Goody Two-Shoes.—There has been a rage in recent years for facsimile reproductions of rare or renowned books of the olden time. To few can the luxury belong of possessing original copies of these works, the prices of which are within reach only of collectors of literary curiosities. Why should the rich only enjoy this pleasure? And why should the mere scarcity and not also the substance of the books be appreciated? Facsimile reprints have accordingly been made of some of the works most popular in former times, presented in the very form in which they appeared to our ancestors. Hitherto these reprints have chiefly been of books for the learned, but there is no reason why books for the young should not also be produced occasionally. Therefore there comes from the famous old bookshop at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, once known under the names of "Newberry and Harris," and now as "Griffith and Farran," a reprint of the classic juvenile tale, "Goody Two-Shoes." It is printed on hand-made paper, bound with uncut edges, and the book has altogether a style characteristic of the date, 1766, from an edition of which year it is reproduced. If the woodcuts are not from the original blocks, they are skilful imitations. An Introduction, by Charles Welsh, an enthusiast as to old juvenile literature, gives an interesting account of the origin and authorship of the book, which is

ascribed, not without plausible arguments, to Oliver Goldsmith, who, at that time, was working for Mr. Newberry. "Goody Two-Shoes" certainly displays much of the humour as well as the genial feeling of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and while the story delights the young, the references to the customs and manners of former times will interest all readers.

Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music.—The "Daily Telegraph" has the following sensible remarks: "It has not been found feasible to conciliate the views entertained by the governing body of the Royal Academy with the plan for a central and national establishment at South Kensington. This is a matter of regret; for the existing society has done much service to the cause of art, and enjoys the confidence of many excellent friends and followers of English music. There is room, however, for all who really love that music to work side by side. The field is vast and rich, nor did the Royal Academy ever aspire to undertake the broader and deeper duties which the Royal College is to discharge. These—as the Duke of Edinburgh explained at the Manchester Athenæum—will involve all that the Royal Academy does, added to the sustentation and education of foundationers, the bestowal of musical fellowships, with an educational course comprising professional training extending over several years, scholarships being instituted for competition, and non-professional pupils received on payment, the entrance to the college in all cases depending, as in the Paris Conservatoire, upon a serious standard to be previously attained. These objects, it will be confessed, go far beyond the limits of work now so usefully occupied by the Academy of Music."

A good Brew of Tea.—Why is it that with the very same sort of tea, and the same sort of water, two different operators may brew two very different specimens of tea? It is a matter of heat, nothing but heat, and may be thus explained. Tea holds a variety of constituents, some of which it is desirable to extract, others it is better to leave unextracted. Now it happens that all the desirable constituents admit of abstraction at a temperature of 212 deg. F.; that is to say, of boiling water at the sea level rapidly applied, but not at a lower temperature, and the undesirable ones are got out by heat of more than 212, also by prolongation of the same temperature. Good tea to drink must be an infusion, not a decoction, in other words. Besides extraction of unpleasant materials, prolonged heating of a tea brewing gets rid of the exquisite volatile oil present in good tea. Is it useful to keep the water long on the boil before using? That depends. If the water contains much lime, prolonged boiling will soften it by throwing down some at least of the lime, and this is an advantage. The purer water is for tea making the better, but not for unmixed drinking. Here, however, purity is to be understood in its chemical sense. Distilled water is the purest of water, and folks who have never tasted a brewing of tea made with distilled water have a luxury to experience.

J. S.

Unconscious Reading.—The following remarkable case was recently communicated to "The Spectator" by the Rev. F. W. Harper.—A story which I have often heard from my father about his old college contemporary and intimate friend, Fearon Fallows, afterwards Astronomer-Royal at the Cape of Good Hope—"Herschel, Peacock, Fallows," will recur readily to ears familiar with the rhythm of old Cambridge triposes—shows strikingly how knowledge far more startling than that mentioned by Mr. Griffiths may be received by the waking mind, it should seem, unconsciously, and yet may afterwards work itself during sleep into most vivid consciousness. One morning, Fallows—then a Johnian undergraduate and working as Johnian candidates for the highest honours did, and doubtless do, work—was found in a state of the utmost excitement. He had "seen an apparition." An old friend and neighbour of his down in Cumberland had appeared to him in the night, dripping wet, and had told him that on such a day he had been drowned. Undergraduate hearers received the story with incredulous laughter. In due course, however, letters from Cumberland came confirming it, and the laughs were silenced and confounded. But some weeks afterwards, a friend waiting in Fallows's rooms till their owner should be ready for a "constitutional," took up a newspaper

which lay half-hidden under a heap of mathematical papers, and exclaimed, "Why, Fallows, here's a full account in this newspaper of your friend's drowning." "Eh, what?" said Fallows; "I have seen no such newspaper." On examination it was found that the newspaper must have reached Mr. Fallows before the night of the apparition, and there was no doubt at all that, absorbed in working his mathematics, he had opened it unconsciously, and had read in it the startling intelligence of his friend's death unconsciously also.

Translation.—Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Dryden," says that the excellence of an English translator "is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them had his language been English." This is a canon of taste and propriety worthy of the great dictator of letters. How far the translators of the Bible follow the rule it is competent for the unlearned to judge.

Frederick Douglas.—The English edition has been published of the Life of Frederick Douglas, whose name has long been well-known in connection with the slavery question in the United States. No commendation of the book could be greater than the introductory note by Mr. Bright, in the shape of the following letter to Mr. John Lobb, the publisher:—"I am glad to hear that you are about to publish an English edition of the Life and Times of Frederick Douglas—in his youth a slave in Maryland, now holding an honourable office in the district of Columbia, in the United States. I have read the book with great interest. It shows what may be done, and has been done, by a man born under the most adverse circumstances—done, not for himself alone, but for his race and for his country. It shows also how a great nation, persisting in a great crime, cannot escape the penalty inseparable from crime. History has probably no more striking example of the manner in which an offence of the highest guilt may be followed by the most terrible punishment than is to be found in the events which make the history of the United States from the year 1860 to the year 1865. The book is one which will stimulate the individual to noble effort to virtue, whilst it will act as a lesson and a warning to every nation whose policy is based upon injustice and wrong. I hope it may find its way into many thousands of English homes." The Life is an autobiography, and has the freshness and force of this form of writing. It is not the first time that Mr. Douglas has given a narrative of the chief incidents of his life during slavery, but he now adds some matter that could not have been before published, without risk to those who still were in bondage, or to the noble men who aided the fugitives from slave-holding states. The story is here told of his own escape from slavery. The events of his life as a freeman are narrated with much clearness, including the incidents of his visits to Great Britain. The sketches of notable persons whom he met are full of interest. Portraits and other illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book. It is the story of a remarkable man, who from what seemed a state of hopeless bondage has risen to the honourable position of United States Marshal of the district of Columbia, a living witness, in the Capital of Washington itself, of the triumph, justice, and freedom of the long anti-slavery struggle.

Old English Cookery.—Mr. Elliot Stock has added to his valuable and curious series of facsimile reprints of old English books, "A Noble Boke off Cookry," reprinted verbatim from a MS. in the Holkham collection. What was the diet of "the fine old English gentleman" and his household in the days of our early Edwards and Henrys, and how cooked and served, this treatise describes, with many recipes and preparations, some of which are worthy of being adopted in modern books on the art of cookery. An amusing and learned introduction by the editor, Mrs. Alexander Napier, contains some historical facts which illustrate the customs as well as the cookery of our ancestors. Forks were unknown, for instance, and their use in Italy was for the first time announced by Tom Caryat, the eccentric traveller in the reign of James I. Their use even in Italy was confined only to the upper classes. The use of the fingers implied a good supply of napierie and diaper, which came from France and the Low Countries. Dinner was served at 10 or 11 a.m., and supper at 4 or 5 p.m. Being usually meals of long

duration, the time was relieved by music, or bardic recitations, minstrels as well as jesters forming part of every great establishment. The division into "Flesh days" and "Fish days" led to much ingenuity of invention, but generally the style of living manifests a "barbarous magnificence and coarse profusion," which the editor says "have happily given way to the comfort, simplicity, and refinement of modern times." Still, some useful practical hints as well as curious historical information may be gleaned from this "noble boke of cookry." We give only one of the recipes, explaining the "dish of lamprys," which proved the finishing meal of one of our English kings. "*Lampry Bak.* Tak and skale him and rere your coffyn (paste-case) of good floure then tak ponde of pepper clowes maces onyons minced dates and red wine then roll up the lampry and put in saffron and close thy coffyn and let a towelle be on the lid and feed (soak) it with wyne then set it in the oven to bak and serve it."

Legal Humour.—It is not often that the law courts at Westminster are brightened by humour, and it has been left to Mr. Benjamin to enforce an argument by an appeal to a lighter vein. Arguing on the great telephone case, that clever counsel said his learned friends, after professing to render due homage to that great genius, Mr. Edison, proceeded to pick his invention to pieces bit by bit to show that, after all, there was nothing in it. It reminded him of the anecdote of the unlucky marquis in the French Revolution, who was asked by an irate commissary what was his name. "Le Marquis de St. Cyr." "Il n'y a plus de Marquis." "Eh! bien, de St. Cyr." "Il n'y a plus de des." "Alors, St. Cyr." "Il n'y a plus de Saints." "Enfin, Cyr." "Il n'y a plus de Cyrs." There was nothing left of the unfortunate marquis's name. The Attorney-General endeavoured to cap the story by a pun, observing that "that is not a 'sincere' argument," which provoked much laughter.

Umbrella Sticks.—The umbrella trade grievously threatens the existence of the pimento plantations of Jamaica. An official estimate made in Kingston last fall reckoned that more than half a million umbrella sticks were then awaiting export to England and the United States. These sticks were almost without exception pimento, and it is not surprising to be informed that owners and lessees of pimento walks are becoming alarmed at the growth of a trade which threatens to uproot, in a few years, all their young trees. The export returns for the past five years show an average of 2,000 bundles of sticks sent out of the island annually in the ordinary course of trade, and the returns for the first three-quarters of 1881 show an export of over 4,500 bundles, valued at £3,000. When it is remembered that each bundle contains from five hundred to eight hundred sticks, each of which represents a young bearing pimento-tree, the extent of the destruction may be realised.

Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary.—The fourth and concluding volume of the new edition of this standard work has at last been issued. Of the book and its author we have spoken in a former notice, and now congratulate the enterprising publisher, Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, on the completion of what to him has been a laborious undertaking, as well as to the learned editors, John Longmuir and David Donaldson; for the proofs, which must have been at least ten miles in length, have all passed under the intelligent and watchful eye of the publisher. It is truly an *opus magnum*; useful for reference to scholars of all nations, and which Scotchmen at home and abroad will welcome with pride and satisfaction.

American Meat in the British Navy.—In replying to Sir H. Maxwell in the House of Commons, Mr. Trevelyan said that American salt beef has been used in the navy since 1870; that it is as good as or better than that cured at Deptford victualling-yard, and costs on an average 27 per cent. less; consequently the Deptford curing was given up, and £5,000 per annum saved to the Government after paying 25 per cent. over the ordinary price of American meat, in order to secure the very best pieces. But if the whole question turned upon the point of economy, our "paternal Government" have yet

another lesson to learn in catering, seeing that Sir James M'Culloch, the chairman of the leading company in Melbourne, has recently stated that Australian meat, delivered in London and realising more than 4½d. per lb., would return a profit on each shipment. It would be interesting to the general public, as well as the British farmer, to know how the Americans gained this footing; whether the contract was in the first place an open one; whether it was made continuous; and if not, whether it ought not to be publicly advertised at stated periods, to give our own producers the chances of competing for these supplies.—*Land and Water.*

Fat Men of Genius.—M. Théophile Gautier has written an amusing article upon the fallacy of expecting men of genius to be thin and *spirituel*-looking. It is certainly not so now in France. Victor Hugo, the prince of the school of romantic poetry, is fat and in good condition, like Napoleon when Emperor. The world and his cloak suffice not to contain the glory of his stomach; every day a button or a button-hole gives way, and he would be unable to put on the coat he wore when he wrote "*Les Feuilles d'Automme*." M. de Balzac, most voluminous of novelists, has also the largest volume of any man of letters. He is more like a tun than a man, and is hooped like a cask to keep himself from bursting. Jules Janin, the "*Eagle and the Butterfly*" of the "*Journal des Débats*," smashes every sofa that he is imprudent enough to sit down upon; his chin and cheeks overrun his face, and though extremely witty, it would be rash to say that he has more wit than bulk. It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine that a man of genius, at least in modern times and in France, should be thin.

Open Fire-places.—Dr. Hinckes Bird, F.R.C.S., an authority on Hygienic matters, in reporting on the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington, gave a plea for the old English fire-place against new-fangled stoves. Doubtless close stoves, he says, are more likely to consume smoke than open fire-grates, but at the necessary sacrifice of important and vital ventilation, in which respect open fire-places compare favourably with stoves, whether of china-ware or metal. Even in the draughty arcades of South Kensington one is struck by the sensation of baked devitalised air, and sighs for a tankard of the genuine article outside. Besides, an Englishman is not likely, without a strong protest and lively struggle, to give up the cheerfulness and companionship of his open fire-place, where he can "chew the food of sweet and bitter fancy" over its ever-varying aspect. Under these circumstances I venture to describe the plan now used in the same old-fashioned grate in which all these above mentioned experiments have been tried. The fire, of the best bituminous coal, is to be *well* lighted in the usual way, with a small dry country faggot, in the vernacular "*bobbin*," or amply resinised wheel; two large fire-clay balls being placed on the bottom of the grate, so as to keep the material raised and to allow all possible access of air. The top should be touched as *little as possible*, in fact, the poker should be hidden, else some conceited intruder, who fancies he knows more about fires than anybody else, may violently stir it up and throw on half a scuttful of coals—the usual plan; feed the fire through the bars with the shovel; there is one to be seen at South Kensington—patented, of course!—the larger lumps being judiciously placed by small hand-tongs now being made for this purpose. A block of ship timber should be placed on the top as occasion requires. A cheerful Turner-esque-tinted fire, with a little or no smoke, is the result.

The new King and Kingdom of Servia.—As Prince Milan is now King Milan, it may be well to recall the origin of the dynasty now ruling over the youngest kingdom of Christendom. The founder of the dynasty, Milosch, was a shepherd, or rather a swineherd (pig-rearing being the specialty of Servia), on the farm of his stepfather Obren. Hence the name Milosch Obrenovich, Vich being the Slav for son. In 1816 Milosch won the semi-independence of his country from Turkey, which afterwards possessed only a nominal suzerainty. He was elected Hospodar by the Servian assembly of notables, or the Skupchina. Milosch had two sons, both of whom having died, he adopted a kinsman, Milan, who was chosen Hospodar, and now at the age of twenty-eight is chosen first King of Servia. He is said to be liberal and well educated,

Mirage.—Professor Tait describes three forms of mirage. The first and most common is that seen in the desert, where the sunlight is reflected from the heated layer of air resting upon the sand to the eye of the observer, and irresistibly gives rise to the impression of a reflecting surface of water at the point in the desert from which the rays are projected. A second form is that observed in the arctic regions, of which many beautiful illustrations have been given by Scoresby. The principal phenomenon is what is called "*looming*"—distant objects showing an extravagant increase of vertical height without alteration in breadth. Distant hummocks of ice are thus magnified into immense towers and pinnacles, and a ship is sometimes abnormally drawn out until it appears twelve or thirteen times as high as it is long. The celebrated *fata morgana* of the Straits of Messina is of this character. Rocks are seen drawn up to ten or twelve times their proper height; and houses, as well as human beings and animals, appear in like exaggerated shape. The most remarkable instance of this kind of mirage was observed in 1798, when from Hastings a portion of the French coast forty or fifty miles away was seen as plainly as though but a few miles distant, although ordinarily hidden by the earth's convexity. The third and perhaps most extraordinary form of mirage is that observed by Vince in 1799, in which a ship at sea showed three distinct images—a lower and an upper one in an upright position, and an intermediate one in which the object stood inverted.

Three Cocked Hat.—Towards the beginning of 1700, the crowns of hats were mostly round, much lower than before, and had very broad brims, resembling what are now occasionally called Quakers' hats, the protrusive encumbrance of which soon suggested the convenience of their being turned up in front. Fashion dictated the upbending of another side or flap, and ultimately a third, so that, by this process, in 1704, the regular three cocked hat became the order of the day, when feathers ceased to be usually worn.—*The Hatter.*

Rudders.—Many ships come to grief by the damage or loss of steering power. A recent instance of the loss of a new and powerful steamer, from this cause, elicited the following letter from Vice-Admiral J. E. Commerell. The charge against the committee of Lloyd's is a serious one, and confirms the opinion held by many, that some interference is needed to check reckless speculation as to property when seamen's lives are concerned. "In the year 1870," says the admiral, "I invented a jury rudder, light, inexpensive, and easily shipped at sea in any weather. After the most crucial tests in the *Fawn*, a vessel of 1,000 tons, it has been partially adopted in the Navy, and nine ships have been fitted, or are now fitting. As a rule, inventions are not generally adopted in the Navy until their success has been pretty well assured. Its adoption in this case, however, might have been accelerated by the accident to the rudder of the *Bacchante*, which ship was in a position of danger for some hours, and detained from her squadron for some days. In the year 1874 I exhibited my model at Lloyd's, but I met with no sort of encouragement. I was told that the loss of a rudder was one of many incidents in the life of a ship, and that without such incidents there would be no insurance. My application to a shipowner was met by the remark, 'Oh, I do not care if my ships lose their rudders; I am fully insured.' I exhibited my rudder to the Board of Trade, and suggested that at least emigrant ships should be compelled to have some means of supplementing the loss of rudder; that while boats, bulk-heads, and fire service were rigidly enforced, the governing power of the ship was neglected. The answer I received to this was a very common one, 'There is nothing in our instructions which says anything about rudders.' In the present day, when wheel chains and steam steering gear are so much in use, accident to rudders will be more frequent. We know how many vessels creep into port crippled in this way, but we do not know how many deeply-laden vessels founder with all hands from rolling in the trough of the sea in an unmanageable condition. As a sailor, I protest, first, against rudders being so attached to their stern-posts that when they are crippled they cannot at once be got rid of; secondly, against there being no means of shipping a jury rudder capable of taking the ship into port."

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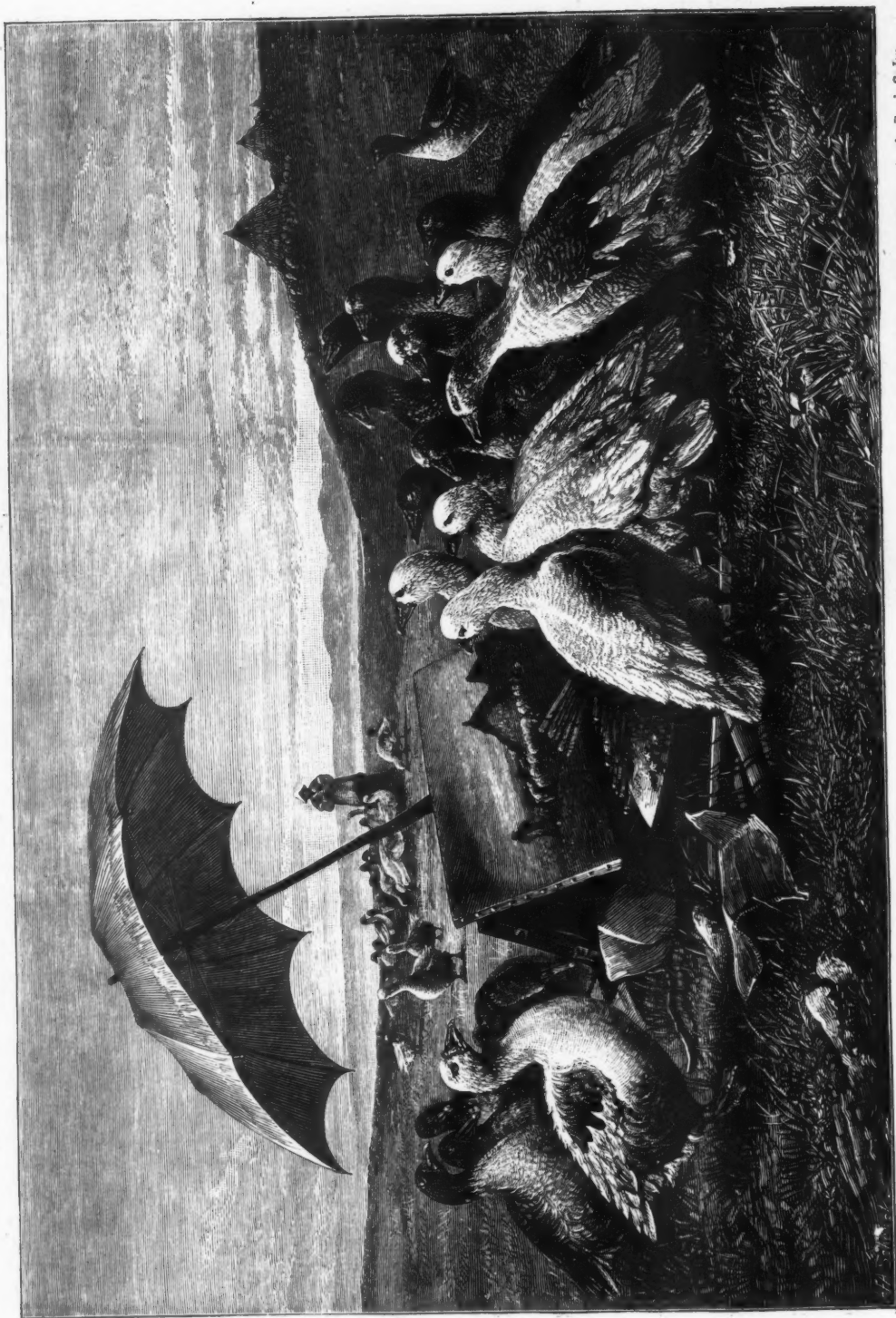
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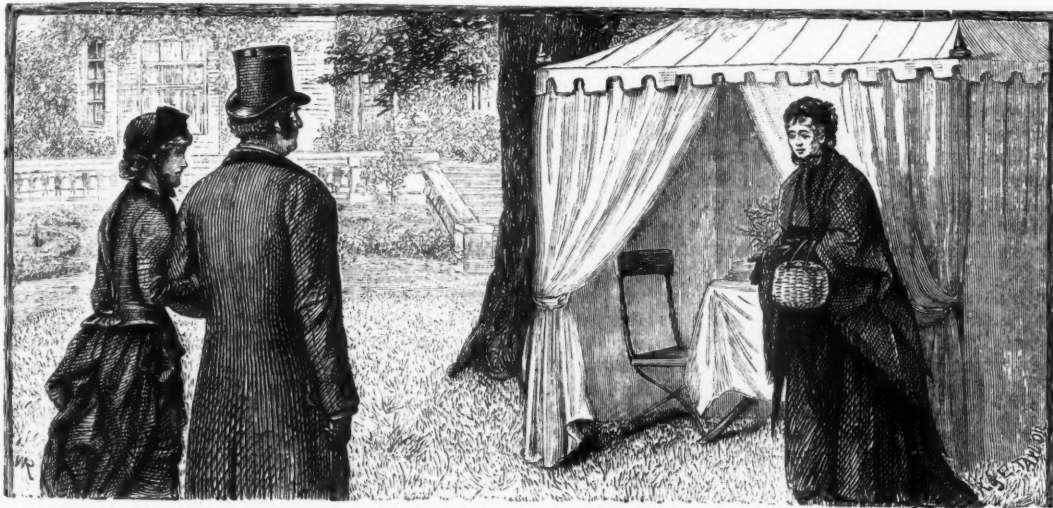
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A VISIT TO WESTWOOD HOUSE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"RICHLY BURIED."

'Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.'

—Longfellow.

A TURN of luck at last!" said Jenkins to one of his fellow-clerks, as he entered the office.

"Why, what has happened?"

"Haven't you heard? Old Cramp is dead."

"Cramp dead! No!"

The tone in which this monosyllable was pronounced deprived it of all its force as a negative, and served at the same time to mark the importance of the event which it was supposed to call in question.

"Yes, gone at last. Just in the very nick of time, too! We were getting terribly hard up," he added in a whisper; "but how well we kept up appearances!"

"Tyrrell knew the old man would die some day, and that then he would come in for his money."

"I don't think he was quite so sure of that. He was dreadfully down in the mouth lately. I only hope it's all right for him now. I wonder whether the old fellow was as rich as they gave him credit for?"

"Half as rich would do. I should not wonder if Tyrrell were to give up business now."

"The business had almost given up him."

"It will soon come back again. He will have plenty to do when it is known that he does not want it."

"That's rather hard for those who do want it."

"It is always the way. Nothing succeeds like success."

"Oh dear! I wish some one would leave me a fortune."

"Naturally you do."

"Or that a report would get abroad to that effect; that would be the next best thing. I should be in a fair way then to make a fortune for myself. What do you suppose Cramp was worth?"

"Can't tell. One never knows how a man of that sort will cut up."

They spoke of him as if he had been an ox or a sheep, and with very little more respect, now that he was gone, though they had been very civil, not to say obsequious, to him while he lived.

Men of business in the City, and neighbours nearer home, were speaking in similar terms of Mr. Cramp and his money. No one seemed to think of him except as a kind of gold mine or money-box suddenly thrown open for the benefit of his heirs. Even while expressing their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, they took occasion, almost in the same breath, to offer their congratulations. It could not be said of Mr. Cramp and his surviving friends, as it may of many whom death has parted, that their loss was his great gain; on the contrary, it seemed that he

had been bereaved of all that he most valued, while they rejoiced in the possession of it. It was a capital thing for Tyrrell every one said, that Cramp had died just then, for he was supposed to have been rather shaky of late; and as for Hale, it was well known that he had been obliged to sell his house and live in chambers. He must have been very much run out to have done that, they all agreed, though it appeared he still had money to give away, for his public subscriptions were as large as ever, and his private charities were said to be equally liberal. But no one knew the whole truth about that except himself.

The funeral of Mr. Cramp was very grand and very extravagant. So much so that if Mr. Cramp himself could have known how much money was being expended in his honour, he would have sat up in his coffin and protested against it, so people said. He would rather have walked to his grave, or not have been buried at all, than have been escorted thither by three or four mourning carriages, headed by a hearse with four horses covered with plumes. It "was enough to make his blood run cold where he lay," Mr. Coggin remarked. Mr. Coggin had been a parish clerk somewhere formerly, and "knew what funerals was, and what they cost." He himself "followed" in one of the coaches, and had a new black coat given him on purpose, for Mrs. Chowne's sake; but he did not shed many tears for all that.

The dwellers in Deadman's Court, Thorn Alley, and Paradise Row emerged from their dismal retreats to look at the procession, and remarked to each other how many weeks' rent, wrung from their almost empty pockets (and stomachs) would be required to pay for this grand pageant. "Well, it was better," one of the "dead men" said, "for the money to be spent on a funeral, than for it to be locked up in an iron safe, doing no good to nobody. Cramp could not take it with him, that was a comfort."

"Not take it with him, mother?" a little girl

replied. "Then what does he want with four horses?"

She had often heard of Mr. Cramp's great wealth, and had pictured him to herself literally rolling in riches, lying down and bathing himself, as it were, in a sea of golden sovereigns. The hearse was to her mind a huge money-box.

The bystanders laughed at the child's ignorance. No, they told her, there was nothing in the hears except the lifeless remains of the poor old man. His money was of no more use to him now.

"Then what did he save it up for?" she asked; and no one could answer that question.

A handsome marble sarcophagus was erected over Mr. Cramp's grave to testify to the world of the wealth of which he died possessed, and of the good-fortune of his heirs. It was the only tribute they could offer to his memory, and Mr. Tyrrell lost no time in accomplishing it. It could do no harm to the dead, and might bring some credit to the living. It was keeping up appearances, at all events, and though that was not so necessary now as formerly, the force of habit prevailed. Mr. Hale did not like to interfere, but let him have his own way, only stipulating that the epitaph should be appropriate and short, and not too extravagantly false. Such an inscription as Agatha had proposed to the subject of it when he was at St. Gabriel's could not, of course, be adopted. Even an epitaph ought to have at least some element of truth in it. In Mr. Cramp's case—to say nothing of his deeds—there was not even "a good will" to be belauded. If Mr. Cramp's will had not been burnt the day it was made, it might have been found that he had left something to St. Gabriel's or to other charities; but as it was, he had not even endowed "a college or a cat." Therefore the shorter the inscription on his tomb the better. The costly sculptured marble would speak for itself in one sense, and would perhaps say all that was expedient to be told.

Mr. Tyrrell went several times to see the monument, and took friends with him. They admired it, and read the sculptor's name in one corner of it with interest. He was the best man in London, they said, and it was a very handsome piece of work. It was very creditable to him, and also to Mr. Tyrrell. They did not say much about Mr. Cramp.

A long, lean figure, dressed in well-worn black, like an undertaker's man, only more limp and faded, was observed once or twice to visit the cemetery in the evening, quitting it when it was getting dusk; and one Sunday, when Mr. Tyrrell had brought some friends to admire the sarcophagus, he was surprised to find a further inscription rudely scratched upon it, under the brief record of Mr. Cramp's name and age, and one which he certainly had not ordered to be placed there:



MR. CRAMP'S FUNERAL WAS VERY GRAND.

"A rich man and a miser,
 Poor now and perhaps wiser;
 A long life, but now ended,
 And—least said, soonest mended.
 Amen."

It was too true for an epitaph, and Mr. Tyrrell was of course highly indignant, and ordered it to be polished off immediately. He could not find out who was the perpetrator of the libel, but suspicion fastened upon Mr. Coggin, especially on account of the clerly finish of the lines. He went in search of Coggin, but, as usual, he was nowhere to be found. An old hat was hanging up in the passage, but it was not Coggin's, Mrs. Chowne said. She had not seen him "since she did not know when." As for the "appropriate description" on the tombstone, Mrs. Chowne knew nothing about it, neither did Coggin, she could answer for that. Mr. Tyrrell had spoken of it as an "opprobrious inscription," but Mrs. Chowne's paraphrase was not altogether incorrect. After that Mr. Tyrrell ceased to take his friends to view the tomb; but though the lines were at once erased, and a verse from a hymn put in their place, every one in the neighbourhood of Belvidera had heard of them, somehow or other; they were repeated in the shops; children sang them about the streets; the people at the cemetery told them in an undertone to visitors, and they became one of the traditions of the place.

No will was found, and, after a thorough search, there seemed to be no doubt that the instrument which Mr. Cramp had executed so reluctantly had been almost immediately destroyed. He could not bear the thought of parting with his wealth, and this sheet of paper was hateful to him because it brought the unwelcome truth home to him as often as he looked at it that everything he possessed must, sooner or later, be given to another. He had no superstitious fear, as some have, that by making a will his days would be shortened, but it did not contribute to his peace of mind to think that his worldly affairs were settled in such a fashion that he would eventually cease to have a personal interest in them. It was like having an execution in the house and a man in possession. He had expressed himself thus to Mr. Bidmore, and the conclusion they all came to was that he had burnt the will, intending, perhaps, to make another only when increasing age or infirmities should render an immediate distribution of his goods inevitable.

Mr. Tyrrell took out letters of administration in his own and his wife's name and Mr. Hale's jointly. The latter left the entire management of the business to him, feeling sure that it was in good hands, and being incapacitated by the state of his own health from taking an active part in it.

Already, before Mr. Cramp's death, Mr. Hale had decided on taking a house in the neighbourhood of London and removing thither. It was a great trial to him to leave his chambers, knowing that such a step would involve the necessity of giving up a great deal of his active charitable work; but it would be useless to keep them on; he could not go to and fro daily: Dr. Mandible,

who had been to see him, had forbidden it; neither could he afford, without cutting down many of his subscriptions and gifts, to maintain two establishments.

Mr. Hale, though always cheerful and in good spirits, with a kind word and a smile for everybody, was but too evidently failing in health. He did not complain, and was generally active and ready to go anywhere and to do anything when called upon for exertion, but glad to rest, glad when the day's work was done, and always more or less tired or languid. Every one said he wanted change. Instead of having sold Westwood House to go and live in London, he ought to have given up his chambers and his charities, and to have spent the remainder of his days in ease and comfort in the country.

Mrs. Thistledown had been quite of this opinion, and she was one of the first now to urge another removal.

"You are getting a year older every twelve-month, sir," she would say, "and you can't do as you used to could; and if you do not take care of yourself now you will soon be past taking care of others. Other folks retire from business when they get into years, sir, and why should not you?"

"Other folks must wish themselves back again sometimes, Mrs. Thistledown, I think."

"I don't think so, sir, myself. A nice little residence a little way out of town, with a pretty bit of garden in front and a long slip behind, and a summer-house at the end, looks very nice and comfortable for a tradesman to settle down in, with nothing to worry him and nothing to do."

"Nothing to do, Janet! That is just the mischief of it. A man who is still able to work must soon grow weary of being idle. Ah, those villa residences! there are hundreds of them near London all nearly alike, in rows, or semi-detached; the very sight of them makes me melancholy: residences; places to sit down in, as the word implies. In one I see a grave-looking man at the window, gaping, with his hands in his pockets, as if he did not know what in the world to do with himself. In the little front garden of another the owner is tying up a rose, or nailing a creeper to the wall in a listless, dawdling sort of way, as if he must make the most of his job, because there is nothing to be done afterwards. In another a man sits smoking his pipe, or filling it again as soon as empty, for want of other pastime. These retired tradesmen are generally sad-looking individuals, Mrs. Thistledown; they congratulate themselves at first on being able to retire while they are still healthy and strong, but they soon grow weary of taking their ease. You have heard the story of the tallow-chandler who, after he had made his fortune and disposed of his business, went to town every melting-day to smell the tallow, and to see the candles dipped?"

"It is only a tale, sir; only a fictitious tale."

"And of the soldier who, after he was pensioned off, delighted more in the smell of a gun-barrel, when he could get at it, than in violets and roses?"

"A tale sir; only a tale."

"Tales with some truth in them, Janet. Most men would like to return to business as the tallow-chandler did under such circumstances. I should for one."

"Yes, sir; but your business is different. Your work is all for other people, not for yourself at all."

"Not for myself? Oh, now you are wrong, Janet! Not for myself? Don't you know what pleasure I have in it, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive? But if it were as you say, if I were working for others only, and without any hope of a recompense, that would be only another reason for going on with it."

"It would with you, sir, I suppose."

"And with you, also, Mrs. Thistledown, I am sure."

So they argued; but in spite of all arguments, in which Mr. Hale invariably got the better of his housekeeper, and in spite of the good reasons he gave in a more serious tone to his daughter's remonstrances, he was obliged to yield to them in the end, and it had been decided that the chambers should be given up, and that Mr. Hale should "take it easy" for the remainder of his days.

But Mr. Cramp's death enabled him to make some change in these arrangements. Agatha would be entitled to a large share of the old man's property, and would be in fact a rich woman. Mr. Hale could therefore afford to spend more money on himself.

"I shall be able to keep the chambers now, Mrs. Thistledown," he said, "and you must remain here in charge of them, and I shall have a sort of managing clerk or secretary to keep things going when I am absent. I shall set up a brougham, too, and a coachman, and be very luxurious. I shall come into business late and go away early, and do everything in the most comfortable way possible. My melting-days will be pretty frequent, I dare say, and the smell of the tallow will do me good. And Agatha will be at home to receive me, and—O yes, it will be very nice; and I am very—very thankful."

And thus it was settled. It was but a compromise indeed, for Dr. Mandible, in consultation with others, had said that Mr. Hale ought to give up work altogether for a time. But he consented, knowing that it was often necessary to vary prescriptions to suit the idiosyncrasies of patients, and that one man's medicine might be another's poison.

It had not been forgotten, in settling these questions, that Westwood House was still unoccupied, and available for Mr. Hale to return there if he had wished to do so. Two or three small plots had been sold off, as has been already said; but they were of no real consequence, and could be easily repurchased.

It was a tempting opportunity, and Agatha would have urged her father to take advantage of it; but after much consideration and much "counsel" he declined it. He had given it up, in the first instance, because it was too far from his chambers; and the same reason prevailed now. He wanted to be within an easy drive of his work.

A railway journey would have added greatly to the difficulty of frequent attendance at chambers. Mr. Hale did not intend to put off his harness as long as it should be possible for him to go on wearing it. It was agreed, however, that Westwood should remain in the family. A tenant was to be found for it for the present, leaving the future open.

"I wish you would go and look at it, father," Agatha had said; "I should like you to see it once more before you make up your mind."

He waited until his plans were quite decided, and then yielded to her wish.

"Yes," he said; "I will go and see Westwood; I should like to see it. We have spent many happy days there; but I cannot go there to reside just yet. We will go and look at the old place some fine day, and Janet shall go with us. We can spend the day there and make a sort of picnic of it."

CHAPTER XXX.—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, Love, remember."

—Shakespeare.

A PICNIC at Westwood House was not at all the sort of thing that Agatha had intended or desired. She had thought only of going to see the old place once more, looking into the deserted rooms, walking pensively among the shrubs, lingering, perhaps alone, under the spreading branches of a certain lofty elm-tree, recalling past scenes to memory, and then, if it must be so, bidding a tender farewell to the place and going back with her father to his new abode without any more retrospection or regret.

Nor had such a thing as a picnic entered seriously into Mr. Hale's mind. He had spoken the word almost in jest, thinking that, as the house was unoccupied, it would be well to take some refreshments with them in order that they might linger on the spot as long as they should feel inclined to do so.

But Mrs. Thistledown had no intention of letting such a pleasant suggestion fall to the ground, and taking her master at his word, began, as soon as a day was proposed for the excursion, to prepare a variety of delicacies after her own fashion, in order to do full justice to the occasion.

Nor did she forget to inform Bernard of the intended visit to Westwood, rightly judging that he would be deeply interested in the proposal. Bernard was not an unfrequent visitor now at Mr. Hale's. He came at all hours, generally on the plea of business, for which Mr. Cramp's affairs gave him ample opportunity. Frequently he happened to meet Agatha at St. Gabriel's, and walked home with her; and Mrs. Thistledown, for her part, could see no reason why they should not meet as often as they liked. Anything was better than the hospital, in her opinion. It was not for such as Agatha to go "a-nursing and probasining." Bernard, she felt sure, was devoted to Agatha, and Agatha, there was no doubt, had given her heart to him. Bernard might some day be the owner of Westwood House, and Agatha might be its mistress. He had not been at all set up by his good fortune, but had shown himself constant

and attached in spite of the rebuff which, as Mrs. Thistledown rightly suspected, he had received from his lady-love. In short, he was improved in every way, and had risen greatly in Mrs. Thistledown's estimation, and she only wished Miss Agatha would follow the impulse of her own heart, and give him a little more encouragement.

Bernard was delighted to hear of the proposed visit to Westwood. He charged Mrs. Thistledown not on any account to let her young mistress know that she had told him of it, and put a stop at once to her preparations by claiming it as his own right to provide everything that might be needed. The day was changed more than once, but, thanks to Mrs. Thistledown, Bernard was duly informed of all that occurred; and when the event took place he was prepared for it.

The visitors arrived at the station soon after mid-day. Flies were not always to be had at the station, but a comfortable carriage was in waiting there, to which, although it had not the appearance of a public vehicle, Mrs. Thistledown advanced without hesitation, depositing her basket and umbrella on the driver's seat. Mr. Hale and Agatha followed her; the driver touched his hat to them; and, as it seemed to be all right, they entered the carriage and drove off. Alighting at Westwood House, they were too much occupied with the objects of interest before them to think of discharging the carriage, and when they turned to look for it it was gone. The man had driven away without waiting for his fare.

"It's all right," said Mrs. Thistledown, smiling craftily; "he will come again, no doubt, to fetch us away. He won't go unpaid, you may be sure."

On the lawn they found, to their surprise, a small tent pitched.

"Some one is here," Mr. Hale said, turning to Agatha. "Mr. Tyrrell has a party, perhaps. I wish we had known it."

"There is no party, sir," said Mrs. Thistledown, walking straight towards the tent. Drawing the canvas back, she disclosed a small table with refreshments and flowers prettily arranged upon it.

"What does it mean?" Mr. Hale asked, perceiving that the good woman was in the secret.

"Who has done this?"

"Who do you think, sir?"

"Mr. Tyrrell?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Bernard."

"It is very kind and thoughtful of him. Where is he?"

"That I cannot answer for. Not far off, I dare say."

They spent an hour or more looking through the rooms of the house, which, though naked and dreary-looking, having been for some months unfurnished and unoccupied, showed signs of care recently bestowed; the windows were open and the sun was shining in. A bouquet, prettily arranged and tied together, was lying on the chimney-piece of the room which had once been Agatha's. She took it up and examined it with evident pleasure, then laid it down again; but presently lifted it once more and passed her

fingers over the flowers one by one, playing with them. Among them was a beautiful blush rose, love's own flower, with a sprig of the flowering almond, supposed to represent hope. These were conspicuous among others, all of which had evidently been selected for some sentiment connected with them, or because they were known to be her favourites. Agatha lingered in the room after her father had left it, glancing timidly at the windows to assure herself that she was not observed, and then pressed the bouquet to her lips, while inhaling its odour.



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

More than once she replaced it where she had found it, and then took it up again. It would be ungracious she thought to leave it there; but if she should take it away with her, Bernard, who she felt sure was not far off, might attach too much importance to her act. While still hesitating, a footstep in the passage caught her attention. She thought she knew the sound of it; and in her confusion laid the bouquet down so hastily that it fell to the floor. Nothing seems more easy to recognise than a familiar footstep; and yet nothing perhaps is really more deceptive. The next moment Mrs. Thistledown entered the room.

"Well I declare!" she exclaimed. "You were never going to leave the nosegay on the floor, were you?"

"No," said Agatha, lifting it carefully.

"There is a sweet little blush rose, Miss Agatha," said the old lady; "and we all know what that means; and a bit of almond blossom; perhaps we don't all know the meaning of that;

leastways, I did not till some one informed me; 'hope' that is, my dear; and there's mignonette, which some one says is 'little darling;' and there's myrtle; that is 'love' again; and if I had had my own way there would have been a sprig of southernwood, which is a very nice-smelling thing; though somebody did not think so."

"Southernwood? that's what they call old man, is it not?"

"Yes, Miss Agatha; but it has a better name than that—*boy's love*."

"You are very knowing, Mrs. Thistledown," said Agatha, with a laugh. "I had no idea you were so skilled in the language of flowers. Where did you learn it all?"

"Oh, I can soon tell you where I learnt it," she answered; "and I can soon tell you who taught me. But if you mean to leave the flowers and all their languages upon the mantel-shelf, I don't know that it is worth while saying anything."

"Put them in your basket, Mrs. Thistledown," said Agatha, offering her the bouquet.

"No, miss, begging your pardon. They were not meant for me. At my time of life I am not a 'mignonette,' whatever I may have been when younger."

And taking Agatha by the arm, she led her from the room and out into the garden.

"Are we really to take possession of the tent and all that it contains," Mr. Hale said, "without waiting for our host? It is like a fairy tale. When we have eaten these strawberries and other good things, a hideous monster will perhaps appear and threaten to eat us in our turn."

"Beauty and the Beast," said Mrs. Thistledown, laughing. "I hope he will not be such a very ugly beast, though, if he *should* come. There will be a way of escape for us, at all events, according to the story."

"Ah, yes; somebody would have to marry him. Would you do that, Janet?"

"I am not Beauty," said the old lady; "though when I was younger—but that's neither here nor there. But if he would have me I could find in my heart to marry him immediately, and should think myself a very fortunate person too, begging your pardon, Miss Agatha."

Agatha checked her garrulity with an appealing look, and silence followed.

Mrs. Thistledown waited upon them, bringing a variety of good things into the tent with a readiness which seemed quite marvellous, considering that there was no one to assist her.

"We are certainly on magic ground," said Mr. Hale, as she appeared with ices and wafer biscuits, after an absence of only a few seconds. "Either Mrs. Thistledown performs her journeys on a broomstick, or there is a slave of the ring outside, who brings everything that she demands to the tent door at an instant's notice. Which is it, Mrs. Thistledown?"

But the good lady only laughed at the question, and, shaking her bonnet ribbons, retreated from the tent, to reappear after a few moments with fresh dainties.

When their repast was ended, Mrs. Thistledown

sat down to refresh herself, while her master returned to the house. Agatha also quitted the tent; but was called back and reminded that she had left her bouquet on the table.

"Take it with you, my deary," said the old lady, "roses, almond blossom, mignonette, and all; there should have been a bit of boy's love in it; but that will easily be found; don't leave it behind you for want of that."

Agatha did as she was bid, and wandered round the garden alone, looking and listening for something or some one, perhaps the Beast, though she scarcely knew whether she desired his appearance or not.

No one came, however, and no footfall was heard. And then, as she began to play with the nosegay, she was conscious of feeling a little disappointed. Presently she found herself near the elm-grove, and hesitated whether to continue her walk in that direction. She was quite alone, and silence reigned. She stood still and listened. The rustling of a branch, or a leaf even, in the wind, might have been heard; but no leaf or branch rustled. With quiet, timid step, she moved on till she stood under the shade of one particular tree, which possessed a peculiar charm or interest for her. Then she would have retreated, would have concealed the bouquet, would have fled from the spot if she could have done so unnoticed. But she felt that she was observed; some one was approaching. She neither saw nor heard him, but she knew who it was. She did not turn her head, did not venture even to cast her eyes around, but stood still, motionless, irresolute.

"Agatha!"

She felt the speaker's breath upon her cheek as the word was whispered into her ear.

"You are not angry with me for coming here?" he asked.

She saw that he was looking at the flowers which, in her confusion, she had raised to her face, and she dropped the bouquet upon the grass.

He took it up, selected one of the roses, and offered it to her.

"Take it," he said; "take it from my hands; or if you will not have it, drop it again at your feet, and I will go away and never trouble you more."

A moment's hesitation, and then she suffered him to place it in her hand.

"Mine, Agatha; mine at last! You will never give me another moment's pain or disappointment now!"

"I hope not, Bernard," she said, "I hope not; but there are many things to be considered yet."

"Yes, yes; but all will go smoothly now."

They sat down together on the grass, and time sped on unnoticed. Mrs. Thistledown came to look for them, but discreetly went away again and left them undisturbed. Mr. Hale fidgeted about, and talked of sending for a fly, but Janet made him some tea and kept him quiet.

When Agatha at length appeared, Bernard was leading her by the hand, and Mrs. Thistledown following with a beaming countenance, so that her father understood at a glance how matters

stood, and welcomed them almost without a word, but with looks sufficiently eloquent.

Presently the carriage which had brought them to the spot returned, and Bernard took the fourth place in it and went away with them.

"I said how it would be," said Mrs. Thistle-down, gurgling with delight. "Beauty and the Beast, begging your pardon, Mr. Bernard; and which I knew he would turn out a prince, or something better, and somebody would have to marry him. Such bokays are not made up for nothing. But, Mr. Bernard, there *should* have been a bit of boy's love in it, for you have known her ever since you was a boy yourself, and loved her too. And may you be happy ever after, both of you, is my wish and prayer, and which—and which—"

The rest of the sentence was drowned in tears and buried in a cambric pocket-handkerchief.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

"Thou—wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

—*Shakespeare.*

BERNARD spent the evening very happily at Mr. Hale's chambers. His plans were now fixed, his prospects radiant. He talked them over with Agatha and her father, and between them a method was discovered of gratifying every wish and meeting every difficulty. Bernard was to leave the office in Horne Court—for which he never had any liking—and to study for the bar. He was to occupy Mr. Hale's chambers, and, as far as possible, to fill his place there, assisting him in his works of charity, and attending with him or for him at committee meetings, so as to relieve him of a great deal of the labour which for many years past he had voluntarily undertaken. Nothing else could have given the good man so much pleasure as the prospect of having so worthy and zealous a successor as Bernard promised to become. The arrangement had this further advantage: that it gave him a son without depriving him of his daughter, for they were to live together, or if not under the same roof, so near each other as to amount almost to the same thing. Two villas might be wanted eventually instead of one; but one would do at first.

"There were plenty of semi-detached houses to be had if necessary," Mrs. Thistle-down remarked; "and which a door could easily be made between them, to say nothing of balconies going the whole length, and gardens thrown together."

It was curious how quickly they agreed on all these points, and how readily their several suggestions seemed to dovetail into each other. If they had all been thinking of nothing else for a month past they could not have arranged matters in a more businesslike and agreeable manner. The only explanation that could be offered was that these ideas must have been floating in the mind of every one concerned, though no interchange of them had taken place; and before they separated that evening every one of them confessed in turn that such had been the case.

The greater part of that eventful day when

Bernard made his third offer of marriage to his cousin and was at length rewarded for his perseverance, had been devoted by the elder Tyrrell to a final inspection of the late Mr. Cramp's effects—not with the idea of finding anything new, but as a preliminary to giving up the house to Mrs. Chowne.

Mrs. Chowne was to have the furniture and Mr. Cramp's "things," and intended to let lodgings, being assisted by her brother, Mr. Coggin; and Mr. Tyrrell wanted once more to look over certain papers which were supposed to be of no value before committing them to the flames, and also to select one or two articles for his wife, to be kept as a memento of her late uncle. Already every nook and corner of each room had been thoroughly searched, as it was known that the old man had had a habit of hiding things away; even the boards, wherever they appeared loose, had been taken up that nothing might escape discovery. No hidden treasures had been brought to light, however, nor any documents or papers of any kind, except some nibbled fragments which had been dragged into secret places by the mice, who could find nothing more tasty or nourishing in the miser's house to feed upon than backs of letters and torn-up circulars.

Mr. Tyrrell had been a little out of temper when he set himself to his unpleasant task because Bernard was not with him. He wanted his help, and did not quite approve of his picnicking with Mr. Hale and his daughter. He had no objection to Agatha, but would have preferred that his son should marry Cara de Wilde. It would have been a better match for him, and would have brought more money into the family. He knew also that Agatha had refused Bernard more than once, and he did not like the idea of his son going begging for a wife, as he called it, now that the death of Mr. Cramp had so improved his prospects. Mr. Tyrrell himself was now comparatively a rich man, but he wanted to be richer still, and had very ambitious designs for his son.

The work of sorting the dusty papers and other articles was by no means agreeable, and the heat arising from the burning of many useless things in the grate was oppressive. Moreover, there was nothing to reward Mr. Tyrrell for his labour; all the valuables had been sorted out long before, and there were no bank-notes hidden in the old pocket-books, nor stock or share certificates in the folded covers which passed through his hands. Only in one of the boxes, a red leather case, with an ordinary lock and key, was a tress of auburn hair, folded in paper, which seemed to say that the old man had once loved something better than the yellow gold to which his heart had in later years been so entirely devoted, something which might perhaps have preserved him from the misery and meanness of his after life if he had not lost it in his early youth, as the dingy colour of the paper and the date inscribed upon it seemed to imply. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and there is One above who knoweth all things. Let no man judge his brother.

This bit of paper with the hair in it did not appeal very strongly to Mr. Tyrrell's feelings; but

it set him thinking, and he hesitated for a moment before committing it to the flames. It was not a simple lock of hair such as might have been cut off without being missed, but a heavy tress, taken probably after death, saved from the corruption of the grave, the only relic of a grace and beauty to be no more seen. The date to which it pointed was too remote for him to have any recollection of it, but he knew that there had been a tradition of some one to whom his late uncle had been once attached, though Mr. Cramp had never hinted at such a thing to any one, and it was difficult for those who knew the man to believe that there was any truth in it. It was curious that such a relic should have been found now among the old man's papers, and Mr. Tyrrell half resolved to preserve it and to take it home to his wife. But it was not pleasant to look upon, whatever it might have been in the old man's eyes; and Mr. Tyrrell, holding it at arm's length, approached the fireplace, intending to commit it, with its envelope, to the flames. But, besides the paper in which it was folded, there appeared to be another enclosure, which had till then escaped observation. He drew it out, and was disagreeably surprised at seeing in printed characters at the top of the paper a title which he had too much reason to remember—"BAMBARRA."

It was only a fly-leaf of one of the "Bam" prospectuses; but it struck Mr. Tyrrell as rather strange that this piece of recent paper should be enclosed with the other, which appeared not to have been disturbed for years. Again he approached the fireplace, but again drew back his hand, and unfolded the paper, on which the flames, shining through it, had revealed some written characters.

The following words then met his view: "My last will and testament."

To say that Mr. Tyrrell stood amazed and terror-stricken at this unexpected discovery would be to give but a faint idea of the effect which it produced. He gasped; he opened his mouth and drew in his breath; the hair on his head, if it did not positively stand on end, seemed to creep and tingle. His heart stood still, fluttered, and then went on again with hoarse thumps, which he could feel and hear. His eye glanced hastily over the writing, and took in the meaning of it all before he had read a sentence. It was very short, written and signed by the same hand, and duly attested by Mrs. Chowne and Mr. Bidmore. The whole of the late Mr. Cramp's property, both real and personal, was bequeathed to Agatha Hale, for her own use absolutely.

When the first great shock of this discovery had begun to abate, Mr. Tyrrell, sitting in the old straight-backed chair, with the ill-omened paper in his hand, began to consider with more deliberation the changes and consequences which must follow. Already, in an instant, the truth had flashed upon him that nothing less than absolute ruin and disgrace awaited him. He had, even before taking out letters of administration, appropriated to his own pressing wants some of the saleable bonds found in his uncle's strong box, believing that he, or, at any

rate, his wife, was entitled to a share of them, and that no wrong could be done by anticipating the legal apportionment. Only by this means had he been saved from becoming a defaulter on the Stock Exchange. To make good the money thus appropriated would, he knew, be impossible. Agatha Hale would not, of course, be hard upon him as to the past; but that would not help him for the future. It was as if the ground on which he rested had been suddenly struck from under him. He was not only penniless, but in debt, far more deeply in debt than he would have been if Mr. Cramp had never existed, or had never died; for it was the hope of inheriting his wealth, or at least a part of it, that had led him to "keep up appearances;" and, in the belief that that wealth had at length become his own, he had during the last few weeks plunged into greater extravagance, and incurred much heavier liabilities.

If anything could have added to the misery with which the poor man was afflicted, as he looked upon the fatal document, the very paper upon which the will was written might have had that effect. It was, as has been said, a fly-leaf from one of the Bambarra circulars. Mr. Cramp had perhaps taken it, after his usual habit of carelessness, only to save a new sheet of foolscap; it was as good as any other for his purpose, and it was "a pity it should be wasted." But Mr. Tyrrell having had frequent experience of the bitterness of his late uncle's humour, was not wrong, perhaps, in believing that the prospectus itself, and the transaction connected with it, with which those who have read the early part of this story are acquainted, had been instrumental in bringing about the resolve to which the old man had given effect by this document. It was probably with a deliberate intention of marking the ground of his displeasure against Mr. Tyrrell that he had selected this scrap of paper from other fly-leaves and fragments laid aside carefully for use; or it might be that the sight of the endorsement, reminding him of what had passed just at the moment when he was about to write his will, had determined him as to its contents.

That unfortunate affair of the Bambarra shares which had been ever since such a weight upon Mr. Tyrrell's conscience, that first false step, which he had found it impossible to retrace, that clever artifice by which he had hoped to "keep in" with his uncle, and to maintain the reputation he had earned of being "no fool," had become his destruction.

Yet, apart from all such considerations, nothing could have been more natural than that the old man should leave his money to his niece, Agatha, who had shown him so much kindness in St. Gabriel's Hospital, and had at the same time gained his respect by her plain speaking and disinterested candour and advice.

After all, it signified little to Mr. Tyrrell, as he sat there, overwhelmed with the sense of his misfortunes, what might have been his uncle's motives. The facts, the consequences, were inevitable. This terrible discovery had deprived him in a moment of everything that he possessed. An hour ago he had been a rich man; now he was a pauper. He

had played a difficult and hazardous game, resolving that, by hook or by crook, he would keep in with his uncle and get possession of his property; and his efforts had been, as he supposed, fully crowned with success. And now the fatal truth was manifest; that he had failed; utterly failed!

"By hook or by crook!" By fair means or foul? was it yet too late? That thought flashed across his mind. A terrible temptation! Though instantly dismissed, it returned to him. Why should this piece of paper be the arbiter of wealth or poverty, almost of life or death, to him? No one knew of its existence but himself. Even he had been on the point of destroying it innocently. He had held it to the fire, and had only drawn it back after the flame had touched it, blackened by the smoke. By what wretched fatality had he been moved to snatch it back and to discover its contents? If he had suffered it to burn, then he, like every one else, would have been ignorant of what had been done; if he were to burn it now, none but himself would know of it, and things would be only as they were. The conclusion had already been arrived at that Mr. Cramp had burnt his will with his own hand; and the highest authority in the land had confirmed the opinion by granting letters of administration to Mr. Hale and himself. He held the paper again over the flames, wishing that they would leap up suddenly and seize it; and yet withdrew it again when the danger threatened.

Again and again Mr. Tyrrell argued with himself the question whether he were bound to divulge the fact which had so unexpectedly come to his knowledge. If any one else had discovered the will, the case would have been different. No man in a court of law was required to incriminate himself. Why, then, should he be called upon to inflict upon himself so great an injury, so great a wrong, he called it, as the publication of this document would entail upon him? It was unfair, unjust, on his uncle's part to make such a will; he had allowed him for years past to entertain great expectations, and had no right to disappoint him at the last. Agatha had enough already; he had nothing. Agatha might marry Bernard if she chose, and then eventually it would all be hers. The will itself was a wrong; hiding it away was a

wrong; what greater wrong would be done by destroying it?

Yet, argue as he would, he could not bring himself to commit so great and irreparable a crime. A crime it would be, and he knew it. The tempter thrust sore at him; but he did not intend to yield. Not yet, at all events. He would take a little time to think about it. Some sort of compromise might be possible; a little delay, a little more keeping up appearances, a little more use of the money which was not his, might save him from ruin; it might give him a fresh start in business, which had already begun to revive upon the strength of his reputation as a moneyed man. Mr. Tyrrell resolved that he would be open and honest in the end, but not just yet. The secret was in

his own keeping, and he could choose his own time for proclaiming it to others.

Feeling a little relieved at this conclusion, and even elated slightly at the thought of his own magnanimous resolve that Agatha should ultimately have her own, whatever it might cost him, Mr. Tyrrell thrust the obnoxious paper back into its envelope together with the lock of hair, and replaced them in the box where he had found them; then locked the box, and removed the key from the "administrators' bunch to which it belonged, placed it upon his own key-ring, which he always carried with him, and rose

to leave the house. "Going, sir?" said Mrs. Chowne, who came shuffling noisily along the passage. He noticed that her eyes glanced at the box which he carried with him.

"Yes," he answered, in a confused manner. "I am going to take this with me. Business papers."

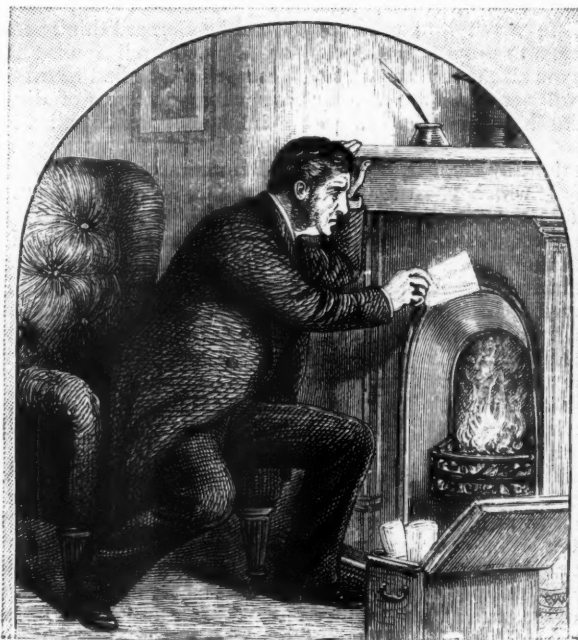
Then he was vexed that he had said anything to her on the subject. It was quite unnecessary for him to offer explanations to Mrs. Chowne.

"Is that all?" she asked.

Mrs. Chowne looked upon everything which the house contained as already her own; and although Mr. Cramp's relatives, in giving her the furniture, had reserved to themselves the right of selecting and carrying away whatever they might wish to keep for his sake or their own, she grudged to part with anything.

"Is that all?" she asked, anxiously.

"All? No! There are several things to be removed."



A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

"Ha!" she said, with the air of one who was being wronged.

"I shall get Bidmore to send a van to-morrow."

"A wan! Why there is not a wan-load of goods, if you was to take everything as the house contains. You are not going to strip the place bare, are you? He said I was to have his things, and a good legacy besides. If the will was ever to turn up it would make a difference to some of us."

Mrs. Chowne had been already informed that it would make no difference to her; for, as she had witnessed the will, such a bequest as she expected would have been invalid, even if it had been made. She did not want the will to turn up.

"Yes," she repeated; "it would make a difference to some of us, I know. And it will be found yet; maybe."

"I shall not take anything of value, Mrs. Chowne," Tyrrell said, in a faltering tone, as if he thought it necessary to propitiate the old woman. "I shall leave you all the furniture; and as for the legacy, you will perhaps have it after all; you could not claim it under the will, you know; but—"

"You will do what is right by me, Mr. Tyrrell, I hope—will or no will. It will be best for both of us. I don't want to find the will if you don't; only to be took care of myself, as I ought to be."

There was an ugly meaning in her face as she said this; or else he fancied it. Already conscience had made a coward of him. What could she imply by saying that it would be best for both of them that there should be no will? Had she been spying? Had she seen it in his hands? Did she know already where it was hidden? He did not venture to ask her any questions; but seemed by his silence and his manner towards her to assent to her remark. Mr. Coggin, who was now living in the house, went for a cab; and Tyrrell, after placing in it two or three tin boxes, entered it with the all-important red case under his arm and drove homewards.

CHAPTER XXXII.—"THE SOONER THE BETTER."

"And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go, with tidings from the heart."

—Spenser.

MRS. TYRRELL had been waiting dinner for her husband, and when, on his return from Belvidera, he entered the room, still holding the red box in his hand, but partly concealed under his coat, she was struck with the pale, haggard expression of his face. When she spoke to him he scarcely answered her, and hardly seemed to hear or understand what she said. He drank a glass of wine which she poured out for him, and then went and locked up the box in his own room. He had no appetite for dinner, and could scarcely sit still while the ceremony was gone through.

"What has happened, Mortimer?" Mrs. Tyrrell anxiously inquired, when the servants had withdrawn.

"Happened? Nothing!"

"You are so restless; you look so ill."

"I am all right; don't worry me with your fancies. Where can Bernard be staying?"

"You know he went to Westwood House this morning. I have not seen him since. He was to meet Mr. Hale there, and Agatha."

"He must have gone home with them."

"Perhaps."

"What else could keep him?"

"He was in a very unsettled state of mind when he went out this morning; full of hopes and fears about Agatha. I think he has been talking to her again. If she should refuse him this time also I do not know how he will bear it. I wish he would come home. I think Agatha loves him, if she would but say so."

Mr. Tyrrell rose and stalked about the room, his teeth quivering with excitement.

"You do not care about the match, I know," Mrs. Tyrrell continued.

"You are wrong," he answered, sharply. "Do not let Bernard think so, for Heaven's sake."

Mrs. Tyrrell looked up at her husband with surprise. She had heard him, only the day before, speaking in terms of displeasure about his son's infatuation, as he called it.

"I wish for nothing more earnestly than that Bernard should marry Agatha," he said, presently.

"Oh, Mortimer, I am so glad; I thought—I feared—"

"Don't tell him what I have said," he went on, without noticing her interruption; "but if they will marry, let them, and the sooner the better. Go and see Agatha and talk to her; perhaps she may think that I object to the match."

"I will do my best; but, dear, dear me! What has happened? Something has happened, I am sure: do tell me what it is."

"Nothing, I say; nothing. You will drive me wild!"

He sat down again at the table with an attempt at calmness, swallowed a quantity of wine, glass after glass, and then left the room, and going to his study, locked the door after him.

At a late hour Bernard returned. He had lingered at Bedford Buildings till the last train, and had run all the way from the station with a light step and a lighter heart. His mother went into the entrance-hall to meet him. He had not expected to see her there, as she was not in the habit of sitting up for him.

"Well, Bernard?" she said, looking at him anxiously and tenderly.

"Well, mother?" he answered, with a smile.

"Where have you been?"

"Guess."

"With Agatha, at Bedford Buildings."

"Yes."

She clasped him in her arms and kissed him. A great weight was lifted from her heart. She hardly knew why, but a feeling of terror had oppressed her all the evening, and it had given place, for the moment at least, to a great sense of joy and satisfaction.

"It is all settled," Bernard said. "I must tell my father; I am afraid he will not be very well pleased."

"He will indeed, Bernard; he will be very glad."

He looked at her with surprise. Then she

remembered that her husband had charged her not to tell Bernard this.

"At least I think so," she added.

"But you know what he said?"

"Yes; but he has changed his opinion. At all events he will make no difficulty now; I am sure of that."

"Where is he?"

"In his own room."

"I will go to him and tell him."

Mrs. Tyrrell held her son by the arm, hesitating whether to let him go to his father or not.

"Your father has been very strange this evening," she said. "Something must have happened to distress him."

"What can have happened?"

"I don't know; he looks wretched, he could eat no dinner, and has been shut up alone all the evening."

"Something wrong at the office, perhaps; but that would not hurt him now."

"He has not been there to-day," said Mrs. Tyrrell.

"No, I forgot. He went to Belvidera, to have a last look at poor Mr. Cramp's things. I hope he is not vexed with me for not assisting him. He asked me to go with him instead of to Westwood; but I had made an engagement."

"And have now made another?"

"Yes; and I am so happy."

"So am I, Bernard, except about your father."

"Come with me to his room."

They went together to the door, which was locked. Mr. Tyrrell opened it.

Bernard was struck, as his mother had been, at the strangeness of his father's manner. His face was flushed and his hands trembled, as he rubbed them nervously together.

"What is the matter, father?" said Bernard. "You look ill."

Mr. Tyrrell turned away impatiently.

"Nothing," he exclaimed, in a loud voice. "Why do you persecute me with your questions?"

He threw himself into his chair, with his hands in his pockets; while they stood before him, mother and son, arm in arm, ready to tell their joyful news.

"Bernard has been with Agatha Hale," Mrs. Tyrrell said at length.

"Well?" he asked, looking up anxiously.

"She has accepted him at last. They are engaged."

"With your approval, father, of course; you will consent now that it is so far settled, I hope."

"Consent!" he exclaimed, striving to conceal the satisfaction which the announcement gave him. "Well, you should have thought of that before. Are you really, absolutely engaged?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You believe so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Quite sure?"

"Why, yes; as sure as I am that I am standing here."

"Agatha will not change?"

"She will never change; she has given her word unreservedly."

"Does Mr. Hale consent?"

"Yes, heartily."

"He will not change, I know. When is it to be?"

"We have hardly thought about that yet."

"Soon, I suppose. I don't like long engagements."

"It will not be long deferred, I dare say. I am very glad to find that you are pleased about it."

"Pleased! well, I am glad for you to be settled. That is the chief thing; and the sooner the better now. As it has gone so far it should be clenched at once."

Bernard and his mother sat down and talked over his plans and prospects. Mr. Tyrrell took but little part in the conversation, and dismissed them presently from his room, telling them it was bedtime. Yet it was two or three hours later when he himself went to his chamber, and then he lay awake during the remainder of the night, feverish and miserable.

Bernard also passed a restless night; and it would be difficult to say whether happiness or anxiety contributed most to this result. He had returned home that evening elated and overjoyed, prepared to combat the objections he anticipated from his father; he had been astonished at the readiness with which his father had consented to his engagement, and still more so at the impatience he manifested to "clench the matter," as he called it, and to hurry on the marriage. His father's look and manner also, added to what Mrs. Tyrrell had told him, had excited no little apprehension in his mind, and he could not help inquiring with himself what could be the cause of it. In days gone by he would have attributed it to some unfortunate speculation or to pecuniary embarrassment; but Mr. Tyrrell had always borne his cares with a good courage, and had been able to keep up appearances even when on the verge of ruin. Adversity had not unnerved him as he seemed now to be unnerved. Prosperity appeared to be much more trying; for he had been more or less feverish and excited ever since Mr. Cramp's death. He had scarcely rested day or night till after the funeral; and had been subject to strange alternations of cheerfulness and despondency ever since. Could it be that he was still troubled at the possibility of a will being yet discovered? and could there be any reasonable ground for such a fear? Such were Bernard's thoughts.

No wonder that with such varied causes of disturbance neither Mr. Tyrrell nor those belonging to him had much rest that night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

"What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee?"

—Shakespeare.

DAYS passed on; and although Mr. Tyrrell recovered in some measure his equanimity, he was still subject to frequent fits of gloom and irritability, his temper varying like an April day—now cheerful, and even merry, now depressed and anxious. Mrs. Chowne was settled in Belvidera; and the winding-up of Mr. Cramp's affairs, so far as the house and its contents were con-

cerned, was complete. Mr. Tyrrell had no further occasion to visit the old house, and he let it be known that the less any of them had to do with Mrs. Chowne the better he should be pleased. Bernard had no inducement to keep up her acquaintance, and did not go near her; Mr. Bidmore had been appointed to collect the rents, and everything belonging to that property was left to his discretion.

It need scarcely be told that Bernard was now a constant visitor at Bedford Buildings. Notwithstanding Mr. Tyrrell's ever-increasing impatience, no time was fixed for the marriage. There were many things to be done before that could take place. Mrs. Tyrrell went with her son and Agatha to look for a house or houses for Mr. Hale and themselves; but Mr. Tyrrell would only tell them to make their own arrangements, giving them *carte blanche* as far as he was concerned. Neither could he be induced to give advice or assistance as to Bernard's future career. There would be time enough for that after the marriage, he said. He would have a sufficient allowance to go on with, and need not bind himself to any profession at present. This was not at all in accordance with Mr. Hale's ideas, but he suffered himself to be swayed by the course of events.

Agatha, having twice refused her lover, was careful to give him no more cause for uneasiness now that they were engaged, and interposed no difficulties; and Bernard, it need scarcely be said, was quite contented. So the preparations for the wedding were hurried on, after a fashion that those principally concerned had never anticipated.

"You are wasting time," said Mr. Tyrrell, rather crossly, to his son one evening, after he had spent the day in house-hunting, without any result. "It is not likely you will find a house to suit you. Why do you not arrange to live at Westwood? Hale could share it with you."

"Westwood!" said Bernard; "there is nothing I should like better; but you know what an expensive place it is to keep up."

"You need not think about that. From the day you marry Agatha Hale you will have sufficient."

"Can you afford to do that for me?" he asked, with astonishment.

"You will have enough, I say—you *shall* have enough. I give you my word for it."

Bernard was at a loss to express his feelings at this most liberal and generous offer, as he esteemed it, on his father's part.

"I don't know how to thank you sufficiently," he said.

"You need not thank me at all. Don't be effusive; you know how much I dislike it."

"I can only say you shall never regret—"

"I hope not; now there will be nothing to hinder your marriage; settle it at once with Mr. Hale; tell them I wish it; your mother shall go and speak to him about it if necessary."

"Will you not go yourself?"

"No."

"Then Agatha must come here to thank you."

"She must do nothing of the sort. I hate

these ceremonies. Get your day fixed. There will be ways and means found for you when once you are married."

Mr. Tyrrell, it will be understood, was anxious to get rid of his secret as quickly as possible. The suppressed will, lying in its envelope beside the lock of hair, was like a skeleton in his cupboard. He never left his room without a fear that on his return he might find the box opened and the will gone. He was almost tempted to carry it about with him; but that might have been attended with equal risk, and discovery would then have brought disgrace as well as ruin. If it must come to light (and he had a haunting conviction that such would be the case sooner or later), it would be better that it should be found in the place where Mr. Cramp had left it. There would be nothing then to show that he had been aware of its existence, or that it had been knowingly suppressed. Mr. Tyrrell intended, as soon as Bernard should be married, either to make over the whole of his supposed share of the property to his daughter-in-law, by way of settlement, and to destroy the will, or else to produce it, as if it had just been accidentally discovered. It would come to the same thing, he argued. Agatha would have all that it was in his power to give her. If only he could keep the thing concealed until after the marriage, justice would be done and his own credit saved. More than once, when tortured with his fears, he had resolved that the safest and best plan would be to destroy the will at once. Why should he keep it as a sword suspended over his head? What difference would it make whether he should burn it now, or a month later? He had even once hastened home from the City with the intention of putting a speedy end to his anxiety and to the will; but, finding it undisturbed, and no sign of suspicion observable on the part of any one, he had left it in its place, hidden away in the old discoloured envelope, with the loop of hair beside it. The box itself was locked, and shut up under lock and key, so that no one but himself could approach it; but if it had been accessible to every chance comer, he could not, perhaps, have brought himself at the critical moment to commit so great a crime.

The only course open to him then was to urge on the marriage, that he might unburthen himself as quickly as possible; and this he did with so much persistency as to give rise to not a little wonder and speculation on the part both of his wife and Bernard. To the latter especially the change in his father's views respecting his engagement to Agatha was a continual subject of surprise, and even of doubt. He began to feel uneasy about it, especially when other incidents, trifling in themselves, but not without significance, came to his knowledge. Mrs. Chowne had several times called at the house, desiring to see his father. Her visits caused him evident annoyance, yet he did not refuse to see her, and after her departure he always seemed more irritable and nervous than before. On each occasion he had himself conducted her to his own room, and, after a more or less lengthy interview, had accompanied her to the gate, as if anxious to see her off

the ground and to prevent communication with any one else. Mr. Coggin had called once and had been treated in the same way. Bernard had on one occasion met Mr. Coggin, who asked after his father, and made remarks about him in a familiar knowing sort of way, which was unlike his usually retiring and reticent habits.

"I suppose you have never heard nothing about the will," he said. "I was sorry to see Mr. Tyrrell so put about the last time he came to our house. I could not help noticing him. I thought something must have happened. Mrs. Chowne thought so too. It was when he took those boxes away with him in the cab, and the little red one which he held in his hand as if it was of more value than anything else. I wonder what there is in it. You don't happen to know, I dare say. And he don't even speak of it, I'll go bail. Well, you can give my compliments to him, Coggin's compliments, and tell him as we both took notice of him, and can't help thinking on it."

Such was the nature of Coggin's remarks to Bernard, which the latter cut short by wishing him good-day. He was angry with Coggin for his impertinence; but the fellow's manner and language haunted him and helped to make his nights restless.

For the truth had begun to dawn upon his mind, only in part as yet, and only as a vague idea, to be indignantly dismissed as soon as it appeared to involve in any degree his father's rectitude and honour. But he could not control his thoughts; and numerous little incidents recurred to him as he lay tossing upon his bed, all pointing to the same shocking conclusion, until he could rest on his pillow no longer, but sat up trembling, and wiping the cold dew with quivering fingers from his forehead.

What had that man meant by asking again about the will? There was no will; the search for it had been complete, and without result; no such document was in existence. Mr. Cramp had destroyed it as soon as it was written. To that conviction they had all arrived. Why should the question again be raised? Yet if any one had opportunity of knowing all the truth about it, Coggin was the man. He had been constantly about the house, spying and prying. What if Coggin had found it and concealed it? That would have been of little consequence compared with the climax which Bernard suspected and feared, though he hated himself for admitting such a suspicion.

The red box! Coggin had spoken of that, and had described his father's consternation on that day when he brought it home with him. Bernard himself had noticed Mr. Tyrrell's anxious and constant solicitude about that box, and had learnt to connect his strangeness of manner and change of conduct in relation to his marriage with the possession of that box.

The assurance that he himself would be in a position to live independently as the master of Westwood House from the day of his marriage with Agatha Hale, and the impatient way in which his father had repudiated all expression of thanks—what could that mean? And the continual urging on of

the marriage, that the matter might be clenched, as he had once said—what—what could it all point to?

If Mr. Cramp had indeed left a will there could be little doubt that it would be in Agatha's favour chiefly, if not wholly. Bernard well knew that it would not be in his own; neither was it likely that his father would have any interest in it. Again and again all these thoughts smote upon his mind like rays of lurid light from a volcano, merging in the same dreadful centre. What—what could it all mean?—rather, how could he evade the conclusion to which everything pointed?

Bernard thought but little of himself in this extremity, nor of the consequences to himself if this thing should prove to be true, and if the world, and Agatha—more than the world to him—should come to hear of it. All his care was for his father's honour.

Yet was it for him to entertain a doubt on that point? Ought he not rather to be foremost to defend it if occasion should arise? Might not all these unworthy thoughts be dismissed in a moment, these clouds of suspicion dissipated by a word of explanation? Was it not a sin—a gross, calumnious sin—for a son to suffer such thoughts to prevail even for a moment? Alas! he could not take to himself the comfort of such a remonstrance; for he remembered the circumstance of the borrowed stock, of which he had heard enough to understand that his father had not acted as a man of integrity, and the fear that a similar act of dishonesty might have been again committed prevailed in spite of all his arguments and efforts to the contrary.

Day after day passed, and Bernard could not bring himself to say a word on this subject to his father. It was never for a moment absent from his thoughts, and every little incident that occurred, every sentence almost that fell from his father's lips, was weighed and criticised as to any bearing it might have upon the all-important question. A feeling of estrangement—or at least shyness—grew up between father and son; the elder felt that he was an object of suspicion: the younger hated himself for playing the spy and giving too ready admittance to unworthy thoughts and doubts. They would sit together, at opposite sides of the table, without exchanging a sentence all dinner-time, or if they spoke it was with down-cast eyes, unable to look one another fairly in the face.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"LOOK ONCE MORE."

"Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams."

—Dryden.

FROM the day when the terrible suspicion which has been referred to in our last chapter first took possession of Bernard Tyrrell's mind, he had never been to see Agatha. He had excused himself by letter, on some pretence or other, in the first instance, but had afterwards ceased to do so, not knowing how to explain his absence, and fearing to write anything which, under the circumstances, he would not

have spoken. If it should prove that a will in her favour was in existence, and that it had been suppressed in the way he feared, it would be impossible that he should approach her on the same terms as before. For many days, therefore, all communication between them ceased. Bernard had been hoping every hour that something would occur to show him that his suspicions were unfounded, and had resolved again and again to appeal to his father on the subject. But when an opportunity occurred he shrank from taking advantage of it. The task seemed to be impossible; either he himself would be guilty of an offence almost unpardonable in giving utterance to his suspicions, or those suspicions would prove to be only too well founded. In the latter case, all his dearest hopes would be dashed to the ground. He never could marry Agatha Hale if she should prove to be the heiress, and he, as his uncle had forewarned him, should be "a beggar." Of course, no change of this kind would have made any difference to her, but what could she think—what must she think of him, if it should appear that he had been privy to the fact, or had even had a suspicion of it, and had continued to urge his suit, and to hasten on the marriage, notwithstanding?

Agatha, it may easily be conceived, was not without her cares and sorrows all this time. Of course not the faintest idea of the real cause of Bernard's continued absence crossed her mind. At first the failure of his daily visit was a cause of disappointment only. She watched and waited for him and he came not. She was unhappy, but did not reproach him even in her thoughts. Something had occurred to prevent his coming. He would appear on the morrow and explain. But the morrow came and went without his visit and without his explanation. The last time she had seen him he had spoken to her about Westwood House. She had been pleased at the idea of living there, and had promised to talk to her father on the subject, and to persuade him, if possible. She had done so, and Mr. Hale was disposed to accede to her wish. She had been looking for Bernard's next visit, that they might discuss this pleasing subject and come to a decision. It was doubly disappointing, therefore, and doubly strange, that he should now absent himself.

At length, as day after day passed by and Bernard neither came nor wrote to her, Agatha's heart sank, and her old doubts returned—those same old doubts which had led her to refuse his first offer, or at least to postpone it. She had heard, by an accident, that Mr. Spicer was gone abroad, and that Mrs. De Wilde had been at Pimpernel Bank, accompanied, it might be, by her daughter. She dismissed the thought from her mind disdainfully, but fretted over it notwithstanding, and, as time went on, and Bernard still was absent, she could not but feel herself neglected and illused.

Mr. Hale had "wondered" more than once when Bernard meant to come again, but he perceived that the inquiry was displeasing to his daughter, and, noticing her pale, dejected, weary manner, though she strove while in his presence

to conceal her pain, he ceased to ask questions. Some cloud had come between Agatha and her lover, he supposed; the course of true love never did run smooth; it would not do for him to interfere. It was a sad thing for his poor girl that she had no mother to give her help and counsel. The slight expression of sympathy which he had ventured to offer had been proudly, though not ungenerally, repulsed. He hoped it would come all right before long.

Mrs. Thistledown, who proposed, herself, to go over to Mr. Tyrrell's house and find out all about him, met with a much more severe rebuff, and there was almost a quarrel between her and Agatha. There is no knowing how wide the breach might have become in consequence of the old lady's too free expression of her opinion of Bernard's behaviour, if she and Agatha had not suddenly and simultaneously broken into tears; whereupon Mrs. Thistledown fell to embracing her darling, as if she had been the mother so much needed, smoothing her hair and murmuring to her as if to her own child, but resolving at the same time to say not a word to anybody, but to go and see that there young man and give him a bit of her mind, if she should never speak to him again; which determination, though it was renewed as often as she looked upon her dear young lady's sad, pale face, and marked her want of appetite and animation, was never put into execution.

Agatha had discontinued her daily attendance at St. Gabriel's; but she now began again to pay frequent visits to the scene of her recent labours, and would have gladly returned to more regular duties if that had been possible. She wanted occupation; she wanted, above all, to break away from the monotony and associations of Bedford Buildings. The marriage preparations, if not absolutely at a standstill, had ceased to be spoken of; they were kept out of sight. The whole thing seemed, without any reason, to have "fallen through,"—to have disappeared altogether from the prospect. As if by common consent, no one alluded to it. Only a fortnight had elapsed since it had been the chief topic in every one's mouth, but now it was never mentioned. Bernard had ceased to show himself, had ceased even to write. It was rumoured that he had gone abroad; and that he was unwell; but Agatha had ascertained that there was no truth in either report, and that he was going about as usual. Beyond that she was too proud to allow of any inquiries being made as to his whereabouts, his habits, or intentions. If he did not really care for her, it should never be thought she cared so much for him; the engagement between them must be as if it had never existed.

And yet, if the truth be told, Agatha had a lingering hope, amounting sometimes to conviction, that Bernard would come back again, some day very soon, and give in few words a complete and satisfactory account of what now seemed so unaccountable. Some powerful cause, of which they had no idea, had compelled him to behave in this apparently heartless manner. She never entirely lost faith in him; the mysterious necessity

which kept him from her could not be less painful to himself than to her; the explanation which seemed impossible would in due time clear up everything. She must wait for it; but no one should ever know how eagerly she desired it, nor how she pined and suffered till it came.

Agatha was right in her conjecture that Bernard was suffering as much as herself at this juncture. He had more than once thought of writing to her and letting her understand how greatly he was harassed and distressed; but how could he do so without some explanation of the cause of all this trouble? Each day he hoped and resolved that the mystery which haunted him should certainly be cleared up before nightfall; and then he would at least know whether he could fly to his love with a pure heart and a clear conscience, or whether he must abandon all hope of seeing her again. What could he say to her in the meantime? How could he even give a hint of that which might prove to be only a base and groundless suspicion of his own, affecting his father's honour? There was nothing for it but to keep silence, hoping almost against hope, from day to day and from hour to hour, that the fear which was the cause of so much torment might be lifted from his heart.

"Have you seen Agatha to-day?" Mr. Tyrrell asked his son one evening, when alone with him. He knew very well that Bernard had not been near her for a long while, and he dreaded the reply; but could no longer defer inquiring into the cause of his seeming indifference.

"No, sir," was the answer.

"What is the matter between you?"

"Nothing, I hope."

"She is at home, I suppose?"

"I believe so."

"Do you not know?"

"Yes."

"You are not a very ardent lover. You do not seem to care much about her."

"You have no right to say that."

"I judge by appearances. A little while ago you were very eager about this marriage. I have no sooner given my consent to it than you grow cool. The more I approve the less you like it."

"You are quite mistaken. You ought not to say so. You have no idea how my heart is wrung."

He rose from the table and walked about the room pressing his hands to his forehead.

"What must she think of me!" he exclaimed.

"What, indeed!" said his father; "I confess I am puzzled. There is nothing to prevent you from marrying her to-morrow; yet you hang back, and never go near her."

"Is there nothing—really nothing?" Bernard asked; "is there no reason that you yourself know of, why I should shrink from holding her to her engagement?"

Mr. Tyrrell shifted his position, that he might avoid the piercing look which his son, halting before his chair, had fixed upon him, and did not speak.

"Can it be all my fancy?" Bernard went on, as if speaking to himself.

Still his father made no reply. If he had looked

his son in the face it could scarcely have failed but that he had been touched by the anxious, tender, pleading expression of his features.

"I have an impression," Bernard said, speaking with difficulty, "that Mr. Cramp's will is still in existence, and that some day it will turn up."

A startled look and then a gesture of impatience were the only answer to this remark.

"If," he went on, "if it should be found, we should perhaps have reason to regret any steps that had been taken in ignorance of its contents."

"You would not," said his father. "I can answer for that."

"How can you answer for it?"

Mr. Tyrrell moved uneasily in his chair. He did not venture to meet the eyes which were fixed so piercingly upon his own.

"How can you answer for it?" Bernard asked again.

"Why do you entertain such thoughts?" Mr. Tyrrell said, avoiding the question. "The will will not be found."

The remark which had been made, and the manner of making it, served only to confirm Bernard's suspicion that the will was in existence and that his father was aware of its contents.

"Is there no possibility of making further search?" he asked.

"Where would you look for it?"

"Among the papers; in the boxes."

"They have all been thoroughly examined."

"It may have escaped notice. A will may be written in very small compass, even when the property is large; the back of a letter or the fly-leaf of a circular is sufficient."

Mr. Tyrrell felt the blood rise to his forehead; he breathed with difficulty, yet managed to suppress any further signs of emotion.

"Mr. Bidmore, who witnessed my uncle's will, said that it was written on a single sheet of foolscap."

Mr. Tyrrell breathed more freely at these words, but did not attempt to speak.

"Would you mind looking through all the papers and boxes carefully once more?"

"It would be labour lost."

"I wish I could think so. I should then be as happy as I am now miserable."

"You ought to think so."

"I cannot. If only you would make a further search among the papers now in your possession, and would then assure me of your own absolute and well-founded conviction that the will does not exist, and has not existed since Mr. Cramp's death, I shall be satisfied."

"I will look through the papers if you are so anxious about it," said Tyrrell; "but I do not think you will be convinced even then."

"Yes," Bernard said; "yes; when that is done, if you are able to assure me that my fears are groundless and that there has never been any real foundation for them, I will make no further question on the subject."

"What will you do in that case?"

"All that you desire."

"Without further hesitation?"

"Without a moment's delay."



MR. TYRRELL DID NOT VENTURE TO MEET THE EYES OF HIS SON.

"What explanation will you give to Agatha?"

"I will tell her everything."

"And raise doubts in her mind; doubts which may be as troublesome to her and as difficult to allay as yours have been to you."

"No. Agatha would not be affected by them in the same way. The will would make no difference to her. She would not care for the money; and if it were all hers would be ready to share it with me."

"Then why make all this stir about it? It comes to the same thing in the end."

"Yes; but the way to the end is so different."

"Well, I will look over the papers, since you desire it, and—and make an end of this matter."

"When will you do it? Suspense is intolerable."

"In a day or two—to-morrow."

"Why not now?"

"Now, then," he murmured, and moved towards the door.

"May I help you?"

"No—yes—five minutes!"

Mr. Tyrrell flung the door open and went out. The tension of this interview could be endured no longer. He hardly knew what he said or what he proposed. A full confession of his guilty knowledge had at one moment trembled upon his lips, and the next instant he shuddered to think how nearly he had betrayed himself. He hastened to his room, locked the door, opened the box in which his terrible secret lay concealed, and took out the will. What should he do with it? If a fire had been burning on the hearth he would perhaps have thrust it at once into the flames.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!"

True! but the want of such means at the

critical moment may prevent ill deeds. The Tempter puts evil thoughts into our minds, but he cannot order the material circumstances and surroundings of our state to match with his suggestions. Whether Mr. Tyrrell would have yielded in the moment of trial is impossible to say. He was vexed and angry that no facilities for getting rid of the deed were at hand. He wished that he had burnt it long before. His only hesitation now was, how to accomplish it. He loathed the very sight and touch of the paper. The word Bambaarra on the outside served only to exasperate him yet more against it. Why should he sacrifice himself for an idea? All that he possessed he would make over to his son and to his son's wife. More they could not have, though the will should be produced and proved. He himself would be disgraced by the discovery, and they, Bernard at least, would suffer in his degradation.

But there was no time now for reflection, and in the whirl of his emotions he did not see how the hateful document was to be destroyed without leaving some trace of its existence. Already he heard his son's footstep in the passage; the minutes had passed rapidly; and Bernard, doubtless alive to the wrong that might be done during the short interval, was already at the door.

Mr. Tyrrell, scarcely knowing what he did, thrust the will back into its envelope, exactly as he had found it, and locking the red box, replaced it in his bureau. Then he opened the door to his son and bade him enter. There was nothing for it now but to let things take their course, and it was almost a relief to him, for the moment, to feel that the result had passed from his control.

Bernard, already half ashamed of his request, seeing how promptly his father had yielded to it, took from the bureau a bundle of papers, and

began to turn them over. He did not expect to find anything there, but felt it necessary to go through this form before asking for that particular box which was the chief object of his apprehension. His father stood by, looking on, but not offering to join in the search. That distressed Bernard. It seemed as if he were acting in opposition to his father, as a spy or informer searching for proofs against him. That was, indeed, too near the truth to be agreeable, and he begged his father to take part in the investigation; but Mr. Tyrrell only shook his head, as if to signify either that it would be labour in vain, or that he would have nothing to do with it.

After some time spent in this way, Bernard ventured to take down one or two of the boxes. Mr. Tyrrell threw a bunch of keys upon the table, and stood looking on as before. Bernard began with the red box, but there was no key upon the ring that would fit it. Tyrrell then took a single key from his pocket and gave it to his son.

"Open it, father," said Bernard, flushed and agitated. "You know what is in the box; just look through it once more, while I examine the others."

But Mr. Tyrrell again made a gesture of dissent, and stood looking on as before, pale and silent, his teeth clenched, and his hands clasped behind him.

Bernard opened the box and took out its contents one article at a time: it was a strange medley; nothing of value was there; nothing except a few trifling relics it might be, a bit of ribbon, some old letters, and a coral necklace wrapped in a lady's glove.

These things, especially the last, attracted his attention; there was, doubtless, a history connected with them with which his father might be acquainted. They seemed to offer a sufficient reason for the secrecy which had been observed with regard to this particular box. It was not necessary to display such relics as those to all the world. The nearer Bernard came to the object of his search, the more unreasonable and injurious the suspicions which he had allowed himself to entertain against his father's honour appeared, and the more he felt ashamed and confused in his presence. At length he came to the lock of hair, which he drew forth gently from its envelope. He looked up at the same moment at his father, and was struck with the pained, almost agonised expression of his face. Supposing that the sight of this relic had touched some painful chord in his memory, and full of shame and regret for his own part in that evening's work, Bernard thrust the lock of hair back into the cover, replaced it in the box, locked it up, and gave the key to his father.

"Can you forgive me?" he said. "I am very sorry to have caused you all this pain; I am thoroughly ashamed and grieved."

Mr. Tyrrell could scarcely believe his senses. He had beheld the will in his son's hands; he had expected to see it opened; he had nerved himself to meet the exposure, and had almost felt contented that it should be made in that manner, being prepared to treat it as a new discovery, a secret with which it could not be presumed that

he had been acquainted. But the critical moment was past. He drew his breath with a sob, and turned to the window for air.

Bernard hastened to open it for him, full of remorse, pouring out repeated expressions of apology and self-reproach, praying for forgiveness, overwhelmed with confusion.

Mr. Tyrrell's silence only added to his distress, for he could not tell what was passing in his father's mind, and thought either that he was in pain, or that he was seriously angry with him.

"What can I say to you?" he exclaimed; "you are ill, and it is my doing; let me call some one!"

"No, Bernard," he gasped, "stay where you are. There—look again; I saw something which you overlooked—the red box—open it once more—search it more carefully."

Amazed at this command, uttered in a voice which seemed almost stern in its determination, Bernard did as he was desired. The various relics were again turned over, the lock of hair drawn from its resting-place, the paper in which it was enclosed unfolded, as it had not been before, and the will exposed.

CHAPTER XXXV.—"WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

"Do well and right; and let the world sink."

—George Herbert.

AS soon as Bernard could recover a little from the effect which the discovery of Mr.

Cramp's will in the extraordinary manner related in our last chapter had produced, he began again to upbraid himself for the injurious suspicions which, though he had never given expression to them, could not, he well knew, have been concealed from his father. He himself, while searching with the utmost carefulness, as he thought, for the all-important paper, had taken it into his hands and had laid it down again without recognising it. It was therefore not to be wondered at if Mr. Tyrrell had done the same. And after this oversight on his part, when the document might have lain concealed without any further risk of discovery, it had been brought to light by his father's own spontaneous act. What stronger proofs could there be at once of his own undutiful rashness and of his father's integrity? With tears in his eyes he poured forth renewed expressions of contrition, and could almost have cast himself at his father's feet in his humility.

But Mr. Tyrrell laid his hand upon Bernard's shoulder, and, looking him now steadfastly in the face as he had not done for weeks past, bade him be silent. "Not a word! not a word!" he cried; "you have done me no wrong! Never speak of it again—never to any one!"

They were silent for a few moments, and probably understood each other. It was a great relief both to father and son, and they were much happier, now that there was no longer any mystery or estrangement between them. Yet it was but too evident that the consequences of this discovery must be disastrous to both alike.

"What is to be done?" Bernard asked at length, almost in a whisper.

"Take it away, Bernard," said his father, pointing to the will; "take it to Agatha."

"I have not seen her for weeks," said Bernard.

"What must she think of me?"

"That will set you right with her."

"But how? What can I say? How can I explain?"

It was a difficult position. Bernard did not see how he could justify himself without betraying his father, or at least exposing him to suspicion.

"You must tell her," Mr. Tyrrell went on—"tell her that you had reasons—reasons of your own—for believing that the will would yet be found, and that you did not wish to take advantage of her promise to you until it should be known how she might be affected by such a discovery. That was your feeling, Bernard, was it not?"

Mr. Tyrrell turned away his face as he spoke, conscious that his own policy had been the very opposite to that which he could not help admiring in his son.

"It will make no difference to Agatha if she really cares for you," he added.

Bernard said nothing; he could not express his hopes, his fears, his doubts, his perplexities, to any one.

"I must think it over," he replied, after a pause, and turned to leave the room.

"Take that with you," said his father, pointing to the box.

Bernard would have refused, but upon a further and more peremptory signal from his father he obeyed without a word.

He scarcely closed his eyes that night. The next morning, after a short consultation with his father, he took the box under his arm and went to Mr. Hale's chambers, and, with a little management, contrived to secure an interview with his uncle without seeing Agatha.

Mr. Hale received him, not without some embarrassment, but shook hands with him and desired him to take a chair.

"Something has happened," said Bernard, who remained standing.

"I supposed so," was the quiet answer.

"I am come to explain how it is—how it was that I—that I—"

Mr. Hale bowed gravely, implying that Bernard's conduct needed explanation, and that he was waiting to hear what he had to say before expressing his opinion of it.

"For some time past," Bernard went on, "ever since that day when I was last here, I have had reason to believe, or thought I had, that the will—Mr. Cramp's will—had not been destroyed, as we supposed, during his lifetime."

"Indeed! How?—what?"

"Last night we—that is, my father and I—made a fresh search for it, and in this box my father discovered, after I myself had examined it carefully in vain—my father, I say, found and pointed out to me the very document which we were looking for."

"The will—Mr. Cramp's will! How strange!"

"We had searched for it before to no purpose."

"And yet you still suspected it was there?"

"I thought—I thought it might be somewhere among the papers. I have brought you the box exactly as we had it. If you will open it, Mr. Hale, and look through the contents yourself, you will see how easily the paper might be overlooked."

Mr. Hale took the box and unlocked it; but before proceeding further said,

"You have, I presume, read this document—this will. What is the purport of it?"

"Exactly what I had reason to anticipate," said Bernard. "Everything is left to Agatha; everything without reserve to your daughter."

"To Agatha?"

"Yes, to Agatha."

"Nothing to yourself, or your mother?"

"Nothing."

"How strange!" cried the old man, rising from his chair and trembling exceedingly. "All to Agatha—all to Agatha! And you—you anticipated this?"

"Yes; I felt sure that if a will were found it would be chiefly or altogether in her favour. Mr. Cramp spoke of her as he did of no one else. She had been so good to him in the hospital. What could be more natural than that he should leave her all he had? He could not help loving her, though he loved no other creature."

"But he was angry with her when they last parted."

"That would only make him love her more when he came to think. He was angry without cause, and because she spoke freely to him and without flattery. He would have sent for her again if his end had not come so suddenly."

"How do you know all this?"

Bernard could not answer. Tears stood in his eyes.

"I feel it," he said at length; "I am certain of it. I have never doubted it."

Mr. Hale looked at the speaker with a strange expression, as if to read the very thoughts of his heart. He had always trusted Bernard, always believed him to be honest, simple, truthful. He had not the same confidence in his father; and latterly his good opinion of Bernard had been a little shaken, as was not surprising.

"It is unfortunate," Bernard said, remembering that there was yet much to be told, "very unfortunate for us that the will was not immediately forthcoming. We all thought that the property would be apportioned between the two families."

"It must be a great disappointment," said Mr. Hale, looking very serious and troubled.

"That is not the worst," said Bernard, feeling the colour rise to his forehead. "We were in want of money, and my father has made use of what he supposed was his own."

"Yes, yes; naturally."

"He will talk to you or to Agatha about that himself, but he wished me to mention it. He will repay it some day, he hopes, but—"

"Repay it? To whom?"

"To Agatha."

"I see; I see. But there is plenty of time for that. What about yourself?"

Bernard tried to speak, but could not. The

vital question had been touched now, and the realities of his position rushed upon him suddenly in answer to it. What about himself? Penniless, without a profession, in debt like his father, for he also had made use of some of Mr. Cramp's money, though only to a trifling extent and by his father's wish.

Overwhelmed with misery and confusion, he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Mr. Hale tried to comfort him.

"It is not your fault," he said, "that the will was not discovered sooner. Your father was quite justified in assuming that the money was at his disposal. I am not sure now that it ought not to be his. I have not yet seen this document."

Bernard pointed to the box.

"Open it," he said. "You will see where the paper lies concealed, and how easily it might be overlooked. I had it in my own hands and did not know what it was. My father found it and showed it to me, or I should not have known it now. Look for yourself."

"I think Agatha ought to be present, as she is the chief person concerned," said Mr. Hale, hesitating.

"Then I will go away."

"Don't leave the house," said his uncle.

"No; I should like to see her once more, when she knows all," he answered.

"So you shall. For the present wait here."

Mr. Hale opened the door of his little room, the closet with the window towards the east, and shut him in. Then he sent for Agatha and told her all that had passed.

"Where is he?" she cried.

"The will is in this box—"

"But Bernard; where is Bernard?"

"He will return presently; he wants to see you. Meantime we will see what he has brought us."

Agatha did not care about the box or its contents. She wanted only to see Bernard. She knew from what her father had already told her that it was from no change in his feelings towards herself that he had kept at a distance. There were many things yet to be explained, but her heart sprang at once to the conclusion that Bernard had been actuated only by the most honourable motives, and that he loved her no less ardently and truly now than before all this had come to pass.

They opened the box, and taking out each article, examined them separately. The last thing to be reached was the envelope with the lock of hair, and the paper with the printed endorsement, "Bambarra Mining Company."

Mr. Hale almost shuddered as he read those words, and threw the paper down upon the table. Nothing but trouble and misfortune were associated in his mind with that title. He was anything but superstitious, but it was to him a name of ill omen.

"Here is no will," he said, looking again into the box.

Once more for a moment his doubt of Mr. Tyrrell returned. Could he have tampered with the document unknown to his son; the words

upon the paper as it lay on the table were almost sufficient to justify such a suspicion, for Mr. Hale had gradually come to understand the facts of that transaction. Almost mechanically he took the paper up and opened it.

"It is here; this is it, Agatha," he said; "it is all quite true. Everything that your Uncle Cramp possessed is yours."

"I do not want it," Agatha said, after a long silence. "It will make no difference in the end. I wish this thing had never been discovered. When will Bernard come?"

"You shall see him presently, he is not far off. But let us be sure first what we are about. The will is a valid document, I presume; and yet with some people it might be open to question."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, there are some informalities. The intention of the testator is tolerably evident, but a great deal might be made of his eccentricities. If there were any desire to dispute it it would furnish occasion for the lawyers."

"I will never go to law about it," said Agatha, decidedly.

"That will not be necessary. Your claim is not likely to meet with any opposition."

"It is unjust, unfair, that others should be deprived of their share of the property."

"It is just and fair; though hard for them, very hard under the circumstances."

"Everything left to me!" said Agatha after looking again at the will.

"Everything to you."

"To do with it as I choose?"

"Yes."

"There then!"

"Hold—hold, Agatha!"

He was too late; there was a fire burning in the grate this time, for the day was cold—and Agatha with a sudden movement had thrust the paper between the bars. It blazed up in an instant and was gone. Only a blackened fragment fell upon the hearth close to her feet, and only one word upon it was legible—BAMBARRA.

"Bernard," she cried, going to the door of the little room, as if by intuition, and throwing it open. He heard and saw her; yet for one moment he stood still, in doubt. Then he held out his arms to her and she sprang into them.

"There's no will," she cried, sobbing hysterically, "no will; it is burnt. I've burnt it."

"You ought not to have done it, Agatha," said her father; "it was wrong, very wrong! Such a document as that! I don't know what to think of it! dear, dear! I am sorry you have been so rash. It was very, very wrong."

Yet in his heart of hearts he could not but confess that it was a good thing that the will was burnt.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AN ANNIVERSARY.

"Ab auspicio bono."

Catullus.

THE consequence of Agatha's rash and unjustifiable act in destroying her late uncle's will was to restore matters to exactly the same position as before its discovery. The fact that it

had been brought to light was known only to three or four persons, who resolved by mutual consent to make no mention of it. Only one of that number, perhaps, was entirely satisfied, and that of course was Agatha. Mr. Hale, regarding it from a legal point of view, condemned his daughter's act most strongly; but the thing was done, and she had done it, and no one could suffer any wrong by it except herself. It was not the consequences of the act that troubled Mr. Hale, but the perpetration of it. He hardly knew what view the law might take of such a "tort;" he could not call to mind any precedent or case at all resembling it. Wills had been feloniously destroyed, of course, but never, so far as he could recollect or discover, under similar conditions; never by the person who alone was beneficially interested. He resolved to look through some "leading cases," of which ninety-five thick volumes bound in law-calf lay upon his shelves, as soon as he should have a little leisure. Meantime, of course, the less said about this particular case the better for all concerned.

Mrs. Chowne's hints on the subject of the will, which had been the means of exciting Bernard's suspicions and Mr. Tyrrell's fears, proved, now that they could be openly met and inquired into, to have been founded upon nothing but her own conjecture. She had been struck with Mr. Tyrrell's evident agitation at the time when he made the discovery, and had observed how carefully he clasped the red box under his arm as he carried it away, half concealing it with his coat; and then she remembered that she had seen her late master turning over the contents of that same box the night before he died. She could not avoid connecting Mr. Tyrrell's evident distress with a presumed discovery of the will. Mrs. Chowne was by no means anxious for such a discovery. Whatever her expectations might once have been in regard to a legacy, she knew by this time that if Mr. Cramp had intended to leave her anything he would not have made her a witness of his will. The administrators had promised to deal liberally with her; but she hoped, by the hints and "insinuations" which she and Coggin threw out, so to work upon Mr. Tyrrell's fears as to extort from him a larger share of her late master's goods and chattels than he might otherwise have been disposed to give her.

The coral necklace, wrapped in the white kid glove, and the tress of hair which lay beside it, awakened in Mr. Hale's mind a train of memories which had long slumbered. Mr. Cramp had in early life been comparatively poor. He had formed an attachment to a lady whose friends were rich, and at their instigation the match had been forbidden, or at least postponed. While he was scraping and saving, hastening to grow rich, and acquiring those miserly habits which clung to him through life, the lady of his love had died. Mr. Hale, though he had been but a child when these events took place, was able to recall so much of his late uncle's history, and, looking back through the long lapse of years upon the life so marred and wasted, and the misery and loneliness in which it had been spent, instead of thanking

God that he was not as Mr. Cramp had been, shed tears of genuine compassion over his memory.

Our tale is told. But some of the actors in it may claim a parting word, and some of their deeds may, it is hoped, be worth recording.

Bernard Tyrrell entered into partnership at the same time with Agatha and with her father. His name is over the door in Bedford Buildings, under Mr. Hale's. The clients who mount the staircase are as numerous as ever, and, for the most part, of the same class. Mrs. Thistledown still combines in her own person the duties of laundress, office-boy, and clerk, assisted by a little maid, whom she is training up to follow in her steps. She still takes her holiday at Westwood every Sunday, attended not unfrequently by one or more of her poorer clients, for whom change of air and scene has been prescribed.

Westwood House is Agatha's property, settled on her as a married woman, with other effects of her late uncle, for her own separate use. Mr. Tyrrell and Bernard would have it so, but practically it makes no difference to any one.

Deadman's Court, Thorn Alley, and Paradise Row have all been cleared away, and a row of model lodging-houses erected where they stood. Bernard Tyrrell, contrary to his avowed determination, not unfrequently attends in person to collect the rents, and finds it no very difficult or disagreeable task. He knows his tenants well, and they know him. They have decent, comfortable homes, and have learnt the value of them; they can afford to pay a reasonable, and even a good, rent for them, and, for the most part, pay it gladly; and no house or flat is ever in want of a tenant.

The new wing of St. Gabriel's is finished, and paid for with Mr. Cramp's money, and, to a certain extent, he has the credit of it. The new accident ward is called after his name, and if those who are carried into it wounded and half-dead are led to bless the name of Cramp when they leave it, whole and sound, and with a small piece of gold in their pockets from "Cramp's Convalescent Fund" as a parting donation, it is not necessary to inquire too particularly whether his memory is worthy of their gratitude or not. The grateful effort cannot do him any harm, and may do those who offer it some good.

Agatha Hale maintains that her late uncle is justly entitled to all the credit of this and other good works with which his name is connected.

"He left his money to me," she argues, "to do with it as I would, absolutely and without any restriction. He knew what use I should make of it, for I told him that plainly when he was in the hospital. This, therefore, is what he expected and desired. Let the will and the deed go together. If he could know now how his money is applied he would have more pleasure in seeing it spent than he ever experienced in collecting it."

Philo Spicer has returned from Italy. He has been heard to say that there is not a statue in all the galleries of Rome or Florence which can be compared with what he had already seen in England, no bust so perfect, no neck so gracefully

arched, no shoulder so exquisitely rounded, no head so well "set on," as one that he could name. *Vita brevis, ars longa*; but life is better than art while it lasts, and art, at its best, is only an imperfect imitation of nature at her best. Nature and art combined, as in a certain instance which Mr. Spicer could name (and does name in a whisper to his confidential friends), must needs be unsurpassed.

The grounds at Westwood House have recovered their former beauty, and are sometimes thrown open for the reception of school-children from the courts and alleys of great London, or for Agatha's tenants in the lodging-houses. Even Pimpernel Bank has been invaded by a garden-party of this kind, and has been the scene of quite as much pure happiness as when a more fashionable company went there to play lawn-tennis. Mr. Tyrrell the elder is not so intent now upon keeping up appearances. Business in Horne Court has revived upon the strength of his reputation as a moneyed man, and he is careful to keep within his means. He worships no golden image, but is satisfied with fair and honest profits.

There is a gathering to-day at Westwood House. A crowd of ragged children have come from some poor London parish and are enjoying themselves. Among other objects provided for their entertainment is an enormous fire-balloon, larger than any that has ever been seen before by even the

oldest of those—not very old—guests. Jacko has declared himself quite ready and willing to go up with it if they will let him, and to perform acrobatic feats in the air upon a broomstick; but that is not what it was made for, nor what he was made for either, as Mr. Hale tells him.

There is a broad belt of colour round the middle of the paper globe, "like an equator," as one of the pupil-teachers remarks; but, instead of being marked with figures, and degrees, and seconds, it bears a much more pleasing inscription, "Bernard and Agatha," for it is the anniversary of their wedding-day.

Tremendous and reiterated shouts rend the air as the balloon rises through it, revolving slowly, as if on purpose to display the names to every one in turn, that all may read them. All can read them except a few of the younger children; and to these their elders, stooping kindly, point out the letters and repeat the words, pausing only between each syllable to look at the balloon and utter exclamations of delight.

It rises splendidly! It clears the trees; it soars aloft; it sails away, borne by the favouring breeze. All eyes are fixed upon it; every voice is loud in admiration; "Success to the balloon," they cry, "and to all belonging to it!"

With those words of happy augury let the story end! Go, little book! *Verbum non amplius addam.*

The Old Man and his Grandchild.

BY MRS. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

AN old man on a church step sat,
Too proud to ask for aid;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
His withered eye his grief exprest,
His wretchedness betrayed!
It was a cold and bitter night,
The snow was falling fast;
The winter wind in shrill blasts came,
And in its howlings seemed to claim
The child of years long past.

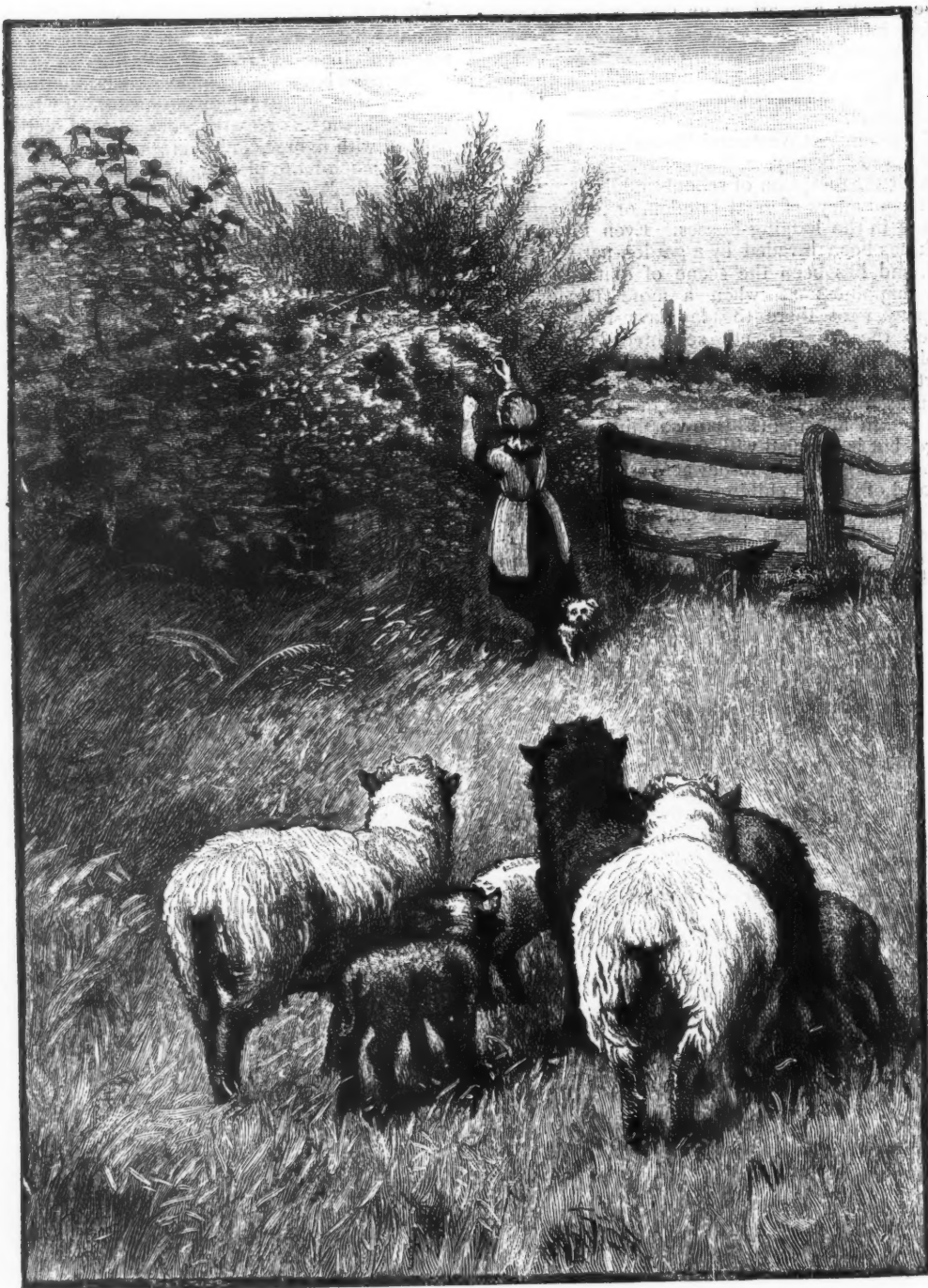
The old man's head was white and bare,
And tattered was his vest;
His shrivelled hands, his hollow cheek,
More surely than his words could speak,
His poverty confest.
And many went, and many came,
And all, unheeding, past;
And none stood by that old man's side
But one, who was his grief and pride,
And dear unto the last.

A fair girl tried, with childish wiles,
To win the old man into smiles;
But fruitless was the fond endeavour,
All joy to him had flown for ever!
His heart was blank—all feeling gone,
Except for that sweet loving one,
The relic of an only son;
And she, sweet girl, the only tie
That bound him to life's misery,—

The only one who to his heart
Could e'en a gleam of joy impart

She sat down by the old man's side,
And laid her head upon his knee;
To hide her tears she vainly tried,
For they would fall despondingly.
He raised his withered hand to bless,
But murmured forth his deep distress;
His heart was all too full to pray,
A weight upon his spirit lay!
And night came on. The crowd was gone;
And they were left to weep alone!
Yet neither moved! And morning came
And found them seated still the same!
So still they sat,—so motionless,—
A monument of wretchedness!

At last some kindly passer-by
To rouse the child resolved to try;
So deep,—so lengthened seemed her sleep,—
So like to death,—so calm,—so deep!
They raised her head, but not a breath—
Alas! it was the sleep of DEATH!
The old man, too,—they felt his heart,
No pulse of life could it impart!
Alas! the breath of life had gone!
Both, both were dead,—their spirits flown!
Locked in each others' arms they lay,
And grief with life had past away!



A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

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JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET,

THE FRENCH PEASANT PAINTER.



HE Angelus had just sounded, and the twilight was coming on, when a handsome, thoughtful-looking peasant entered the little Norman church of Eculleville. An aged priest, who was praying, rose from his knees and turned towards him. An inspiration of love lit up the old man's

memory, and he exclaimed as he laid his hand on the stranger's shoulder, "Is it you, my little François?" It was Millet, who, after many years of absence, had come to visit the home of his childhood, and the priest who thus welcomed him was one of his earliest teachers.

"Have you forgotten the Bible, François?" he inquired; "and do you still read the Psalms?"

"They are my breviary," answered the painter; "it is from them I get all I do."

An art-critic, writing in the "République Française" on the exhibition in Paris of some of Millet's drawings soon after his death, asked how it was so great a painter had been shut out for twenty years from the Luxembourg—the National Gallery of French contemporaneous art; and the reason the critic assigned for this social ostracism was that Millet had been indifferent to all political parties, and had shown himself on some occasions possessed to intensity with "the Biblical mysticism."

In an age and a country where almost every one has been the sport of political passion, in a generation when men of intellect and genius have fallen like autumnal leaves from the ever-living tree of the religion of Jesus Christ, this great, silent soul lived far above the strife, drinking at the sources which had refreshed patriarchs and prophets, in daily communion with Nature and her toilers.

Early in this century, in one of the wildest points on the coast of Normandy, the Cap-de-la-Hague, in a straggling village near the seashore, lived a family of peasants—honest, laborious, religious. The father, a quiet, grave man, was one of the most respected of the village worthies. "Hush! here is Millet," always brought folly to its senses. An indefatigable toiler, his one recreation was the village choir. John Nicholas Millet died in his prime, leaving the charge of his nine children to his mother and his wife, two anxious, pious souls.

The grandmother was the light of the house; in her the divine fire burnt strong and ardent. Never for a moment did she allow the household to forget the presence of God. When the first child was born (October 4, 1814) she named him Jean, after his father, and François, after the saint she venerated, Francis of Assisi. "Rise up, little François," was her cheerful morning call; "do you know how long the birds have been singing praises to the good God?"

Another watcher aided her in her task, a grand-uncle, who, priest and abbé by profession, daily prayed with the household, and then doffing his cassock laboured hard in the paternal fields. A very Hercules for strength, this workman-priest built a great wall to support some falling earth, which stands even now a testimony to his powers. He began to teach François Latin, but dying, the task was carried on by the curés of the parish, good, kind men, who found the pupil a dear and wonderful child. One of them, wishing to encourage him, told him that if he knew Latin he might become a doctor or a priest. "I don't wish to become either," said the child, "I would rather stay with my parents." One day he had been rambling on, talking to his teacher; suddenly the curé said to him, "Ah! my poor child, you will suffer."

For some time François worked in the fields with his father, amusing himself in the evenings sketching the things in the yard and whatever passed by. His father, seated in his chair after the fatigues of the day, would now and then rise and glance at his work. He soon saw the boy was born to be an artist, and though he had nine children to maintain, this brave man took his son to Cherbourg and placed him with a painter. M. Langlois recommended young Millet so warmly to the Cherbourg Municipal Council, that it undertook to allow him 400 francs a year to study in Paris.

As he was about to depart, his father died; however, the self-sacrificing mother and grandmother would not hear of François giving up the career that his father had chosen, but added all they could to the 400 francs, the dear grandmother adjuring him never to forsake his God, or to debase himself by painting for wicked ends. "Follow," said this grand old peasant—"follow the example of that man who said, 'I paint for eternity.'"

With a sad heart the orphan boy entered Paris one foggy night. Its noise, its glare, its narrow thoroughfares, oppressed him. He felt himself already in chains, and had to wash the tears from his eyes in a fountain which he passed. His free spirit had never known any chains but those of conscience and piety, and refused to submit to those which he found waiting for him on all sides. Wickedness unsuccessfully plotted his ruin, but

robbed him of his money, and he soon found himself nearly penniless. Often in these days his breakfast was but a piece of bread and some cold water, his dinner more frequently an imagination than a reality. He fell ill, had a fever; the conscience of the husband of the woman who had robbed him was aroused, and he caused the young artist to be kindly nursed.

François entered the studio of Delaroche, for with conscious strength he went direct to the highest point. His peasant dress, his reticent manner, his heretical drawing, made him the butt of his fellow-students. Delaroche's conduct about a certain *Prix de Rome* caused him at last to leave the studio in disgust, and with another young artist, a Parisian, he took a cheap lodging and studied without a master.

Unfortunately, the Municipal Council were far from punctual, and at last they ceased to pay the pension. What to do for bread? Nothing sold in Paris but the nude figure. The temptation was great. François began to paint mythological subjects, Bathers, a Temptation of St. Antony. Miserable were the sums he got. He went for a time to Cherbourg and Havre, painted portraits and signboards, and realising some 800 francs, married. His wife was sickly, and died in two years. Then he married again, this time to a brave woman, who, with him, fought the battle of life. And it was a battle: once in 1848 the domestic exchequer ran so low that they remained two whole days without food.

Millet expressed the suffering of this time by a painting of Hagar and Ishmael. Hagar, stretched on the ground, protected the body of her dying child, her look was one of poignant grief. Hagar, according to his early manner, was represented nearly nude. He suddenly stopped painting this picture, and began two haymakers. The reason was this: passing a shop in Paris, he saw two young men looking at his "Baigneuses." "Do you know," said one, "who is the painter of that picture?" "Yes; it is Millet, the man who only paints nude women." The artist went home and told his wife what he had heard. "If you agree," said he, "I will never do anything of that kind again. Life will be harder, you will suffer, but I shall be free, and shall accomplish what I have long intended." "Do as you will," was the reply. "I am ready."

He was rewarded, for to Millet was granted insight such as few artists before him had possessed. Painters there had been—Poussin and Ruysdael in former times, Rousseau and Diaz, his contemporaries and friends, who had entered into the soul of Nature, especially in its sad and terrific moods; but Millet saw into the heart not only of Nature, but of man when most closely associated with Nature, and made it manifest that they were under a common bondage, a common suffering, and yet that the harmony was incomplete, the sympathy most imperfect.

No one leads a life in closer unity with Nature than the shepherd. Isolated, mute, the subject of every atmospheric change, the beholder of Nature's glories by night and by day, the shepherd has a solemn, almost priestly, character. How

grand he appears in Millet's picture, "*Berger ramenant son troupeau au soleil couchant*;" a figure enveloped in a great cloak passes slowly before us, followed across the plain by the flock, which presses around its protector. In the distance the red sun is sinking behind the clouds and rising mists. In the "*Berger au parc la nuit*," the shepherd looking after his flock at night, we see what mystic splendours surround this most ancient of callings, manifestations of the divine glory that enter all unconsciously into the peasant's soul, and remain there silent and hidden for generations, just as light lies treasured in a coal mine. The night here depicted has been seen by all who care for nocturnal sublimities; a weird enchantment pervades the scene, a vast, hazy moon struggles with the darkness, the silence is only broken by the hooting of the owls or the croaking of the frogs. In the "*Berger gardant un troupeau*" we see man out of sympathy with Nature. The sun is rising with a burst of light over the trees, the distance laughs with joy as the shades of night vanish in clouds. But all the living creatures have their heads turned towards the darkness. The backs of the sheep are flooded with light; the shepherd, wrapped up in his great cloak and resting on his staff, with his foot bent on its side, as a man already tired of standing, is in deep shadow. His dark face, turned from the sun, suggests weariness and dull indifference.

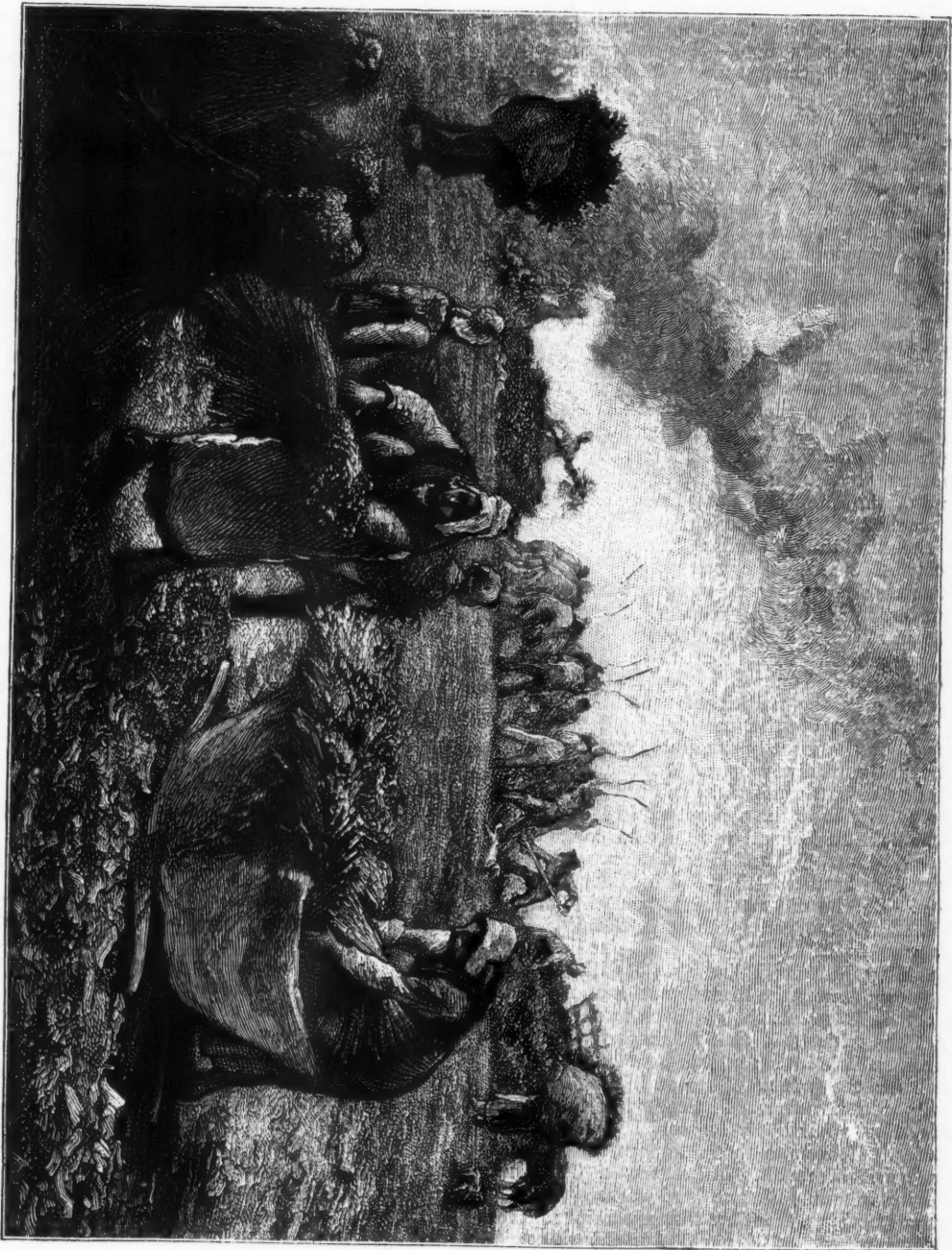
The mysterious influences of Nature being most deeply felt at the rising and the setting of the sun, Millet has most frequently chosen these times for his pictures. In "*La Récolte du Sarrazin*"* (*The Harvest of the Buckwheat*), the last moments of a day's toil are represented. The light is fast fading; the labourers intensify their energy. How assiduously the women gather up the sheaves, place them in the great baskets, and carry them across the field to deposit their contents in a heap near the threshing-ground. On the highest ground in the picture, standing out against the sky, are a group of perhaps twenty men, ranged in a circle, threshing as if for their lives. How the flails fly through the air, and yet with what rhythmic order they work! Their whiz and the dull thud as they fall on the buckwheat seem almost audible.

A still higher flight of poetry is attained in the profoundly solemn picture of "*Lé Semeur*." Alone, on the dark side of the hill, the sower descends into the valley, scattering the precious seed with rhythmic step and cadenced movement of the arm. His face, partially hidden by his time-worn hat, has a solemn, upward look. A flock of birds rise

* As we have engraved this picture it may be interesting to state that the episode it represents is believed to have taken place near Cherbourg. Buckwheat is called *Ble Sarrazin* in France, its introduction into Europe being attributed to the Saracens, one account making the Moors bring it into Spain, from whence it spread northwards, another representing the Crusaders as bringing it from the East. It is cultivated on account of its seeds, which have a farinaceous character, and are nutritive for man or beast; they are said to be as good as barley for cattle, and better than oats for horses. Poultry are fond of it, and bees delight in its flowers. Its seeds are made into groats and taken in the form of pottage. Thin cakes are made of it in the United States, where it is a common crop. In Brittany it is cultivated as extensively as wheat. Where it forms the principal food of a people it is thought to have an injurious influence on the brain.

THE HARVEST OF THE BUCKWHEAT.

Uran Frangon Nihil.



behind him, while on the brow of the hill, in the yet full sunshine, a man is driving a plough. The effect is equal to Rembrandt, the thought simple and grand as Homer. "Ploughing in hope," "Sowing in tears;" were not these two thoughts in the mind of the artist who considered the Bible the painter's book—the book where he found, under the grandest forms, the most moving pictures?

The same religious sentiment pervades the picture, "*Paysan Greffant un Arbre*." A young peasant is driving a graft into an incision that he has made in the stock of a tree. His wife, with a babe in her arms, stands by, watching the act. Both have the solemn look of persons engaged in some religious rite. The whole colour of the picture and all its details are in harmony with this feeling. Man is here a co-worker with God.

But the religious sentiment which pervaded Millet's paintings from the time that he first began to follow his true vocation attains its highest expression in the "*Angelus*." It is that moment in the day when the whole creation is one in adoration. The sun has just passed away, and the purple afterglow suffuses all things. A man and a woman have been digging up potatoes, the sound of the *Angelus* floating through the air has just reached them, they have risen and are repeating the traditional words: "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*." The man stands solemn and motionless; the woman, her head bent, is wrapt in prayer. This painting, to our conception, exceeds in religious feeling anything the mediæval artists produced. Millet's critics could not enter into this; they only saw that he had wholly departed from the traditional peasant of French art, the Colin of the pastorals and the *opera comique*, or the equally fanciful though grander type that Greuze always gave. According to them, Millet's peasants were *crétins* and idiots. But the great painter knew the peasant world in a manner of which the Parisian art-world had no conception. These peasants, dull and labour-laden, were more to him than brothers—they had his deepest veneration. But he did not paint them thus in the spirit of the modern social vivisectionist. The man who could say, "O my God, one is happy under Thy heaven; I know no joy like that of lying down among the heather and contemplating the clouds," was incapable of such morbid work.

Yet the critics said that he was painting with some socialistic intention, that he wanted to make people feel the sadness of human life. There has hardly been, however, a Frenchman of this generation less affected by its social and political theories. If ever he thought about them, it was in a spirit of revolt. Millet was a Christian, believing in family life and hard work.

It was nothing, then, but that mysterious power which we vaguely call genius. And this great gift exhibited itself with such consistent fulness in Millet because he had turned his back on fashion and the world. His work was the more in harmony with the spirit of that Divine Brother, of whom we read that He sighed deeply, that He groaned inwardly, that He wept as He beheld human sorrow. A man who worked in a garden,

resounding with the games and laughter of children, who sat at every meal surrounded by a patriarchal family, who in the evening took the little ones on his knees, sang them old Norman songs, or told them tales, could be no melancholy dreamer. Yet Millet said, "It is never the joyous side of art that appears to me. I do not know where it is, I have never seen it. That which seems to me most gay is the calm silence which one enjoys so deliciously, either in forests or cultivated places. You are seated under the trees, enjoying all the happiness you can, out of some narrow path comes a poor figure loaded with a fagot. In ploughed lands, and some times inland scarcely arable, you see figures digging or picking. From time to time you see them straighten themselves and wipe the sweat off their brows with the back of the hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the labour; gay and sportive, in which some people would have us believe? It is there, however, that I find man as he really is, and the highest poetry."

Therefore he did not fear to show this true humanity in its lowest estate. Not man the victim of vice, but man bearing the curse pronounced upon the earth, the conscript of labour, the vicarious sufferer who toils unrequited and despised that the bulk of men may live more agreeably.

Glance at his picture, "*Le Bécheur*." The painter has caught the moment when the labourer rises to stretch his aching back. He looks out sadly, dully, but without any thought of revolting against his lot. For a generation he has laboured in these fields, and he hopes to do so until the soil gives him a resting-place in its bosom. It was in the year 1863 that this picture and that of "*La Cardeuse*" were hung in the *Salon*. The war among the critics was furious. Some attacked "*Le Bécheur*" with a kind of ferocity; one declared "*La Cardeuse*" worthy to hang between an Andrea del Sarto and a Raphael. A picture still more calculated to excite the antipathy of the critics was the "*Vinegatherer Resting*." Every one had seen such men, brutalised by generations of heavy, exhaustive labour. This picture and that of "*Le Bécheur*" are the most ordinary episodes of rural life, in which, unless the spectator has some inkling of the tragedy, he will not be likely to see much of the profound and touching poetry with which they were rendered by Millet.

His drama, his poetry, were common life. He rarely sought the aid of a story to attract public interest. There is scarcely a fact in the daily toil of the peasant which he has omitted, from the labourer going to work in the cold dawn with his hoe over his shoulder and his hand in his pocket, to the close of the day when at the first warning of the night-dew he begins to fasten up his clothes. But it is in just such lives, always full of a quiet tragedy, that it often occurs in its most startling form. Millet has expressed this in his "*Mort du Bûcheron*" (Death of the Wood-cutter). And this grand work was actually among the pictures rejected by the jury of the *Salon* of 1859.

The painter's own life was an example of the kind of tragedy he depicted in those of his

brethren who still remained workers on the soil. With no extraordinary vicissitudes, it partook of the common lot of the poor. Except for three years, when he made a contract with a dealer, he never knew what it was to be free from anxiety. Hard, unrequited labour was his daily portion. Sometimes he suffered from headache for a whole week; now and then he had an alarming illness; at last, in the winter of 1874, he began to fail, and in January of the following year this noble-hearted peasant painter, gifted with strength of body, mind, and spirit, passed away.

Millet never sympathised with Paris, nor Paris with Millet. An exhibition of his works was opened, after his death, for the benefit of his widow and family, but, although kept open for a month, it only attracted 4,000 visitors. The Luxembourg, even now, contains but two of the *least* interesting of his paintings, neither of which show anything of his peculiar style and genius.

In 1849 he gladly quitted Paris, and went to live at Barbizon, a picturesque village on the skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Here he dwelt for twenty-one years in the same cottage. It had but three rooms when he took it; some more apartments were afterwards added, and an *atelier* built in the garden. Then to the garden were joined a poultry-yard and a small orchard. This little home was the scene of all his sorrows and of his many high and glorious consolations.

Those sorrows were innumerable, all, however, resulting from his steady refusal to be the slave of fashion. In his determination to remain a peasant to the end of his days, he set a noble example to a generation in which everybody is seized with the ignoble ambition to rise in society. Never did a man more truly fulfil the apostolic injunction, "Let every man abide in the calling wherein he was called." At Grouchy, at Paris, at Barbizon, he was always the same—the true-hearted, manly, cultured peasant. Never would he throw off the sabots; they became his insignia; and when admirers pestered him for a sketch, he always presented them with a pair of sabots. This refusal to claim any other status in society than that accorded the class in which he was born led to a real martyrdom. The tradesmen of the village refused him credit, and had little more compunc-

tion in sending the *huissiers* to his house with writs and legal instruments of torture in times of distress, through a series of pictures not selling, than they would to a labourer out of work. So little were his works esteemed during his lifetime, that for the "Angelus," last sold for 25,000 francs, he only received 2,000 (£80). One of the most painful results of this poverty was his inability to visit his old home for many years. He never again saw either his dear old grandmother or his mother, though they watched and prayed for his coming, and wrote touching, magnificent letters, for real feeling and glowing diction beyond anything written by brilliant women and by mothers equally tender and loving. So much for Nature, and the energising power of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Millet expressed his grief and theirs in a picture representing the aged Tobias and his wife going out of their city to look across the landscape for the longed-for figure of their absent son.

Yet he had his consolations. Besides his art, his family, his walks in the forest, he had his books, for it would be a great mistake to suppose this peasant painter was not a man of culture. After the Bible he loved Virgil, and still more Theocritus. Shakespeare he read in a translation. He not only admired the great poets of his own country and time, Victor Hugo and Lamartine, but also Robert Burns. He liked Chateaubriand, but not Balzac. It is easy to see that his taste in literature was as pure and lofty as in art.

But perhaps his best earthly consolations were the possession of a good wife and a few devoted friends. Alfred Sensier, a gentleman in one of the Government offices, who has written Millet's life, was a true and constant friend, ever ready to exert himself to the utmost in case of need. But the man who affected him most was Theodore Rousseau, the great landscape-painter. The two supported each other in their struggle against the vulgar taste; to it they consistently refused to make the least advance or concession. Rousseau was, in consequence, almost as badly treated by the public as Millet. Yet he found means to help his friend's greater necessities. Under the name of an imaginary American he bought the "Peasant Grafting a Tree" for 4,000 francs.

RICHARD HEATH.

Duty.

DUTY, to him whose life is wisely spent,
Who will not her authority impugn,
Is like some sweet and full-toned instrument
Which daily played upon is kept in tune.

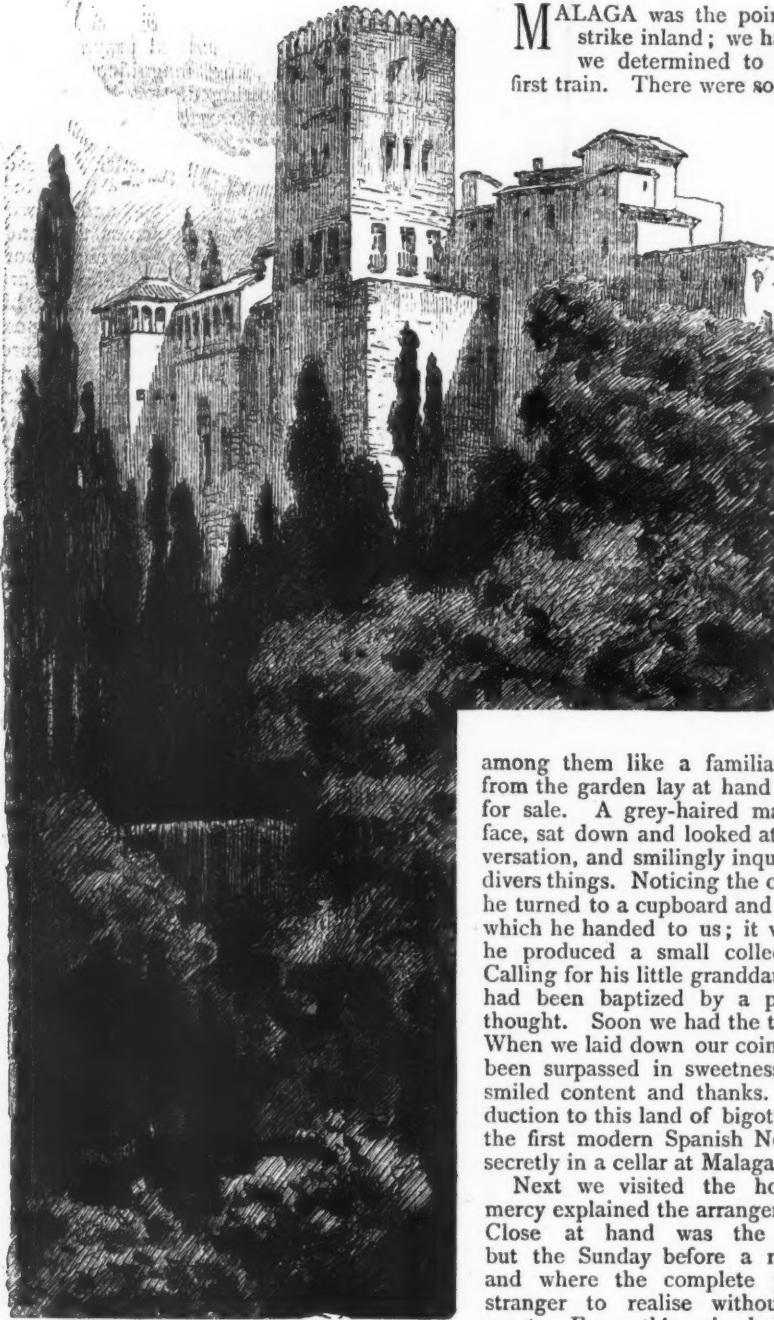
Slighted and cast aside, her charm is lost,
As notes neglected yield a harsher strain,
Compelling often labour, time, and cost
That harmony may be restored again.

Conscience awakened must with grief repair
What first but needed effort small and slight;
Let duty, therefore, be thy constant care,
And grown familiar she shall bring delight.

E. E. G.

A MONTH'S VOYAGE.

VI.—MALAGA.



THE ALHAMBRA.

MALAGA was the point from which we were to strike inland; we had lost so much time that we determined to go on to Granada by the first train. There were some hours, however, yet to spare. After a visit to the cathedral we wandered into the streets.

There were signs of breakfast going forward at a humble wayside house; wishing to make acquaintance with the people in their homes, we approached and asked whether we could be served with a like simple repast. A cleanly woman bade us welcome; a younger aid seized a goose-wing and began fanning the stove. A dark-featured Spaniard appeared, then went out in search of the necessary commodities. Fowls strutted round the little room and pecked at our feet; a cat moved in and out

among them like a familiar friend. Green produce from the garden lay at hand near the open door, as if for sale. A grey-haired man came in, with pleasant face, sat down and looked at us, then attempted a conversation, and smilingly inquired the English name for divers things. Noticing the clerical aspect of my friend, he turned to a cupboard and drew out a large volume, which he handed to us; it was a Spanish Bible: next he produced a small collection of Spanish hymns. Calling for his little granddaughter, he told us that she had been baptized by a pastor—"Americano," he thought. Soon we had the three generations round us. When we laid down our coin—for a meal not to have been surpassed in sweetness at the best hotel—they smiled content and thanks. It was a pleasant introduction to this land of bigotry. We do not forget that the first modern Spanish New Testament was printed secretly in a cellar at Malaga.

Next we visited the hospital, where a sister of mercy explained the arrangements in courteous French. Close at hand was the new Bull Ring, where but the Sunday before a matador had been gored, and where the complete paraphernalia enable the stranger to realise without witnessing the horrid sport. From the ruined Moorish castle above we admired the noble inland view. Shrill voices rose

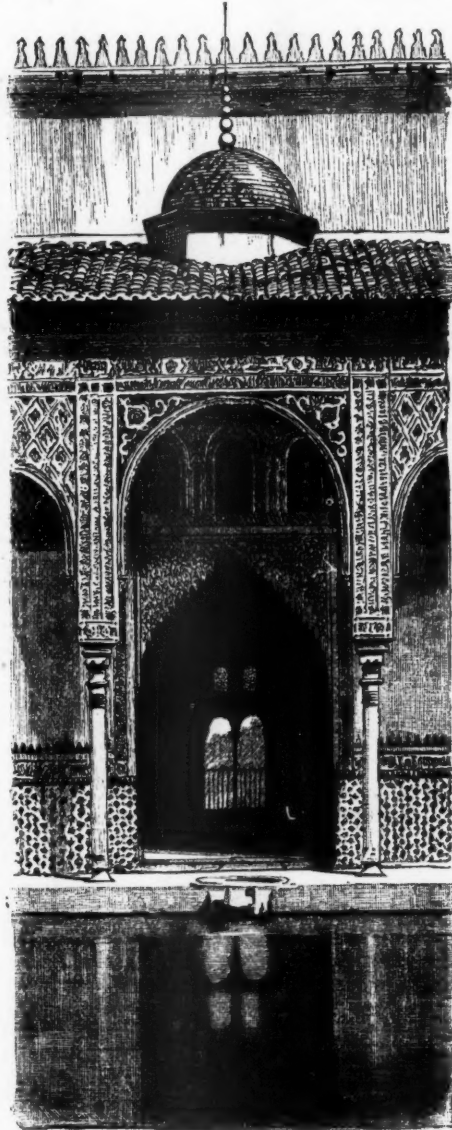
from far below—two Spanish women were exchanging blows. Very different was the sight which greeted us in the communal school, where a group of bright-faced boys were listening to an oral lesson. Malaga has been recommended as a resort for invalids; a great drawback is the defective drainage, which in some quarters diffuses a subtle pollution stronger than the sea-breeze.

From Malaga to Granada is a delightful ride. The sylvan landscapes of England cannot be surpassed; but here the charm of the south breaks upon the traveller at once. For a long distance the railway runs through a fertile valley, interlaced by a river that sometimes has the sweep of a torrent. On either hand are new growths of vegetation. The cactus does duty as hedge-row. The prickly pear runs beside the rail, in flower. The red pomegranate shows at intervals. Immense groves of orange-trees spread far and near, in a rotund wealth of foliage, many of them as large as our largest English apple-trees: the fruit on the bough at this season was scanty; not so in the profuse baskets thrust upon one at the first station. By a gradual ascent—with that bold engineering of which southern Europe offers more examples than our own island—we passed to quite different scenery, through rocky gorges, where we looked down into a whirling mountain stream far beneath. Then, the highest point reached, we began a swift descent, by curve after curve of inclines—“*facilis descensus*,” a passage which on the retrospect appeared really dangerous.

VII.—THE ALHAMBRA.

It was late when we reached Granada, and still later when we got to our hotel on the high ground of the Alhambra, beyond the city. We were soon out again. The moon was shining, and its attractions were irresistible. The road we took led into space; but yonder rose the towers of the far-famed Alhambra under the silvery sky. There was not a soul astir. We turned back under an arch, where there seemed to be a lane skirting the wall. The nightingales were singing. The beautiful trees were interwoven with light, and cast their own shadowy mosaic on our path. The fame-haunted ruin frowned above us; wall and tower alike looked vaster and loftier. We strolled on like two privileged mortals. There was nothing to break the silence but the birds and the murmur of the waters, flowing melodiously down the hill. It was impossible to wish for anything more beautiful, more poetic. This was the Alhambra, in the full halo of romance—transfigured to the imagination in the solemn silence of night, and clothed with the veiling splendour of the moon. Reaching the foot of the hill we crossed a narrow bridge, and, following our circuit, presently found ourselves again in the town. The inhabitants had put out their lights and were asleep. We passed several sworded guardians of the peace, each carrying his lantern, who civilly returned our “Good night.” Quaint figures they were, reminders of the “Charlies” of old English story. In particular I remember one very old man, whom we met on a subse-

quent evening; he carried a weapon much like a broomstick with a carving-knife stuck into the top, and gave ever and anon a shrill and prolonged whistle. Bearing now still in our circle, we passed under one of the city gates, and up under a thick grove of elms, whose shadowy branches made a great darkness—the elms that the Duke of Wellington planted—while the water ran gurgling

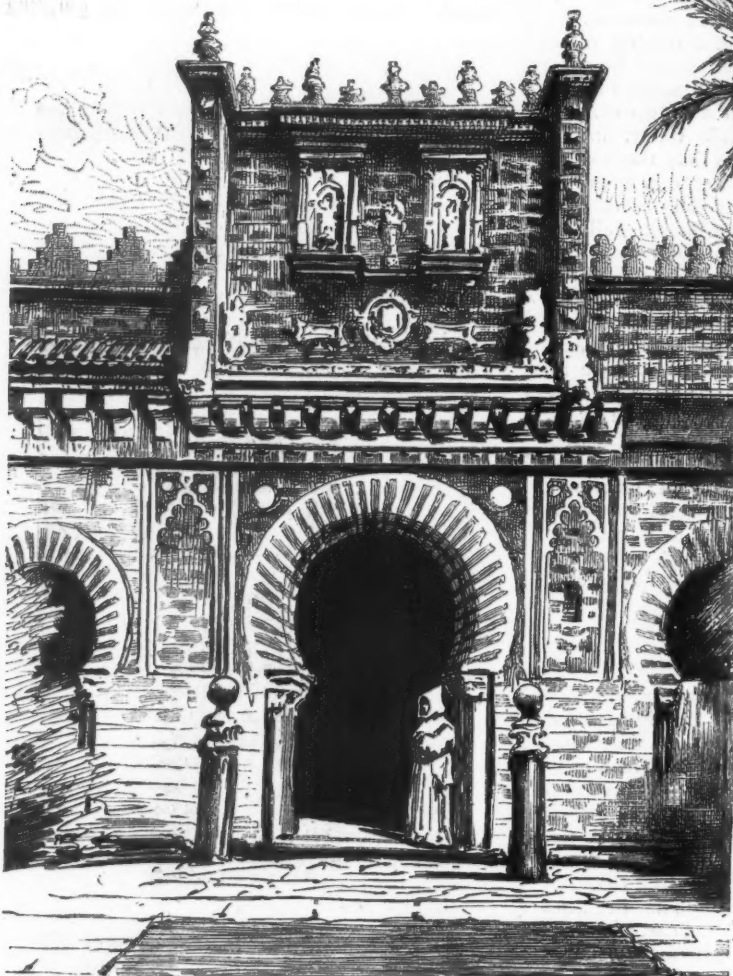


ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS.

down on either side of the road, as musical in the gloom as in the light. It was some time past midnight when we reached our hotel.

We were at one point not far from the gipsy caves. It was, perhaps, as well that our ramble did not take us farther in that direction. There are now about 14,000 gipsies located in Granada and its neighbourhood. One colony still keeps

possession of the caverned dwellings, cut into the rock above the town. We walked round that way on a subsequent occasion, with a gipsy guide, whose presence proved serviceable. Some friends who went alone were roughly treated, and stoned as they withdrew. A crowd of pertinacious beggars beset us—children and women of all ages, the



ENTRANCE TO THE MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

young girls posing to be sketched or clanging their castanets as a prelude to a dance. We entered several of the dwellings; they may be called "dens and caves," but many a hovel nearer home shows equal degradation. There were faces fair, and faces swarthy—varieties of feature which suggested a mixture of blood. Some few splendid specimens of the race we met in the streets.

Granada teems with historic interest, but it is beside our purpose to dwell on such associations. In the cathedral rest the ashes of Ferdinand and Isabella. We had entered the building, tired with searching for the only evangelist whose name we knew, and who chanced to be absent preaching in the villages—(no formal service is allowed): it was

Sunday; mass was long over, and lock after lock clicked in our hearing as we lingered amongst these relics of a great age. Other relics awakened other feelings—for example, the scourging post to which our Lord was bound! Not a footfall stirred the echoes of the imposing, if somewhat barbaric, structure; we were alone in the silence. When at last the janitor had done his utmost with the clanking keys, we followed him into an obscure chamber and passed out by a private door. Then we entered what seemed to be "a people's church;" it was quite full; there was much devout listening to the *silences* of the droning priest, who stood with his back to the congrega-

tion; and there was a multitudinous making of the sign of the cross; but the gewgaw decorations reminded us of Naples: it is not high religious art here more than at home which moves the masses. So the day sped. We had retired to rest when we were aroused at a late hour by the frequent firing of rockets and the strains of a band of music, followed by loud cheers. One of the most noted violinists in Spain had been playing at the theatre, and the applauding crowd had escorted him to his hotel, in the fashion of Granada.

There was time before breakfast the next morning to visit the Generalife on the higher ground adjacent—a summer palace of the Moorish kings, in the antique gardens of which, amid cypress

and myrtle* and gleaming orange-tree, the water still sings its cool song, leaping from many fountains, and chasing its own music from terrace to terrace, down the grooved balusters, in happy art. A political banquet was to be given there that evening, and it was pleasant to find the dead past thus ministering to the living present. The remainder of the day was devoted to an exploration of the Alhambra itself.

While my friend sketched, I indulged in a dreamy rest on one of the terraces. Roses clustered thickly over my head; nightingales trilled deliciously in the wooded slopes below; while a flood of light was scattering the mists on the vast plain, or "vega," beyond, the scene of so many a combat. The horizon at every point was bounded by hills; yonder was the range that once divided Moslem and Christian territory; and to the north rose the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, a splendid spectacle as they now glistened in the sun. I returned to that spot more than once. What a land for painters! But even they could not reproduce these vast effects. While I look the skies are changing. The mountains have come nearer; waves of shadows glide across the vega, and break silently at the base of the hills; purple mists gather along these lower crests, while from an opposite direction a silver cloud approaches like a soft exhalation from above, at first bright with radiating beams, but soon hiding everything from view. Presently the sound of distant thunder is heard, the day darkens, and the storm passes quickly with a peal across the plain.

The Alhambra has been often described, with its ruddy walls and spacious courts. How extensive the ruin perhaps few know of the many who have admired the toy (but skilful) reproduction in our own Crystal Palace. The vast structure is now carefully preserved. Some attempt has been made to restore the colour, but the inner walls for the most part present their delicate traceries unadorned. The palace which Charles v began to build within the enclosure still stands roofless, in unsightly contrast with its surroundings, and serves but to stamp an epoch or "point a moral." As one passes from point to point, the secret of Moorish art does not reveal itself at a glance. There is no dominant impression here such as is produced by the lines of a Gothic ruin, or felt among the broken pillars of Greece and Rome. But those Moors were not voluptuous dreamers. If there be, as has been suggested, the subtilty of a crafty nature in these traceries, there are also patience and persistence, and the mastery of detail; while that one great saying, "And there is no conqueror but God," so constantly woven into the decorations, is enough to evidence a religious enthusiasm which could see beyond the dim confusions of time. It is true the same forms are repeated; we miss the freedom of other climes, alike the flowing lines

of human beauty and the foliage grace of nature. But these people grew to power under different conditions of sky and earth; hot suns and yellow sands make their own architecture.

VIII.—FROM GRANADA TO CADIZ.

With reluctance we tore ourselves from this enchanting spot. Much remained unseen. Granada, with its tortuous and gutter-like streets, had tired us; but the air and peaceful quiet of these guardian hills were refreshing; they lie two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. At a very early hour we started for Cordova. The railway carried us for miles through vast olive groves that stretched over plain and hill, in serried ranks like the numberless hosts of Xerxes—the trees being planted apart, in careful order, and far as eye could reach. It was midday when we reached our destination; and we made our way at once to the cathedral, which was the chief motive of our visit. Every one is supposed to know the story of this great converted mosque, which once competed in fame with Jerusalem and Mecca, and where a thousand columns of granite, jasper, porphyry, and many-hued marble still stand, artistically linked by the Moorish double-arch above. A modern choir is grotesquely planted in the midst. "You have built here," said Charles v to the chapter, "what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world." We stayed to vespers. Our little party were the only attendants. The organ pealed in magnificent tones; the incense filled the choir. Says Tennyson:

"The whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Well would it be if
these quiet hours of
lonely worship were
a part of that great



BY THE ROADSIDE

bond of prayer; but never had we witnessed such a reckless bearing within sacred precincts, or such apparent absence of true devotion. Cordova is a dead city of the type to which Pisa and Sienna belong; and yet wonderfully attractive in its traditions, and not without interest now. The "Cordwainers" owe their name and their art to these narrow streets. The tall white houses cast a grateful shade; and palmy gardens and myrtle-girded patios tempt the eye; but like the Guadalquivir, sweeping yonder beneath the old bridge, unconscious of the sixteen buttressed arches which Cordova praises, we must on—on to our goal, which is also the sea.

I had elected to rejoin the ship at Cadiz; my friend and cabin companion had determined to strike northward to Madrid, and across the Pyrenees home; so here we parted. Joining other fellow-voyagers, I travelled forward the same night to Seville. The capital of Andalusia cannot be pictured in a passing note. Early in the day we visited the tobacco manufactory (a Government monopoly), where peasant women by hundreds were making cigars, the bright colours they wore turning the large rooms into gay parterres. In the evening we watched the rank and fashion of southern Spain streaming along the river bank. There were other contrasts as interesting—Christian and Infidel art in close proximity. The Cathedral is worthy of the fame which ranks it with the noblest in Europe. The exterior is plain and unattractive; the effect of the interior is injured by the projection of the choir; but those tremendous columns have a lofty majesty which cannot be surpassed. The beautiful Giralda rises close at hand; so fair is it that the Moors, when Seville was conquered by Ferdinand, proposed to destroy it that it might not fall into the hands of their enemy—a purpose which was only checked by the threat of the victor that if they did so the whole city should be sacked. The Alcazar, with its gardens, if the most renowned, is but one of many buildings which invite attention. We traverse another field of associations when we remember that the Inquisition had once its head-quarters here. Seville also was the birthplace of Murillo; his Holy Children and his Saints, as we see them here, have, with some conspicuous exceptions, a somewhat earthy look, lacking the higher idealisation. We cannot but wish that his great genius had not companied with Beggars; and yet there is abundant evidence that his imagination felt the kindling glow of "that light which never was on sea or land." Having regard to the cruel dogma and pompous rites which ruled about him, one noteworthy fact is the simplicity of the thought embodied in some of his cathedral pictures, as, for example, where an Angel is shown directing a little child to look from earth towards the Light, or where S. Antonio in his cell is represented as drawing the Child Jesus nearer by his prayers. From contemplations of this sort the stranger turns to the manners and customs of to-day. We visited, of course, the Bull Ring, whose bare seats would accommodate 11,000 spectators. The doors were scarred with gashes from the horns of

infuriated animals. Not a little startling was the matadors' room, for cases of injury: two beds, an operating table—on one wall a picture of Mary and the Child Jesus, on another a cupboard, which, when unlocked, showed a shrine, with candles and furniture complete. The man of whose wounds we had heard at Malaga was announced to appear on the next occasion. Some of these matadors make large sums: we were told of one who received £6,000 a year, but I dare not vouch for the figures. We took part also in a *funcion* illustrative of the traditional songs and dances of the Spanish gipsies. It was simple enough in preparation, and yet marred by a touch of artificial vulgarity. Some of these songs are believed to be relics of old-world music. The hand-clapping recalled our Moorish experience. Doubtless the hand was the first accompaniment to human song; but we did not know till now of what emotion it was capable.

Our next stage brought us to Cadiz. The town is built of white stone, and is bright and angular, with vistas of long green-balconied streets. We were struck in the shops, here as elsewhere, with the gulf between our common English and this Spanish life: the children's toys were roughly cut and unsightly; and the literature offered for sale would have disgraced a third-rate publisher at home. Even the fans, which a Spanish woman may own by the dozen, appeared to us sadly lacking in artistic quality; the scenes of the bull ring formed a very frequent adornment on those of native production. The city shone in clear outline as we rowed across to our ship, three miles on the other side of the bay, beneath one of the loveliest evening skies it was our good fortune to enjoy. The next morning there was time to land on the opposite shore; and we had a charming ramble, amongst the wild flowers and lizards and *saitpans* for which the region is famous, a large trade in salt being carried on with Newfoundland from this quarter. Once a "gamekeeper," gun in hand, started up from his bushy concealment, but it was only to give a kindly direction when he saw us entangled in a mesh of waters. For a brief space we sought rest in the only wayside hostel; it was little more than a shed. A decrepid old man, clad in the brightest yellow trousers, did the duties. In one corner sat a pretty little lass, carefully turning over a blanket, for reasons explained by the live stock around her. Her father came in with his gun, and soon made it clear to us, by a most humorous pose of cap and shoulders, that he recognised the authority of the Civil Guard, at least as regarded the use of firearms. The child nestled to his side, in a sweet picture of perfect trust and happiness—the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. But the hour for departure had arrived.

IX.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

Through calm luxurious seas our ship faced homeward. There was a brief pause the next day off Porto Mao, to take in cork. We took the opportunity to row ashore—three pleasant miles across a tranquil bay—and picnicked grotesquely in the little village; while every man or woman

who had a fowl to sell came hastening with it under his arm for the ship's steward. Soon again we were among historic associations, rounding rocky Cape St. Vincent, where Nelson won the day in memorable departure from the orders he had received; and whence, centuries before, the fabled ravens had accompanied the ship that bore home the body of the saint—an incident duly signalled by the maintenance ever after of two ravens in the cathedral at Lisbon, where his bones repose. And now, blow, winds! We are moving northward.

It was Sunday morning when we reached Lisbon, and went ashore to enjoy a quiet, restful day. In the afternoon we visited the convent building where now both the Bible and Tract Societies have found a home, and other good work is carried on under Presbyterian guidance, a most interesting transformation. The usual Sunday bull-fight was meanwhile going forward. In Portugal the sport is so far restrained that the bull's horns are tipped with wood, and neither bull nor horse is killed; but these entertainments appeared to have but a partial attraction. One church we entered was crowded with people listening to some orator of the pulpit. In the evening bands play in the public gardens, and it is the custom to reserve a space near the orchestra for a children's dance, while parents or guardians sit round. The next day we had time to cross the Tagus, and, once more donkey-back, surveyed the city from the opposite hills; skirting, as we returned, the Pombal estates, which still bear the name of one of Lisbon's greatest men, distinguished by his noble bearing in the midst of the earthquake.

On the homeward voyage we called at Vigo, on

the north-west coast of Spain. Its beautiful double bay combines the charms of sea and lake; and its fair, finely-featured, gaily-costumed peasants present quite a new type of interest. Northward again! The Bay of Biscay was asleep. The English Channel had not a ripple, it was literally like glass; but there we met a dense fog. All night one hoarse signal answered to another, and by day, as we crept along, the horns of unseen ships sounded like the perpetual lowing of Neptune's cattle. Such fogs are trying both to skill and patience, but they are full of poetry and parable. Phantom forms loomed on our sight, and passed. Sometimes we saw only the hull of a vessel drifting by in mysterious gloom; then again, in mid-air, only the shadowy sails. Once the captain's call, "Have you seen anything?" came back like a mocking taunt echoed from the canvas of the ship with which he spoke. When the breeze came to our rescue we were nearing Dover; and when the fog lifted there were a hundred ships within sight. The sun shone upon us as we entered the Thames, and the bright verdure of early summer was on our English fields. The foul odours that met us at one point of the river told us that there were problems of civilisation still unsolved in our absence; and the clouds of smoke from factory chimneys nearer the Great City, that there were laws still broken.

We had been absent exactly thirty-one days. The voyager, who has time at his disposal, will do well to return by a later ship of the same line, as the terms allow; though there are great conveniences in retaining the same cabin. A favourable season should be chosen. Those who cannot enjoy the serener delights of yachting will find this a pleasurable trip.



GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VI.—THE LUDICROUS SIDE OF LIFE—(continued).

IN the delineation of the ludicrous side of life there is a great difference observable in the painter. Sidney Smith, in a lecture we have already quoted, says, "I wish, after all I have said about wit and humour, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition, but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture, but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good."

Here is the danger, in illustration of which there come so many instances from literary history. One of the best known of these, without doubt, is Brinsley Sheridan; and he does show in a remarkable manner how possible it is for a very faulty life to have a keen eye for the faults of others, and a sharp and hard-nibbed pen for setting forth those faults in epigram and caricature. His characters and pieces in general are thus as unnatural as his Mrs. Malaprop, the chief wit of whose character consisted in a singular perversion of the meanings of almost all the words she employed, as when she exclaims, "There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? an aspersion upon my parts of speech! sure if I reprehend anything in this world it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs." She thought that "a young lady ought to have a supercilious knowledge of accounts, and as she grew up she would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries. This is what I would have a woman know, and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it." As to somebody who had offended her, she desired that "he might be illiterated from her memory." This is very funny as caricature, but Sheridan's pieces, clever as they are, are mostly caricature; even the "School for Scandal," the most popular of all his pieces, deserves this characterisation, of course at many points, as when he makes Joseph Surface say, "Whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when candour undertakes their defence." Even Sheridan himself, however, in this very piece, seems to confirm the verdict of Sidney Smith when he says, "If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those

who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, heaven grant me a double portion of dulness, for if they appear more ill-natured than they are, and have no malice at heart, their conduct is still more contemptible, for nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind."

These remarks apply very much to the comic dramatists of the Restoration. What a character that is which Lord Macaulay gives of them when speaking of Wycherley, Vanburgh, and Congreve; we find ourselves in a world in which the "ladies are like very profligate, impudent, and unfeeling men, and the men too bad for any place but Pandemonium or Norfolk Island; we are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell." There was nothing remedial, nothing healthy in such wit as that in which these writers dared to indulge; the wit and the ridicule, their delineation of morals and manners, were alike indecent and disgusting; and we need not refer to them again, summarily dismissing them as illustrations of that wit which Sidney Smith describes as corrupting the understanding and the heart.

But to turn to another side, is it not true that the wiser Kings of Laughter teach us, even when they introduce us to the merely ludicrous side of life? From whom come the most chaste snowflakes of tenderness, sympathy, chastity, charity? who love the world most, who proffer the most consolatory words? who speak most truly, and naturally of their own sufferings? Is it not ever your good-tempered cheerful beings? We do not mean the mere merry man of the world, the stage clown, but the man who has learned to read the harmonies and coherences of things amidst worlds of disorder and misdoing; to whom beautiful forms have come amidst the fevers of pain, with whom a thousand bright and cheerful spirits have disported themselves, gentle, genial, gladsome, loving. We know how many persons dread the laughter, the so-called wit, the punster, but no one need dread this gentle being. Pretensive charlatans are the only beings we need dread, and of these again, let us say, their wounds irritate but do not hurt. The man who has entered into the meaning of laughter, who sees its wise *why* and *wherefore*, who sees that it has its sacred side, that it is the glass by which to detect folly by magnifying it, cannot recklessly and lavishly launch his shots around him; keen when he strikes, he will not strike till you deserve the blow, and it will be a blow for humanity and truth. Thomas Hood led a singularly suffering life; his words are redundant in racy humour, but it was he who

"Sang the song of the shirt."

How bright, how pointedly rememberable, are some of his words, as when he says to one who had found bitter fault with him :

"But you have been to Palestine—alas !
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther !"

Most persons regard laughter and the perception of the ridiculous as pleasant companions with whom we can be merry round the fire on winter nights, but few are they who rank these among the world's great reformers, and who, not only learn to laugh, but also laugh to learn. Even Dr. Thomas Brown, in his "Lectures on the Human Mind," saw little in laughter beyond its power to add to cheerfulness, although he does say : "The world's dread laugh, which even the firm philosopher is said to be scarcely able to scorn, cannot be scorned by those to whom the approbation of the world is what conscience is to the wise and virtuous ; and though that laugh is certainly not so unerring as the voice of moral judgment in the breast, it is still, as I have said, in far the greater number of cases, in accordance with it, and, when it differs, differs far more frequently in the degree of its censure or its praise, than in actual censure of what is praiseworthy or praise of what is wholly censurable." And in truth it should be so ; the man who laughs wisely can instruct us ; the fountains of this man's sympathies are easily moved, his mind is not only readily awakened by the ludicrous, but the influence of kindness and the impulses of love also readily stir his spirit ; in a word, he is deeply sympathetic with all the tones and utterances of nature. And thus it is that error is best confronted by a good-humoured face and smiling countenance. Angry sarcasms, biting, rankling words of venom, can effect but little for the world ; on the contrary, quiet innuendo and cheerful laughter have done and will do much. We would have all who wish to be teachers of their fellows to make men laugh in love, not in terror ; to fix their eyes on the bright ovals and orderly ways of nature, not on the sharp angles and crude crotchets of conventional men.

For although few men are capable of expressing the ludicrous or uttering the sharp periods of brilliant wit, who is insensible to the ludicrous when presented ? The ludicrous to the eye or the mind, the unwonted circumstance in strange association ? How fond we all are of the anecdote bringing to light some incongruity of character, some eccentricity of habit or manners. We enjoy those biographies which abound with such things. This is the region of mental and moral incongruities. All incongruity is ridiculous, but it is in these that the ludicrous becomes artistic and humane ; thus it is that the ludicrous pierces the sophisms of books and the sophisms of life, for our mental and moral incongruities are to be sought for there ; sometimes incongruity has been employed to demolish an argument, sometimes to exhibit a character.

It is noticeable how often the shafts of wit and

humour result from a kind of reservation or secrecy in which the author was hugging himself, keeping his readers in mystery as to what he was about so as to startle them the more. The following scene from Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" is excellent in this. Adriana is led on to criminate herself as she piles up her accusations against her husband ; and in the last line the laugh is turned against her by the reply of the abbess.

"Abbess. Be quiet, people ; wherefore throng you hither ?
Adriana. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence ;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Merchant. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was ;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea ?
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing,
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Happly in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference :
In bed he slept not for my urging it ;
At board he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company, I often glanced at it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad !"

The shock of surprise, it has often been said, is one of the chief characteristics of the humorous and the witty, whether regarded as in the actual circumstances of life, or in such a scene as that we have but just quoted. Tieck, one of the great humorists of Germany, in his "History of the Schildburgers," notices that in the meeting of the town council, aldermen and councilmen were in the habit of looking out of the window ; it was resolved, therefore, that the windows of the town hall are a great impediment to public business. It was further resolved that they should be fastened up. But what was the surprise of these worthy Schildburgers at their next meeting to find that they had no light ; and now, as their business was before intercepted by a too excursive observation, it was now prevented by the impossibility of making any observations at all. This reminds us, even while we are writing, of a story not unlike it, which is said to have had an American origin. It appears to have been in all seriousness that the following resolutions were passed by the Board of Council in Mississippi : "1st. Resolved by this

Council that we build a new jail. 2nd. Resolved that the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail. 3rd. Resolved that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished."

Miss Edgeworth, in her "Essay on Irish Bulls," says, "That many bulls reputed to be born and bred in Ireland are of foreign extraction, and many more, supposed to be unrivalled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital points." This which we have just quoted seems quite to confirm Miss Edgeworth's remark. We have referred to it, however, as illustrating that ludicrous side of life in which the ludicrous impression is derived very greatly from the surprise. A number of these mirth-provoking replies seem to derive their pith from this impression. "Don't come here again," said a magistrate to an Irishman. "I wouldn't have come this time if the constable hadn't brought me!" A North-*British* editor remarks upon the annoyance of the law for the registration of births as perplexing to many: "The following dialogue is said to have taken place in a parish in Forfarshire—where, as elsewhere in the Highlands, 'she' and 'her' are often used for 'he' and 'him': Registrar, to the woman wishing the birth of her son registered, 'And the name of the child is John?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Is she male or female?' 'Male, sir.' 'Is she your own child?' 'He is, sir.' 'And was you present at his birth?' (Exit the woman, in perfect astonishment.)"

But, indeed, such illustrations of the ludicrous side of life are constantly occurring possibly in the experience of every reader. In the town in which the present writer is living, and where this present paper is being written, last year, in the bitterest season, a resident was boasting of a certain feat of benevolence performed that very afternoon. A good landlady was describing the wretched condition of some poor wanderer who came to the door, and to whose pleadings she could not turn an unsympathetic or indifferent ear. "I was obliged," said she, "to go in and cut off a thorough good bit of bread and bring it out—to be sure, it was *the lodger's loaf*, but it was all the same, you know."

Such things are happening every day: the humorist cannot overcolour them, and when such anecdotes are mentioned, or by the pen of fancy such incidents find their way into pages where they are pleasantly amplified, it is with no unkind temper, rather do they illustrate quite the opposite, and show how man is dear to man. The pride, the arrogance, and vanity of men; the narrowness and fanaticism, the selfishness, matchmaking, and scandal-mongering—these are all fair game for those who depict social foibles and characteristics. One writer, indeed, likens the folly and fruitlessness of such pride to the Egyptian kings who had their embalmed bodies preserved in massive pyramids and what seemed to them immortal tombs, but whose remains are now sold for medicine or burnt for fuel. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; mummy has become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." It is a wonderful lesson to those

who think so arrogantly of themselves. Beethoven, the immortal composer, it is said, had a brother who despised the great musician, and took every opportunity of making it known that, although he bore the same name, he was a very different person, and he always signed himself "Von Beethoven, landowner." There are those of whom Coleridge speaks, who "keep themselves alive by sucking the pores of their own self-importance." Who does not remember the old English duke, the dignified gentleman whose second wife was said to be the most beautiful woman in England. She came into the library one day, found his grace dosing in the arm-chair. One is almost surprised to hear that she knew the wretched mortal no better than to stoop down, put her arms round his neck, and give him a kiss which might have gladdened an emperor's heart. The duke, shocked at the outrage, sprang to his feet, lifted his head awfully, squared his aristocratic shoulders, and exclaimed, "Madam, my first wife was a Howard, and *she* never took such a liberty!" Perhaps it was the last time his wife ever offended him in that way, but it seems like a little side-light in the history of a heart which must have been hungry for such love as that pompous coronet could never confer. Amid such follies the social satirist has wide scope.

Ships in Collision.—Sir James D. H. Elphinstone, after the sad catastrophe of the Douro, wrote the following letter, the suggestion of which is excellent:—"Some forty-five years ago I commanded one of the largest ships belonging to the East India Company, with a crew of 170 men. My complement of boats, as usual in that service, were long boats and pinnace on the booms, two 14-oared Deal cutters on the quarters, gig and jolly boat on the stern. Adopting a plan common at that time in Bengal pilot brigs, I fitted my quarter-boats with puddings, cushions stuffed with coir-oakum, attached to their sides, which were removed in harbour, but applied whenever we went to sea. These cushions were fastened to the stem and extended along the whole sides sufficiently below the rowlocks to give free use to the oars, fastened to a wale streak secured to the thwart ends. With these fenders it is impossible to stove a boat in lowering. On one occasion, on the banks of Aghulhas, near the Cape of Good Hope, I had occasion to lower a boat down to pick a man up. It was blowing fresh and a good deal of sea on. The boat was fitted in the way I have described. She was lowered with the crew in her, fourteen men, an officer, and the coxswain, sixteen in all. She banged against the ship side enough to have stove her if not thus protected, and went straight into the water; the man was picked up, and the boat returned without having shipped a drop of water. The puddings prevent the sea from breaking in, and add most materially to the stability of the boats. There is no mistake greater than air-boxes inside a boat; they cut out space, and if broken serve to waterlog her, whereas the plan I recommend adds to the safety and stability. My boat came back on the occasion I refer to as dry as a bone. Now, as regards collisions, with which we must make our minds up to become even more familiar, every ship now with the sharp upright stem carries a fearful weapon of destruction, not only for herself, but her opponents. Why should not the genius of the architect, which has produced such marvellous improvements, originate some mode of parrying these blows? Can no buffer be invented affixed to each bow and projecting beyond the stem to deaden such a shock as the collision of two such bodies? Railway engines have buffers, why not steam ships? The great competition would be alleged as a grievance, but if all alike were so armed that would fall to the ground. Then, as a correspondent says, underwriters must be maintained, and so it will go on. And 'thieves must hang that jury-men may dine.'"

ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

PART II.—HINDRANCES.

VIII.—UNCERTAINTY OF PROVISION BY PERIODICAL PAYMENT THROUGH LIFE.

HOWEVER admirable, and deserving of extension, present facilities for thrift may be, it is obvious that though they supply, in many cases, a presumption, they can give no *perfect guarantee*, that the person availing himself of their advantages can never come to destitution.

A poor widow, who in her time had lived in good services, was asked the other day whether she had ever laid anything by. "Laid by, sir?" she replied, "that I have; three times in my life I saved between fifty and a hundred pounds, and I never mean to save another shilling!" "Dear me!" said her astonished questioner, "why should *you* think of leaving off, who know the value and have learned the habit of making provision for old age?" "Sir," was her answer, "I will tell you the plain truth. I have tried at it all my life in vain; I shall have to go to the work-house at last, in spite of all. There's no use in saving, as far as I can see; it makes no difference in the end, though one have slaved at it for forty years. I was twenty years in service; I paid my poor mother's rent all the time, and helped my sisters often out of my wages, for one of them was sickly, and the other had bad luck in her situations; when I left service to marry, at thirty-three years old, I had £90 laid by. And my husband was as good and hard-working a man as ever earned bread. My money just paid off to his building society the remainder of the cost of our house. But he only lived three years, and left me with two children. I slaved and drudged for them all I could, but times were bad and work uncertain, and I had to raise money on the house, till its value was all spent. That was the end of my first savings. Then I took my furniture and rented a bigger house, and took in lodgers, clerks and shopwomen, and such. They were quiet and honest, and I got on well, thank God, and managed again to save nearly seventy pounds, to apprentice my boy and girl. And that was the end of my second savings, and left me with nothing in the bank. My boy (he was a fine dashing lad, but thoughtless) was nearly out of his time, when he got into some bad idle company and ran off for a soldier; I bought him out for £10, and his master took him back again to finish his time. I never had to complain of him after that; but it was only for six months I had him; he was drowned in the Regent's Park when the ice broke some years ago. My daughter is the dearest girl in the world, and my heart was glad when she married a managing clerk in a merchant's office. He had nearly £200 a year, and I thought it a great rise in life for my child. He came to live

in my house, and, as you see, they have four little children to feed. I set myself to save up for my own old age; and I hoped to leave something behind me for my little grandchildren; they wouldn't want it, I thought, but still it was my fancy, and laying by was my habit. Well, sir, a year ago, when that baby was only a fortnight old, my son-in-law was taken up for embezzling £100 of his employer's money. He had been tempted by a speculation; it failed; he was distracted; he did not know I had a farthing; he took his master's money, and was detected. It nearly killed my poor girl. I went to his master. I had no excuse to make, for the case was plain; I begged and prayed him not to prosecute; at last he yielded on condition of the embezzled money being repaid. I had one hundred and three pounds laid by; I took it out and paid the money. My daughter's husband got off, but his character was gone. He is slaving now for £40 a year, and his heart is broken. I believe he is in a consumption, and won't live long. What we shall all do when he dies I can't tell; but that's the end of my last savings, and I'll never try to lay by any more."

Of course this is an exceptional case; but the principle it illustrates, that a great deal of money may be saved which, not being sunk at the same time for provident purposes, is liable to vanish without permanently benefiting the saver, is important to be kept in view, as tending in a very unexpected way to hinder thrift. All is not done in the way of secure providence by placing a certain sum in the savings' bank. We know this from the fact that of vast numbers of soldiers who regularly make deposits in their regimental banks, a large proportion, periodically and systematically, draw out their so-called savings as soon as they reach a certain sum, and spend the whole amount upon a "spree."

IX.—INSUFFICIENCY OF PRESENT PROVIDENT SOCIETIES TO MAKE THEIR MEMBERS FULLY SECURE AGAINST PAUPERISM.

Even our best friendly societies, as generally worked, do not *profess* to make eventual pauperism impossible to their members; and in saying this I only say what their own rules practically state for themselves. I do not myself know of a single existing society which *requires* every member to insure a pension for old age as well as a weekly provision for times of sickness. Many, indeed, offer *facilities* for such pension-assurance, but, so far as I know, they all are willing to accept members without it.

But we will suppose the strongest case, that every existing society *required* every member to be

insured for a pension in old age, say from his seventieth year, what security would exist for such a member being able to continue his periodical payments till so late a period? With very many the monthly or quarterly payment, which was easily spared in youth when they had neither wives nor families to support, becomes more difficult to save when expenses have increased; when, from failing strength, earnings have fallen and comforts become more necessary; and there is always the melancholy possibility that a long spell of want of work may terminate their club membership altogether, and leave to those who are better off, and able to continue their contributions, all the money the poor lapers have been laying by, perhaps for many years. The possibility of thus losing their membership and all their provision must be a fearful discouragement to many, who might otherwise be self-provided, but who feel that the great uncertainty attending their efforts makes the task of provision too difficult for them to undertake with reasonable hopes of success.

This is the reason why so very few pay in for pensions out of the vast number who join friendly societies for sick pay; their best efforts are paralysed by uncertainty of success.

X.—AMOUNT OF PAUPERISM PROVED TO OVERTAKE EVEN THRIFTY MEN.

A Parliamentary return, published, on Lord Lymington's motion, in August, 1881, gives the following lamentable summary of the failure to which the efforts at independence of even thrifty poor men are liable. According to this return, in 576 of our Union workhouses there are to be found adult male paupers who have been members of benefit societies, and the number of these poor men amounts to 11,304!

Leaving out of account from these all who left their benefit societies, either by ceasing to contribute, by withdrawal, or by dismissal, no fewer than 3,913 (or, in round numbers, about 4,000 men) were driven to the workhouse at last, *by the breaking up of their societies*, not by any improvidence of their own.

And of these men, 2,193 had contributed to benefit clubs for more than ten years, of whom 1,167 had done so for more than twenty years, and 555 poor, gallant, persevering, but unfortunate old fellows, had fought the hard battle of independence, month by month, for more than thirty years, and lost it in the end!

When some large middle or upper class insurance company collapses, and thousands of insurers are driven wild by the thought that the provision they have been making for their families is utterly lost, the newspapers are full of condolences and lamentation. But just as much misery and sorrow is being suffered every day, by the best and noblest of our poor labouring men, when benefit clubs break down and leave them old and destitute. Unhappily, public sympathy has so much to do in bewailing the people who lose sovereigns, that it cannot occupy itself with those who lose shillings, though the issue of the loss be just as

much a matter of life or death to the honest independence of the one class as of the other.

No one will wonder at my classing among the hindrances of thrift and providence the knowledge of such a state of things as Lord Lymington's return puts before the public. For many and many a poor fellow, desirous enough of independence, may turn away even from good friendly societies with distrust, on learning that so many men whose clubs had "stood" for more than thirty years, had been left disappointed paupers at the last.

XI.—IGNORANCE OF MEANS TO REMOVE THIS UNCERTAINTY BY PAYMENT IN LUMP SUMS AND IN ADVANCE.

It probably never enters the minds of most of these poor men that, once given a perfect security for the money they contributed, they might, with comparative ease, make this reception of old age pension as certain, humanly speaking, as daily sunrise. A man may at twenty years of age entertain the gravest doubt of being able, when he reaches sixty or sixty-five, to spare monthly sums for providing a pension to begin at seventy. But he can have no doubt whatever that, if he desire, he may exercise enough self-denial to save, in a year or two of youth, the whole sum necessary for such a purpose; and that, sinking it with, we will say, the post-office, he may be perfectly certain that nothing can ever deprive him of his pension if he live to the age at which he is entitled to claim it.

For one cash payment of £5, which a young man of twenty can easily save *if he choose*, he can (at that age) be assured a pension of ten pounds a year (or say four shillings a week) from the day he reaches seventy years, an amount considerably more than he would ever, if a pauper, receive from the poor-rates. Moreover, he might secure twice or thrice as much by paying twice or thrice five pounds.

Of course some will say that, no matter how cheaply this boon be offered, the man may die before seventy, and get nothing for his money. This objection shows an entire ignorance of the principle of insurance. An annuity insurance, like a sick-pay insurance, is made for a contingency or chance, not for a certainty. The lad who buys such a "Deferred Annuity," or claim to pension, as I have described, pays the price, not of a pension absolutely, but only of his own chance of living to draw the pension. If the money he paid in were to be handed back to his representatives in case of his dying before reaching seventy years, he would have to pay a greatly larger sum of money.

XII.—DELUSION OF FLATTERING WORKING MEN BY CALLING THEM GOOD FINANCIERS.

There is no more cruel and mischievous hindrance to thrift and providence than that caused either by the thoughtlessness or by the dishonesty of people who exclaim, "Leave the work-

ing man alone to make his own provision! He can manage his own affairs a great deal better than other people can manage them for him!" and so forth. A little reflection will show the folly of this assertion. Suppose the working man be a watchmaker, he will surely think it a folly if any one exclaims, "Let every shoemaker make his own watch." The calculation and investment of money, and specially the investment of savings in insurance, is a matter of special and difficult finance, the full theoretical and practical knowledge of which requires the careful study of years. The fact of a man "being a working man" in the sense of an artisan or an agricultural labourer, no more qualifies him to manage his fellow-workmen's savings than it qualifies him to make Gobelin tapestry or to draught Acts of Parliament. On the contrary, the fact of his working every day and all day long, with his hands, at other things, is a strong presumption that he has not had the leisure to make himself familiar with all the points to be considered by any one who would master this complicated and difficult finance.

And yet this foolish, wicked cry is so common as to make many people accept the claim it makes without reflecting on the matter for an instant. Let us look for its source. I have called it a foolish cry, so far as it arises from ignorance and self-conceit, and a wicked cry, so far as it proceeds, as it too often does, from selfish fraud. The members of bad friendly societies generally echo, as parrots might, the phrase their officials put in their mouths; but the officials start the cry to prevent their own robbery being brought to light. Here I am speaking, be it remembered, distinctly of *bad* societies, of the very many which never have been able to show an actuary's certificate of soundness for their tables, or a valuation, otherwise than deficient, of their funds. Their cry of "Leave the working man to manage his own friendly societies," amounts in plain English to saying "Leave the working man to be robbed by us as long as he has a shilling." No sound friendly society should be afraid of its accounts and management being open to the examination of skilled financiers, but it is the representatives of the unsound ones who, with good reason, dread the examination and exposure of their villainies. Because such societies as the Odd Fellows and Foresters have had the honesty to investigate their financial condition, and the courage to take proper measures for securing themselves from deficiencies, a multitude of swindlers shelter themselves under their wing, and pretend to regard every word said against bad clubs as being levelled against good ones. The pity is that, either ignorantly or thoughtlessly, *members and managers of good clubs* echo this cry from officials of bad ones, and thus, of their own accord, degrade their good organisations into the class of the bad ones, whose fraudulent managers have the best possible reason, by outcry and impudence, to object to light being let in upon their deeds of darkness, and to the working men whom they delude being warned against their plunderers.

So far I have been speaking of the interest fraudulent club-officials have in crying "Leave the

working man to manage his own business!" But, apart from all fraud, it is a very melancholy fact that a great number of the clubs which break from day to day do not break from fraud *but from ignorance*, and just *because* they are managed by working men who, though honest as the sun, and incapable of filching a sixpence from the funds, undertake, in the clubs they establish and manage, liabilities which actuaries, who understand the subject, know to be as impossible to meet eventually as it would be for any one to supply the public with half-sovereigns at one shilling a-piece.

The working-man branch secretary of a friendly society, which *by its own actuarial valuation* shows a fund of only £7,000 and a deficiency of £147,000, knows so little of the subject, and how deficiencies are estimated, that he writes to me denying the fact, on the ground that the society never had £147,000 to lose!

The friends of the independent "working man" should try to show him that no one who moots these matters wants to touch the money in his clubs, but only to secure him from its loss by either ignorant mismanagement or deliberate and cruel fraud.

And they should also know that the heads of great and prosperous organisations, such as the Odd Fellows, are not, as a rule, mere uneducated artisans, living by daily wages, as designing persons wish them to suppose.

XIII.—THE ASSUMPTION THAT ENOUGH IS DONE IN THE WAY OF THRIFT.

"Why," say some people, "should there be so much noise made about thrift and providence at the present time? There are so many members in friendly societies and burial societies, so many contributors to savings' banks, so many shareholders in building societies; there are so many public aids to thrift provided, and the education, which is now becoming universal, is so certain to make every one independent and provident, that we may be spared all trouble upon this subject, and may quiet our minds about it with the conviction that the social regeneration of our people, and their elevation above beggary and pauperism, is only a question of time."

This is the cry of the selfish and lazy; of those who do not care to consider the matter far enough to notice that every public aid, every new machinery, every improved opportunity provided for encouraging thrift, is, after all, in its very nature, offered to *only one class*, the class of the thrifty, who understand and do their social duty; and never touches at all the nature or the needs of the class of the wasteful, whom the best of banks, the best of counsel, the best of benefit societies, and other machinery, can never induce to lay a farthing by.

Some people tell us that enough is done when we give our people good organisations and sound security for all the providence they may be desirous of securing. This has not yet been done by very many degrees, and, were it done in the utmost imaginable fulness, it would never avail to

render independent the wasteful class whom all our efforts ought to keep in view.

XIV.—THE IGNORANCE EVEN OF THE CULTURED CLASSES ON THRIFT SUBJECTS.

This is the last of the obvious hindrances to thrift I will touch.

It is no very great wonder that the poor should be, as many of them are, careless and unthinking with regard to providence, and that the best of them should be so often discouraged from prudent courses by the failure, which beset so many noble efforts at independence, when we note how wonderfully little the "educated classes" of the community know *individually* on these important topics. Perhaps a good many of my readers, who have so far perused this set of papers (readers who unless caring for the subject would have left them unread altogether), may judge the general ignorance on these subjects by examining themselves as to their own previous knowledge, and by asking themselves how much they knew about them twelve months ago.

In a paper read at the Mansion House Thrift Conference in 1880, I made the following

suggestion to my hearers, which I will here repeat; namely, that, to measure the general ignorance of *educated men* on these points, they should each spend a single evening in trying to write down, for their own personal satisfaction, clear statements in answer to such a set of questions as these:

"What is providence? What is thrift? What are savings? What are savings' banks? How are they managed? Which sort are best? What security do they give? What is the principle of insurance? What is its practice? What is a benefit club? How is it secured? How can we judge it, so that in telling a servant or workman to join it, we shall know that we are not advising the poor fellow to fling his hardly-earned and hardly-spared savings into the sea? What are the hindrances in the way of poor men's providence? Can private efforts remove them? Can philanthropy? Can the nation itself?"

These are all questions which we should earnestly study ourselves, in order to be quite sure what we are about when we presume to censure the wastefulness of the thriftless and poor, far more, when we endeavour, as we ought, to guide and counsel, and secure the noble independence of our thrifty fellow-men.

WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER, MUSICIAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

II.

IT was a little before that I first grew acquainted with Wolcot. He gave me at different times many beautiful songs and other pieces of his charming poetry, of which I afterwards made great use. Wolcot is one of the few extraordinary men of the present times. In his poetry he is by turns vulgar, delicate, abusive, and sometimes sublime. He neither begs, borrows, nor steals, but is always himself and himself alone. His conversation is seldom entertaining, and never informing. "What mortal could suppose," said a lady, "that such a man had written so many fine things?" Wolcot began his career in the great world by abusing the painters and the king; but long before his "Exhibition Odes," he published a poem in the "Gentleman's Magazine," the subject "A Cornish Ball in a Barn," truly original and full of humour. His notes to Mrs. Robinson (published in her *Life*) are the prettiest of trifles.

When a composer feels himself equal to works of length and consequence, an oratorio is the thing which naturally occurs. "In respect of its consisting of Recitative, Songs, and Choruses (as Touchstone would say), I like it well, but because it is too long I like it not at all!" The length of one Part (improperly termed an Act) is sufficient to engage without fatiguing the attention. Conceiving this principle to be just, I fixed on Warton's "Ode to Fancy" as a proper piece for my purpose.

It never was well performed but once at Bath, when Miss Linley sang the principal soprano part.

My acquaintance with Sir Joshua Reynolds came on by degrees, commencing about this time. I sometimes met Mr. Burke at his table. He had a vehemence of conversation not always pleasant; but perhaps it was assumed on account of Sir Joshua's deafness.

Being at a loss for proper duets to teach those who were learning to sing, I composed two or three for that purpose. They were afterwards increased to twelve, and became my first Set of Canzonets. They were originally composed for a treble and a tenor, but knowing by experience that the public understand no clefs but the treble and bass, I was obliged to convert the tenor into a second treble, and frequently to alter the parts, much to its disadvantage. In this debased state they were printed, and I am truly hurt that I cannot publish them as they were at first composed. To the first canzonet, "Time has not thinned my flowing hair," I many years after added a chorus on the same subject which has often been performed.

For these canzonets there is a continual demand. I also composed about this time eight sonatas for the harpsichord, accompanied with two violins, tenor, and bass. They never were noticed by the public, but much approved in all private parties

where they were performed. I had the mortification lately to find that the plates were destroyed, so that, like my hymns, they only exist in the possession of private persons, who have many copies in print and in manuscript. I am sorry for the fate of this work for many reasons. They did me credit as compositions, and they were the most perfect specimens of musical engraving that has yet been produced.

I think it was about this period that I became acquainted with Goldsmith, whom I saw for the first time at Dr. Munckley's. Goldsmith was as yet unknown to the world. "I have invited," says the Doctor, "to meet you a person with whom I got acquainted at my country lodging. He is certainly a man of parts, but shy of conversation. I wish to assist him, if I knew how." With us was also Israel Mauduits, author of the very popular pamphlet (in its day), "Considerations on the German War." In the course of some years after this I met Goldsmith frequently at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when he was "rich in the world's regard." But by some means or other he never seemed to hold his level with the company; for if any joke was to be played off he was considered as the proper subject. Time revenges all injuries of this sort. I do not think Goldsmith's name will last for ever; but it will exist when that of his jokers will be forgotten.

It had been my wish to establish a periodical paper like the "Spectator." I have mentioned it at different periods of my life to various persons who were fit to be associated in such an undertaking, among others to Goldsmith. He much approved of the design, and it was so far advanced that we agreed to write forty papers each before the first publication, so that if we met with no assistance the work might still go on without interruption. By our living so far apart, and Goldsmith's unexpected death soon following, we had no further conversation on the subject, but I have no doubt that some little essays of his, which have since appeared, were intended for this work, as some of mine (published in the "Four Ages") were avowedly so. Conceiving myself, with proper preparation, capable of carrying on such a work, I proposed it to different booksellers, who, conceiving the design rather *antiquated*, refused to be concerned. I was assured that while the "Rambler" was a *periodical* publication, the booksellers got nothing by it; indeed, the author in the last paper rather hints its want of success.

As I write at a great distance of time from that part of my life to which this narrative is arrived, I cannot pretend to ascertain incidents by dates, nor indeed is it in general material, but I should have been glad to have said in what year it was that Kirkman the harpsichord-maker showed me at Mr. Jennings's in Great Ormond Street the *first pianoforte* that was ever seen in England. It came from Portugal, a country not famous for mechanical inventions, and it was about the shape and size of a Rucker harpsichord. The instrument was exceedingly imperfect, but as it afforded to the performer an opportunity of expression which the harpsichord had not, nor could have, I was much delighted with it, and recommended it strongly

to Kirkman's attention, at the same time assuring him that the period was not remote when the harpsichord would be disused. My prophecy has been fulfilled. If I rightly remember, Backer was the first maker of the grand pianoforte, and Zumpe of the small square one. To trace the improvements of this instrument to the present time is not to my purpose.

In the early days of Dr. Arne he published two books of Lyric Harmony, in which are some melodies very pretty and original. I liked them on the first hearing, and still hear them with pleasure. Four of these I considered as proper subjects for quartets; a song of Dr. Greene's and another of my own completed the set. These compositions will be found to differ exceedingly from what is called Harmonising, the latter being simply singing thorough-bass to a melody, the former are considered as subjects to be treated scientifically. Nothing takes more hold on the public ear than an old tune long approved and often sung; these quartets having these recommendations, produce all the effect and approbation I expected from them. I ought to have said that I introduced a movement of my own into Dr. Arne's "Where the Bee sucks."

I had now attained my forty-seventh year without having any other means of subsistence than what I laboured for. I embraced an opportunity offered me by the then organist of Exeter to succeed him in his place, which he resigned, for a pecuniary consideration, in my favour, as I had in my early days regularly officiated for Travers at the King's Chapel.

Cathedral duty was not new to me. I found a bad choir, which I was determined, if possible, to make a good one. By degrees I succeeded, and it is now (1801), and has been for many years, the best in the kingdom. Some time previous to this I had been in correspondence with Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, on the subject of the "Te Deum." We both agreed as to the proper division of the parts of that hymn, and having my own opinion aided by so very respectable a critic, I executed our joint ideas by composing my service in F. It is all in plain counterpoint from the beginning to the end. The same plan was continued through the Jubilate, Sanctus, Commandments, and Creed, and in the evening service as well. The effect was in all respects superior to my expectation.

The first time of performance, besides the usual congregation, the church was full of soldiers, who are always talkative and noisy. However, by degrees the noise abated, and they were all attention. I shall never forget the *diminuendo* of the buzz after the first response of the Commandments; by the time it had been three times repeated the whole congregation was as silent as if the church had been vacant.

It may be proper to show in what respect this composition differs from others of the same kind. Every preceding service in the church is in point of modulation unlike any other composition, nay, it is unlike anthems, the other musical pieces of a cathedral. A composer, as is well known to musicians, modulates from the key to its fifth,

sixth, fourth, etc., once and once only; in the old services these modulations are made and quitted over and over again. Seeing no reason why the modulations in services might not be upon the same principle as in other compositions, I proceeded in the usual method, and never returned to a key when I had quitted it; this rule is observed in my other services, as well as the proper accent and emphasis of the words, together with their expression. I varied from the usual score of treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, partly from the imperfect state of the choir and partly from an inclination to adapt the instrumental plan to voices, which, being first and second violin, alto, and bass, I had first and second treble, tenor, and bass. This had its advantages by the second treble being nearer connected with the first, although it loses in being deprived of the spirit of the counter-tenor.

Many years after I recomposed this service for five parts, when the alto was added. My service in F was soon followed by another in E, four sharps. About this time I made the anthem of "I beheld, and lo a great multitude," when I first conceived the idea of considering the organ not as the double of the singing parts, but as a band accompanying the choir; in consequence it differed from the voices in some parts, and sustained them in others, much upon the plan of Handel's choruses. The effect answered my expectation, and I afterwards made many other anthems upon the same principle.

I do not recollect anything particular in my literary pursuits at this time. I continued to improve myself in the French and Italian languages, and at times read Terence and Virgil. Parts of Chaucer and Spenser were familiar to me, but I never could read either of these poets from beginning to end. Butler was from my earliest days my travelling companion. I still think "Hudibras" contains the most in the smallest compass of any work existing. I am an exception to Johnson's remark on this work, for I certainly have read it through, nay, very often. He says no man ever accomplished it.

As I have mentioned Johnson's name, let it be one of my sinful confessions if I declare that, as an author, he never ranked so high in my estimation as in that of the world in general. Let us judge impartially of him from his works. Does it appear from them that he was acquainted with divinity, history, law, physic, mathematics, painting, music, natural philosophy, astronomy, or, without swelling the catalogue further, with *any one* of the whole circle of arts and sciences? No one, I suppose, can mistake my meaning so much as to compare the common knowledge which every one has with the full attainment which a student possesses, or that being a good Christian is being a good divine.

Johnson's poetry, and his style as well, had more of art than nature. His prettiest thing (I believe his last) is the little poem on the death of Levett. His dictionary is a much better book to read than to consult. The quotations are pleasant, but the words are worse explained than in other dictionaries. Who should undertake to explain English

words without being acquainted with our ancient language, or to make notes on Shakespeare without reading the authors of his time? Perhaps there never existed a man with talents for knowing so much who knew so little. But, if I have no opinion of his acquirements, to which I entirely confine my remarks, I have the greatest of his goodness. I do not mean his superstitions, but his domestic actions, in which his thousand acts of forbearance and active benevolence to those "who none would notice if he did not" (as he says himself) show a heart as much above what mankind usually possess, as was the world's opinion of his literary character.

When I had attained my fiftieth year I was engaged in composing the music for some operas, one of them being by General Burgoyne, entitled, the "Lord of the Manor." My church compositions increased fast. I composed at that time an evening service in E, three flats.

Most probably I composed many other things before 1785, when I interrupted the sameness of my life by making a little tour on the Continent.

Baby's Hat.

ONLY some crumpled satin,—a baby's hat that I
Take yearly from its hiding-place, and yet again put
by,
For memory fondly pictures the form of a little face
Peeping out soft and smiling from its nest of snowy lace.

Only a faded relic of the time when I was young,
Of the time when a pair of little arms about me fondly
clung;
Those arms still gather round me in many a sweet caress,
And I know with the growth of manhood he does not love
me less.

The heart must be very narrow that has only room for one,
And I love the gentle daughter brought home by my only
son;
For my darling gave me all his love in the spring-time of his
life,
And I am content to share it now with his children and his
wife.

My son is a fine bronzed soldier—a hero, too, they say—
And he laughs as he tells his mother how fast he is getting
grey;
But in thought I wander backward to the baby days of old,
And I see among the silver, streaks of the early gold.

It is only a nursery relic that I look at year by year,
But I put it back in its hiding-place with a smile that seems
a tear,
For somehow—all unbidden—comes o'er me a throb of pain,
When I think that the days of long ago will never come
again.

MARY FRANCES ADAMS.

AXEL SÖDERMAN.

BY MARY A. M. LOFFUS.

CHAPTER II.



AS Axel walked that afternoon along the dull and dusty road which leads to Old Upsala, he vainly tried to forget the librarian's strange words and still stranger manner. In vain he told himself that the words were the haphazard babble of an addled brain; he could not reason himself out of the fancy that they had some connection with the fascination which had so often drawn him hither. He climbed the centre mound, and sat long gazing over the wide plain. Upsala, with the red towers of the Cathedral, and the many-windowed walls of the Library, rising high above the tiled roofs, and the dark green of the trees in the Botanical-garden, seemed nearer than it really was. All round the horizon the dark blue lines of the pine-forests promised change from the monotony of the plain.

This was the burial-place—of whom? Who were those gods of old who yet could die and be buried? Thor, and Odin, and Frega, who were they? Only the Broken-spectres of history's foggy morning. Axel lived before the worship of the abstract was the established religion, and he was troubled with few historic doubts, as he sat on Odin's grave, thinking how the earth shook under him as he strode over the Lapland-plain, and how, in the depths of the pine-forests, Thor had met with bewildered travellers, known to them by his hammer, but mostly by the awfulness of his eyes. It was fitting, thought Axel, that they should be buried here, where they may keep watch and ward over the far-reaching plain, and where the sunset may look unhindered on their graves.

The village of Old Upsala is a little bower of orchards. The red houses nestle kindly into the motherly bosoms of the trees, from among which the church lifts up its white belfry close to the mounds. There is a friendliness and warmth in the aspect of the little village which strongly contrasts with the dreary monotony all around.

Axel saw that the church-door was open. He went in, crossing the little churchyard—so overgrown with trees that the sunbeams could hardly find their way in.

The church was larger than he had expected; it was high-roofed, and even the whitewash did not prevent its being very impressive. Above the plain wooden table, and under the window (whose only blazoning was the waving trees which swept it with their branches, and the blue sky), was an old wooden crucifix.

The pulpit stood against the whitewashed wall, half way down the church, and close by it was a clock in a long case, whose low ticking seemed to thrill through the empty church, and make the silence audible.

Axel went softly into a pew and sat down. He was naturally devout, but even his confirmation had scarcely made so profound and solemn an impression upon him as this House of God, with its image of the Christ upon the Rood, set up at the very foot of Odin's grave. The White Christ had triumphed. Here for ages His altar had stood, and His Gospel had been slowly and surely turning the hearts of the wild Northmen of old. Axel thought of Ragnar Lodbrog and the "Viper Song," and then of the kindly, honest people of his native village, and, for the first time in his life, the future shaped itself before him. The idea of becoming a pastor had of necessity often occurred to him, as a pastor's son, but hitherto he had shrunk from it. He craved for more adventure and excitement than he could find in such a life as his father's; but to-day, in this strange and solemn church, around which so many wild legends gathered, that life appeared to him as it had never appeared before. It was no longer narrow and monotonous. Here, with that old clock, like Time himself, ticking the years and the centuries in and out, the procession of the generations seemed to pass before him; and, like a half-remembered strain of music, one of his father's texts came into his mind, "He hath gathered together all things in Christ."

Not even the cathedral at Upsala had spoken to Axel's inmost soul as did this village church, whose shadowing trees were perhaps the direct descendants of those which grew in the Sacred Grove, where the blood of the victims had flowed, and the fierce Valhalla chants had been sung, a thousand years ago.

A thousand years! Axel thought that the clock ticked out the words—*A thousand years!*

And the years which went before? And the years to be? And the brief, uncertain life of man? Axel remembered his father's words—"He too, perhaps, will return a grey-haired man, with his son by his side;" and it seemed to him as though he could not endure to be separated from that dear father and the tender little mother for another day. Who could tell how soon the great separation might come?

* * *

The sounds of sweeping made by an ineffective broom brought Axel back to realities—as we are pleased to call that infinitesimal fraction, the present moment—that is, to the old woman who was cleaning the church, and to the sense of its being a Saturday afternoon. Which of us does not know it? and yet who can describe the conflicting sense of labour and rest, of completion and excitement, which we all more or less associate with Saturday afternoon?

The old crone did not interrupt her sweeping to acknowledge Axel's civil salutation, but he forgot the questions he would have asked her had she been more affable, in the sight which met his eyes, seen through the open church door. A girl sat on one of the graves close by the path. Her face was a little turned away, but Axel could see that it was delicately fair. One heavy plait of fair hair had slipped from its fastening, perhaps weighed down by the weight of the silver arrow which still transfixed it as it hung down, reaching to below her waist. She had a broad hat on her head, and her dress, simple as it was, was not that of a peasant. She was busily at work, making a wreath of white roses. A basketful of them stood on the grave beside her.

Very small things determine the courses of our lives, apparently. Had the girl not upset her basket of roses in turning to see who went by, Axel would have gone on his way without so much as seeing her face.

The girl hastily tried to save the basket, then, blushing very red, she began to pick them up. Axel was rather shy, but under the circumstances

it required more presence of mind to pass on than to stop and help her.

"Thank you," said she, when he presented her with a handful of roses. "It was very clumsy of me, and they were all arranged!"

It took some time to pick them all up, and Axel found courage to remark that he had never been here before, but that he hoped to come often.

"Have you a grave here?" asked the girl, fixing her sweet eyes upon him. "This is my mother's grave," she added in a lower voice; "she died when I was quite little, but I always keep her grave dressed with flowers in the summer, because she loved them so."

"My mother is still alive," said Axel, his thoughts in the church coming back to him like a sharp pang; "but she is a long way off."

There was a little pause, during which Axel found himself holding the unfinished wreath, while she deftly fastened on more roses.

"Are you a student?" asked the girl, more shyly than she had yet seemed.

"Yes," said Axel; and then a feeling he did not understand prompted him to add, blushing furiously, "Perhaps you think I look very young, but I am full sixteen—I was sixteen last March."

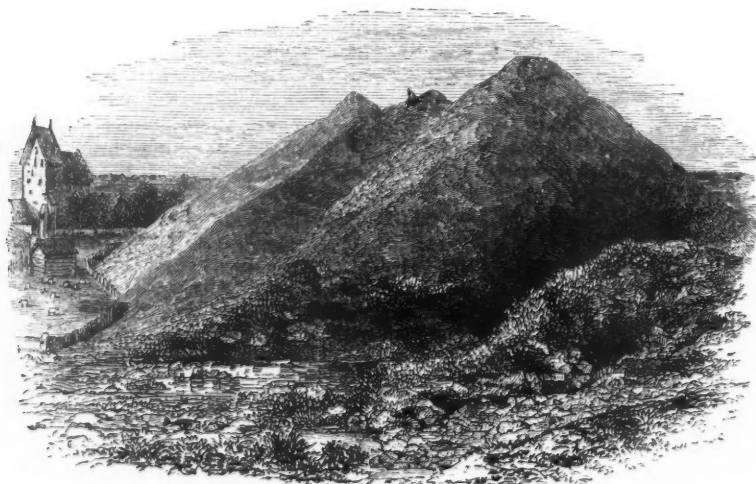
"I am older than you, then," said the girl, smiling frankly at him; "I am nearly seventeen."

After this a further exchange of confidences followed. Axel learnt that the girl's name was Ebba, and that she was the daughter of Professor Larsson. She had often heard her father speak of the good Pastor Söderman; but she had been from home for several months, and so had not heard that his son was coming to Upsala.

"I shall scold the little papa for not having told me," she said. "His mosses make him forget everything; but yet he is the kindest and best father in the world."

The rose-wreaths were finished, and Ebba laid them tenderly on the grave. It had only a wooden headstone, with the name and age of the professor's wife written upon it in black letters.

"My aunt does not like my putting flowers on



OLD UPSALA: THE TRADITIONAL GRAVES OF ODIN, THOR, AND FREYA.

the grave," said Ebba, standing a little aside, and looking thoughtfully down on the flowers; "she says it is so long since my mother died, and that it is time now to think of her only in glory. But yet"—Ebba spoke in a half-apologetic, half-pleading tone, folding her arms closer across her slender girlish bosom as she continued—"I like the people who walk past on Sundays to see that she is not forgotten. It is so sad to be forgotten. It always hurts me to think that people are forgotten," said Ebba, with a pleading look at Axel. "Once, when I was quite little, I made some garlands to lay on the mounds, it seemed so cruel to leave them there with only grass growing over them. But Uncle Dahl said that it was heathenish, and would not let me take them to the mounds."

"I have been thinking much of what is past and forgotten," said Axel, moved to open his whole heart to this girl who so felt the pathos of the forgotten graves. "This is a place to make one think of forgotten things; yet Old Jörgens advised me to come here to find forgetfulness."

"Poor Old Jörgens!" said Ebba; "how I pity him."

"He is happy; he has forgotten," said Axel.

"Do you think so?" cried Ebba. "Oh! no, no! It is so much better to remember. And, you know, he does not really forget, for he knows that he has forgotten. You have been very kind; I shall see you again at home, sometimes," and Ebba frankly gave him her hand. "Now I must go in to help my aunt."

Axel watched the light figure till it turned in at the parsonage gate, and then he walked slowly back to Upsala.

CHAPTER III.

THE week before the summer vacation, Professor Larsson invited such of his students as had given him satisfaction during the session to drink coffee at his house. Since his wife died, the professor had confined his hospitalities to these half-yearly receptions; at which he produced, for the benefit of each succeeding generation of students, the collection of Alpine mosses which he had made in his early manhood in Switzerland, during a walking excursion.

The good professor always made the same little speech at the close of the last lecture of the session, in which he referred to "the labours of the great Linné," and modestly remarked that he possessed a small collection of his own, which he hoped to have the pleasure of showing to such of the gentlemen of his class as were sufficiently advanced in their botanical studies to feel an interest in examining it. After which the professor would put on his gold-rimmed spectacles of portentous size, and which had the effect of magnifying his round, boiled-gooseberry eyes to cyclopean proportions, and say, with a benevolent smile, "Gentlemen, I wish you all a very profitable vacation."

Then he would abruptly disappear, to the clapping and drumming of his students, every one of whom invariably received a neatly folded note touched in exactly the same terms, and formally

requesting the pleasure of the respected Herr So-and-so's company at seven o'clock this evening.

Axel Söderman had written home with some pride to say that he had grown in body as well as in mind since he came to the university. But when he had carefully arranged himself in his Sunday suit (made by the best tailor in Linköping) he perceived that even the adding a cubit to one's stature has its disadvantages, and is no more an unalloyed good than any other earthly blessing. He had, with much trouble, brought his small clothes to a firm anchor at the knee; but no ingenuity could add the required cubit to the sleeves of his coat; and Axel could only comfort himself with the reflection that the sleeves looked long enough when he did not stretch out his arms, which there would surely be no need to do.

But, alas for delusive hopes! At sight of the professor, his hair brushed straight out in a stiff fringe round his bald head, and his eyes gleaming with benevolence through his goggles, Axel forgot all about the exigencies of his raiment, and in his haste to grasp the professor's extended hand, thrust out his own so indiscreetly that his sleeve forthwith retreated half-way up his arm (that rascally Linköping tailor was expressly enjoined to allow for Axel's growing!). The professor did not observe that anything was amiss, and shook Axel's hand slowly and deliberately while he said, "My dear young friend, the son of my dear old friend, I am very happy to see you! You have given me much satisfaction."

In his pleasure at this commendation, Axel recovered his self-possession so far that he was not much disconcerted at hearing one of the seniors titter, and whisper something to another, who replied, "Oh no, my dear fellow, that is the country cut."

At this Axel felt only indignant, and as though he would like to stretch out both his arms as far as he could, and take one deep breath (which would have split the coat to a dead certainty) and defy their ridicule. But at that moment he caught sight of Ebba pouring out coffee, and meanly drew in his arms, and made himself as small as he could, before he went up to her.

Ebba was shy at first, and Axel found himself sadly at a loss for conversation, until she said, "Have you seen Mr. Jörgens lately?" This was a good opening, and had there been no one else there, Axel could have spoken almost as freely as he did in the churchyard. But many of Axel's class-mates seemed to know Ebba better than he did, and he insensibly dropped into the background, where he was pounced upon by the professor, and carried off to see the huge portfolio, containing the famous collection.

Fröken Ebba was too amiable to snub the senior student, whose polite assurance had driven poor Axel out of the field; but she lost some of his cleverest speeches in trying to listen with one ear to what her father and Axel were saying. They sat at a table in the corner, a little behind her, and the portfolio was propped open, entirely hiding both Axel and the professor, but every now and then half a sentence of their talk was quite

audible to Ebba, and she could not fix her attention on the senior student, who was telling her of a Sunday he had once spent in Dalarne

"It must be a very pretty sight—I should like to see the boats coming over the lake," said Ebba, as he paused, and seemed to expect her to say something.

("It is a novel idea—you interest me exceedingly," said the invisible professor.)

"It is unique, I assure you," continued the senior student. "The sunshine, the panorama of hills, the dresses of the peasants, form altogether—"

("A very curious and interesting speculation, my dear young friend, and I should like to talk it over with you at my leisure"—from behind the portfolio.)

"Does the Fröken think she could persuade the Herr Papa?"

Ebba, who had not heard one single word of the senior student's neatly expressed hopes that

perhaps the Herr Professor could be prevailed upon to take his summer holiday in Dalarne (in which case the senior student privately resolved to take his holiday there also), looked at him absently, and must have betrayed her inattention, had not the portfolio at this moment luckily fallen down, with a clap which startled every one, even the senior student, who was not a nervous person.

Axel, who of course supposed that Ebba was listening all this time to the senior student, and who did not know that the earnest expression of her face was due to the fact that she was straining her ears in his own direction, felt somehow aggrieved. He knew that he had no right to complain. He knew that he had had as much notice as he could expect, and that he had not made the best of his opportunity when it had come. But he felt more homesick, more strange, than he had done for weeks; and he said "good night" early, and, not knowing what to be at, went slowly across to the library.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

MY HIGHLAND HARE.

COWPER'S "Epitaph on a Hare," the favourite Tiney, "suriest of his kind," will be familiar to our readers. They will also remember Mrs. Browning's allusion to the poet's friendship with these gentle creatures:—

"Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses."

In like spirit is Charles Tennyson Turner's less widely-known sonnet:—

"Hail, little triad, peeping from the fern,
Ye have a place to fill, a name to earn;
Far from the copse your tender duty lies,
To soothe a heart too sad for trust or prayer,
To gambol round a woe ye cannot share,
And mix your woodland breath with Cowper's sighs."

In a charming little volume* recently published we find a Highland Hare commemorated by another poet, the Rev. Richard Wilton, the well-known rector of Londesborough, in sonnets and rondeaux. His verses are in more serious strain, contemplative as well as tender. Here, for example, are some lessons taught in this companionship:—

A LESSON OF TRUST.

I learn to trust from this dear Highland Hare,
Which lays its gentle head upon my arm,
And dozes on my knee without alarm,
As if it slumbered in its native lair.
Far from its heathery home and mountain air—
How comes it that it never dreams of harm?
What has subdued its fear? What potent charm
Commands this confidence so sweet and rare?

* "Sungleams: Rondeaux and Sonnets." By the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A.

Love, true and constant, is the only spell;
Kindness of act and feeling, voice and eye,
Has won its timorous heart to trust me well;
Nor will I doubt my Benefactor high,
Whose kindnesses are more than I can tell,
But trustful on His loving arm will lie!

ON MY HIGHLAND HARE.

Without a care, and fondly prest
Upon my circling arm or breast,
Peace beaming from its half-shut eye—
No trouble known, no danger nigh—
My gentle favourite sinks to rest.

Ah, on its native mountain crest,
Could it have found a nook or nest,
Where it might hear the storm rush by,
Without a care?

Against cur will we may be blest:
Let me not shrink or be distressed
If cloud of change o'erspread my sky;
It is God's shadowing Hand, and I
Will let Love choose what Love deems best,
Without a care.

Mr. Wilton has supplied the following account of this favourite hare:—

SOME NOTES ABOUT "BLUEY," MY HIGHLAND HARE (*Lepus variabilis*).

My blue hare was caught when only a few weeks old on a mountain in Morven, above Loch Sunart, in the north-west of Scotland. My brother-in-law, when grouse-shooting, suddenly came upon it in a grassy nook; and, saving it from the dogs, had it conveyed home in his keeper's pocket. There it was presented to me, and soon

won my heart by its gentleness and intelligence. I brought it to England, and placed it with an English hare which I had tamed, and by which it was treated with kindly condescension, as a distant and younger cousin. My English hare, having met with an accident, unfortunately died. It had learnt to leap on my knee and to allow me to carry it about, but would not trust or tolerate strangers.

I now admitted Bluey, as I called my Highland hare, to greater intimacy, and was soon rewarded by a return of friendship which was less fitful and more confiding than that of her English predecessor, and not so exclusive. Bluey was kept in a box during the day, and every evening brought into the house, and was very interesting and amusing. She would jump on my knee and eat her oats out of my hand. Sometimes, when very happy, she licked my fingers, one after the other, or climbed up and nibbled at my whiskers. The expression of her eyes was very sweet as she looked into mine and seemed quite to understand and reciprocate my affection.

There was a bedroom opening into my study, and Bluey's delight was to jump on to the bed and play on the eider down coverlet, which she seemed to take for her native heather. Placing herself in the middle, she would leap into the air, fling herself round, make a rush at me as I stood on one side, and then retire to the centre as to a stronghold, whence she defied all the world. When I returned to my study, she would come galloping in, approach my chair, and then rush out, repeating this performance over and over again. At other times she would jump on the dressing-table and sit pensively for a long while opposite the looking-glass.

When in the dining-room her favourite seat was at the corner of the hearthrug. She was quite friendly with the cat and dog, and they with her, although both were too familiar with the taste of rabbits from the neighbouring plantation. However, they learnt to regard Bluey with well regulated minds and manners, as if quite aware she occupied a superior place in their master's affection. She would sometimes spring on to the table and examine the dishes with careful curiosity. She enjoyed her saucer of boiled milk every night, and sat waiting for it at my feet, along with the cat and dog—a strange trio of silent supplicants.

There was something very restful and refreshing, at the close of a day's work, in the sight of this gentle creature's pretty ways, and the touch of her soft fur when she leapt upon my knee, and when in return for my caresses she looked up into my face, or licked my hand, or fell asleep on my bosom.

Her food consisted of fresh grass, and clover, and dandelions, and such-like greenmeat, and when these failed, cabbages and apple-parings. She was fond of bread; oats were her greatest luxury; a bit of sugar would please her; and every night she seemed to look for her warm milk. She allowed herself to be caught and carried about. At the end of the evening she was taken back to her box in an outhouse.

It was curious to watch the change of colour in

her coat. The whiteness began to show itself first in her feet and face, and then gradually spread over her body. The tips of her ears, which were shorter than those of an English hare, remained black. Bluey never became quite white, as I have seen to be the case in older specimens. Perhaps the climate of my study was too mild for her. Unfortunately she caught cold in the early spring, and died apparently of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of a day or two. Her loss was sincerely mourned, for she had quite endeared herself to us all. From experience I can testify that the blue hare is much more easily tamed than the brown one, and seems less to feel the want of liberty. It can be obtained in any part of the Highlands of Scotland, where it has lately become more abundant than in former years, perhaps through the diminution of the larger birds of prey.

As regards the English hare, there is some danger of its being greatly diminished, if not annihilated, by the operation of the new law. Already in some parts it is much more scarce. Whatever the necessities of the tenant farmer, it would be a matter of serious regret if the hare should be banished altogether from England. M. Jules Michelet mourns over its extinction in France.

EDIBLE BIRDS'-NESTS.

In a report sent to the Colonial Office from Labuan, a curious account is given of the edible birds'-nests, which are among the articles forming the export trade to Singapore. These nests, it is stated, are found on the walls of caverns in limestone and sandstone hills all along the coast, but by far the greater part of the supply received at Labuan is brought from Sandakan Bay and the Kina Batangan river, on the east coast of Borneo. Of these dainties there are three qualities, known as white, red, and black. They are produced by two kinds of small swallows. The black nests are the most common, and are of very inferior value, the chief reason being that they are mixed with a good deal of dirt and feathers. The white nests are of the finest quality, being without admixture of refuse matter, and of a semi-transparent white substance, resembling isinglass or gelatine. The red nests are intermediate in appearance between the white and the black nests, and are supposed to be the work of the bird which constructs the white nests, but to be made at a different season of the year. In the price of these three delicacies there is a marked difference: the white nests sell for 45s.; the "catty," the red, for 20s.; the black for 4s. 2d.

D. W.

LADY-BIRDS.

The little beetles generally called lady-birds, or lady-cows, belong to the genus *Coccinella*. They creep slowly when in their perfect state, and are generally found on the ground or on plants, and though they fly fast and well, they are rarely seen on the wing. They do not injure plants, either

in their larva or in their perfect state, and when the perfect beetle is found on a plant, it is to find a place where it can lay its eggs. Instinct teaches it to visit those plants most infested with aphides, for it is on these noxious insects that the larvæ of the lady-bird feed, and consequently the eggs of that insect, which are of a bright yellow, are always found on the leaves of the shoots the points of which are covered with the green fly. The larvæ are flattish, fleshy grubs, tapering to the tail; they have six legs, and are very active. Some years lady-birds are much more numerous than in others, but their numbers are always found to bear a proportion to those of the aphides on which they feed. In France and Germany no peasant will kill the lady-birds, because they are considered to be sacred to the Holy Virgin, whence, no doubt, they have received the name of lady-bird. When these insects are caught they fold up their legs, and emit a yellow fluid from their joints, which has a very unpleasant smell, but which is so far from being injurious that it is considered a remedy for the toothache. Sometimes the country people will even crush one of the poor beetles and apply it to a hollow tooth, to prevent it from aching. It is the interest of all amateurs of gardening, and particularly of all lovers of roses, to protect the lady-birds. D. W.

A SHIPWRECKED DOG.

The sagacity shown by dogs in rescuing themselves from situations of peril is sometimes very remarkable. Many years since (the anecdote is related as authentic in a magazine of the last century) a merchant vessel was wrecked off the coast of France. The crew took to the boats and were saved, but by some oversight a dog belonging to the captain was left behind when the last pushed off from the sinking ship. It was impossible to return, but when shore was reached—observation being assisted by a telescope—the captain was enabled to discover signs of his favourite, and to witness the singular efforts made by the dog to effect its own rescue. The animal first ran to and fro as if seeking a way to escape, then threw itself into the boiling surf, but next attempted to get up the shrouds into the maintop. These efforts were continued so long as any portion of the hull remained above water; then the dog disappeared, but was presently discerned farther out at sea seated on a hen-coop which had likewise been swept from the wreck. Three times the animal was washed from this place of refuge, and after the third remained so long invisible that his master concluded he was drowned, and at length reluctantly consented to abandon his post of observation. Three hours later, however, at a point some distance farther along the beach, the hen-coop drifted ashore with the dog in the last stage of exhaustion in its wake. On examination it was discovered that the dog held between its teeth, which were convulsively clenched together, the end of a piece of cord attached to the hen-coop. It was long before he could be induced to relinquish his hold of the cord, longer still before he could be wholly revived. He recovered, how-

ever, ultimately, and lived to make many more voyages with his master.

SUICIDE OF A DOG.

Not long since a dog belonging to a gentleman committed suicide from grief. The animal had been punished by its master—to whom it was greatly attached—wrongfully, as it turned out in the sequel. Making its way to a pond too shallow to cover it when standing, the dog laid itself down in the centre, and, keeping its head beneath water, in this way deliberately suffered itself to drown.

C. B.

CUNNING IN CATS.

Cats will sometimes display extraordinary traits of cunning when lying-in-wait for their favourite prey—mice or birds. A cat belonging to a lady residing in one of the suburbs of London used to resort to the following *ruse*:—The back garden was separated from the garden of another house by a wall some six feet high. In the neighbouring garden stood a withered tree, scarcely higher than the wall, whose branches were much resorted to by the birds of the vicinity. From the branches of this tree they would hop along the wall, sometimes in considerable numbers. The cat, on first coming into the neighbourhood, would sit for hours at a stretch on the wall, watching an opportunity to pounce on a bird. The birds, however, were too wary, and the cat, finding this out, tried another method. Instead of taking up her station on the wall, she suspended herself from it, hanging on to the top by her two fore paws, and letting her body drop well out of sight. In this attitude she looked exactly as if she were dead, and had been hung up on some unseen nail. Every now and then she would stealthily raise herself until her eyes being on a level with the top of the wall, she was enabled to sweep its surface with a glance and note the approach of any unsuspecting bird. Many a capture bore testimony to the success of this singular *ruse*. One day, however, a bird alighted on the edge of the wall, exactly between the paws of the cat, who, on her side, was in the act of raising herself for one of her stealthy glances. The two were within two inches of each other, and the mutual apparition proved so startling to both that neither stirred for several seconds. Then the paw was lifted, but instead of the usual success attending the movement, the cat lost her balance and fell off the wall, while the bird flew away unharmed.

C. B.

The Deaf and Dumb.—In St. Saviour's Church, Oxford Street, where services are conducted for the special use of the deaf and dumb, there is a beautiful picture depicting the Saviour in the act of healing the dumb man as described by St. Mark—"Ephphatha, be opened." It is the work of a deaf and dumb artist, Mr. Thomas Davidson. Our engraving, "Strawberries," on the next page, is from another picture by the same hand, exhibited in the Hanover Gallery, and afterwards at the Bristol Academy. The old-fashioned pottle there shown is now rarely to be seen.



Covent Garden in 1820.]

[Thomas Davidson.

STRAWBERRIES.

"Rare ripe strawberries,
And hautboys, sixpence a pottle;
Full to the bottom hautboys!
Strawberries and cream are charming and sweet,
Mix them and try how delightful they eat."

—Old Cries of London.

THE GREAT SEAL.



AN eminent traveller, many years since, being a guest at a large dinner-party given by Lord Eldon, was relating some of the hardships to which his fellow-voyagers and himself were reduced after an unfortunate shipwreck, and as a climax to their grievances recounted how they had for a fortnight been obliged to subsist entirely upon *seals* caught on the rocky island where they were cast. "And not such bad living after all," jocosely remarked the aged ex-chancellor; "why, for twenty-five years I have lived on seals, and found it uncommonly good living too."

When it is recollected that the mere holding of the Great Seal entitles its fortunate custodian to some £10,000 a year, to immense patronage in Church and State, to be Speaker of the House of Lords, a Privy Councillor, and the head of all judicial authority in the kingdom, to be designated Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and Keeper of the Royal Conscience, and to rank (next to the royal family) as the second subject in the realm, the reader may agree with old Lord Eldon, who had the seals for more than a quarter of a century, that "living on seals" is not such bad fare after all.

The Great Seal of England is in fact the instrument by which the sovereign makes known to the nation that an act of the royal prerogative has been exercised. Just as an ordinary individual seals a lease, a settlement, or an appointment, to show that he has actually, by his doing so, exercised some private right, so the sovereign, by affixing the Great Seal to any Monopoly of Invention, Gift of Dignity, or Commission to per-

form a public duty, shows that She thereby makes known to the nation at large the actual exercise of some regal prerogative, the concluding words of every such document being, "In witness whereof we have caused these Our letters to be made *patent*" [*i.e.* open] to all subjects of the realm.

It is very difficult, if not impossible, to say when England first had a Great Seal. Seals were not much used by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, but came largely into fashion during the Norman reigns. The gilt crosses or marks of Edward the Confessor, and other Saxon kings, can scarcely be called Seals, and partook more of the character of signatures of an illiterate age; but a grand and perfect Seal of William the Conqueror exists, having the monarch crowned and throned on the one side, and mounted on horseback on the other, attitudes which have been invariably observed to the present day.

One remarkable circumstance connected with the Great Seal, is its progressive growth *in size* as time advanced. Originally, eight hundred years since, not larger than the top of an ordinary modern teacup, it has been gradually enlarged from age to age, till it offers now the size and appearance of a muffin, and requires to be enclosed in a tin box for protection. Indeed, so cumbrous and unwieldy had the Great Seal become, that some three or four years since an Act of Parliament passed, containing very extraordinary provisions, directing that all the minor, and many even of the more important documents passing under it, should for the future be authenticated by a *paper wafer* of moderate size, which should be gummed on the instrument, and be

deemed and taken to be the Great Seal itself! Letters patent of inventions, Judges' Circuit Commissions, etc., have now, therefore, instead of the ponderous mass of yellow wax hanging by silken cords with enthroned and mounted sovereign on the respective sides, red paper stars merely about the size of a crown-piece and embossed with the insignia of royalty.

From very early times the forging or imitating of the Great Seal was a species of treason, punishable with death (it is now felony, punishable with penal servitude for life), and its actual custody was committed to individuals of high rank and great learning. Edward I, when leaving the country for a time, committed it to the keeping of Queen Eleanor, who actually sat and heard causes in Chancery, her sittings being interrupted for a few weeks by an interesting event common only to female Chancellors, while ecclesiastics of supreme position were usually entrusted with the seal until the time of Sir Thomas More.

Apart from the honours and emoluments which, as we have seen, the mere possession of the seal confers, it is in itself an instrument of enormous importance, being in effect an embodiment in a tangible form of very much of the regal power; and, what is singular—and in this the Great Seal differs from every other seal—is, that, once affixed, no inquiry can be entered upon as to how or why the seal became affixed, in legal language "it proves itself." Its keeper may be impeached and possibly punished, for daring to use it without the royal sanction, but having used it, although irregularly, the sealed instrument is binding. Hence, when George III became insane, and politicians of great influence, who opposed the creation of a regent, fondly argued, that if the king were insane he could not create a regent, the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, declared that, although the personal sovereign was insane, the legal and political sovereign was perfectly *compos mentis*, being the Great Seal, of which he was then the keeper, and which he proceeded to affix to letters patent creating a regency! Had the discontented party impeached him for this act, the old lord would probably have drawn out and sealed his own *pardon*, a course actually pursued by an offending Chancellor some two hundred years previously.

The custody of the Great Seal is not conferred by any writ, grant, or writing whatever; it is delivered manually by the sovereign into the possession of its keeper, and is returned actually into the sovereign's hands. It is supposed never during its tenure to leave its keeper's possession, and an elaborate silk bag or "purse" is annually made and embroidered for its reception by two ladies who are paid a yearly stipend from the Court of Chancery for its manufacture. In this purse, always carried before the Lord Chancellor when he officially takes his "walks abroad," and deposited in his presence when he is bodily at rest, the Great Seal is supposed to be; we say *supposed*, because as a matter of fact it is kept in a square morocco box by one of the Chancellor's trusty attendants, and seldom actually precedes its dignified keeper. These silk bags, about two feet square, are, at the end of each year, the property of the Lord Chan-

cellor; and the twenty-five thus falling to Lord Eldon were sewn together in a large square, forming a splendid hanging of embroidered tapestry, with which their owner adorned one end wall of his dining-room.

So taken care of, no wonder the Great Seal has only three times been lost, twice temporarily, and once permanently. James II, on leaving the kingdom on his abdication, threw the seal into the Thames, whence, however, it was next morning fished up and brought to Whitehall. Lord Eldon buried it in his garden in Queen Square during one night when his house caught fire, and he thought in the confusion it might be stolen; "And," writes the Chancellor in his diary, "I was so amused seeing the maids all in their [deshabille] handing the buckets to the firemen, that when the fire was extinguished I quite forgot in the morning where I had buried it, and while the carriage waited to take me to Court, my lady and I and all the household, were dibbing with pieces of stick, till we luckily found it." Lord Thurlow, who always held it during the night in his bedroom, had it actually carried off by burglars, from whom it was never recovered. A Privy Council was called the next day, a new seal was rapidly made, and during the remainder of his continuance in office Lord Thurlow invariably deposited it of a night under his pillow.

Down to 1818 the Great Seal itself was made of copper, since then silver has been the metal employed. It is in two halves, somewhat like two very thick bright tin saucepan lids, fitting closely together, their inner surfaces deeply sculptured with the royal devices intended to be formed on the wax when squeezed between them.

The "wax" used is a mixture of wax and resin; this is kept in a tub like a butter firkin and heated in boiling water. One half of the seal is placed on its back, enough wax in a soft condition is put in to fill it; the silk cord attached to the document to be sealed is stretched across the wax; the other half of the seal is in like manner filled and inverted over the lower half; the whole is slipped into a screw press, the two halves are closely approximated; when cool they are separated, and the wax seal is withdrawn sharp and perfect! The two recognised officers attending this operation are the "Sealer" and the "Chaff-wax." Where documents of less importance, relating to a principal one sealed in the above manner, have to be sealed, a bit of wax about the size of a marble is twisted round a strip of parchment attached to them, and is then pressed by the thumb of the "Sealer" into the expressive countenance of her Majesty as depicted in the half of the Great Seal.

Instruments having a limited duration are sealed with yellow wax. Others supposed to exist in perpetuity, such as patents of peerage etc., are exemplified under *green* wax; and in the case of some letters patent likely to be exposed to a good deal of knocking about, or journeying from place to place, such as were the Assize Commissions, the wax seal was stamped after being ingeniously enclosed in cream-coloured *leather*.

Very few documents indeed are *signed* by the sovereign as well as sealed. The writer has one of

such in his possession. The additional dignity is only observed where royal personages are concerned in the operation of the instrument. In all other cases the practice is for the sovereign to sign a warrant directed to the Chancellor commanding him to affix the Great Seal to the instrument therein specified.

The silver Great Seal lasts for several years, but, like everything else, wears out in time. When no longer fit for use the Chancellor reports the fact at a Cabinet Council, and a new seal is ordered. When ready for use the old and new seals are brought into the next Cabinet Council which may be afterwards held, and the sovereign, receiving the worn emblem of power from its holder, strikes it a few blows with a small hammer. This is called "damasking," and its legal use then ceases. The new seal is afterwards handed to the Chancellor by the sovereign, and such mere delivery invests it with all the defunct power of the old emblem.

The old seal is by ancient custom the property of the Chancellor, and on two occasions a dispute has arisen as to the actual Chancellor entitled to it. When Lord Brougham was in power a Great Seal was reported by him as worn out, and a new one was ordered. Before, however, the order was completed, a change of Ministry took place, and upon the new seal being produced Lord Lyndhurst had become Chancellor. Lord Brougham claimed the old seal as having been Chancellor when the new one was ordered; and Lord Lyndhurst claimed it as being Chancellor when it was actually "damasked," up to which time it had continued to be used. The knotty point was by consent referred to the reigning monarch, William IV, who very equitably directed that the old Chancellor should retain one half of the old seal, and the new keeper the other half, and the king had the two halves set in the centres of two magnificent salvers, one of which he presented to each of the

Keepers of his Royal Conscience. A similar dispute arose between Lord Chelmsford and Lord Campbell in 1851, and her present Majesty decided and acted in a precisely similar manner to that of her royal uncle.

We may add that when a high legal authority holds the seal in the ordinary manner, he is called "Lord High Chancellor;" when a lawyer or layman holds the seal temporarily, he is called "Lord Keeper;" and when it is held by several dignitaries at once, they are styled Lords Commissioners, and the seal is said to be "*in Commission*."



SIGNET.

Instruments in writing conveying the personal directions of the sovereign in matters not of national importance, are authenticated by the addition of the "Signet," a smaller seal about the size of a crown-piece, impressed on a paper-covered wafer, and such documents are usually signed by the sovereign and countersigned by a principal Secretary of State.

G. H. PARKINSON.

NOTES ON MODERN JEWS.

BY LUCIEN WOLF.

I.

THE Jews are the great riddle of humanity. The history of the world has passed on, a fleeting panorama, apparently, to one spectator only—the Jew. In the dawn of human progress his form fills the horizon, and every page in the annals of culture bears the impress of his influence. Ages before the nations of Europe took upon themselves their present features, he had colonised their soil, and it is probable that, before Cæsar had even more than a hearsay acquaintance with Britain, the Jew had trodden its shores as the supercargo of the Phœnician mariner. The one standard of morality recognised by the world, the basis of all civilised law, has been handed down by Hebrew hands; the religious ideas of both East and West acknowledge the fatherhood of Hebrew inspiration. And

yet never were the Jews either numerically or politically powerful. Originally but a small nation, they endured unparalleled political woes, were decimated and ostracised, but yet were not exterminated; they were dispersed amongst the people of the earth, and all their political bonds utterly destroyed, but still they preserved their distinctiveness. Alternately the objects of persecution and massacre, cursed and shunned of all men, they have with mysterious persistence seen race after race of their conquerors rise and disappear. Through all the vicissitudes of their own and the world's history they have lived on unimpaired, and their powers of endurance have apparently triumphed over the passions and numbers of their conquerors. The Hebrew of to-day receives, through an unbroken line of descent,

the living traditions of five thousand years ago, and stands before the world the only link between these modern times and the misty epochs when humanity was cradled.

Scientific men have remarked, in the course of recent physiological and psychological investigations, that the Jews possess a capacity for acclimatisation beyond that which is enjoyed by any other people, not even excepting the almost ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon. This adaptability is mental as well as physical, and exhibits itself in a remarkable versatility wherever the energies of the Jews are unrestrained by special legislative or social enactments. In surveying the present condition of the Jews of Western Europe, then, it cannot be said that they exhibit any peculiarities other than of a religious and biological nature. In England (where 68,000* Jews reside, or 0.20 per cent. on the total population), France (60,000, or 0.14 per cent.), Germany (520,575, or 1.22 per cent.†), Austria (1,372,033, or 3.85 per cent.), Holland (68,003, or 1.06 per cent.‡), Belgium (3,000, or 0.05 per cent.), and Italy (53,000§), they are almost indistinguishable from the rest of the population, engaging in the same trades, and, indeed, represented in all walks of life. It is one of the greatest fallacies of inherited prejudice to imagine that in these countries the Jews are addicted to any special avocations. They are, proportionately, not much more numerous than Christians on the Stock Exchange,|| and there is every reason to believe that in the money-lending interest—although I do not hold that to be a reproach to any man—the same rule holds good.

In this country they are manufacturers and merchants on a large scale, and congregate principally in the great industrial and mercantile centres; and in law, medicine, literature, the arts and the sciences, they are honourably represented. In the military, naval, and agricultural interests, however, they are almost unknown. Their abstention from military employment can hardly be quoted to their dishonour, for it surely argues greater utility as a citizen to prefer reproductive walks of life. This phenomenon can, however, be explained. Apart from the fact that the Jews are too practical, industrious, and steady to see any particular charm in wearing a frequently purposeless uniform, or from the probability that centuries of persecution may have unfitted them for a military life, it must be remembered that they never were a nation of warriors. In the days of their political independence, disciplined standing armies were unknown amongst them; they armed themselves only when the gravest necessity impelled them, and then the people fought for themselves, and no special body of men championed their interests. The Mosaic law was

at great pains to prevent the development of pronounced military instincts amongst the Israelites, even the use of the horse being forbidden them as calculated to lead to martial tastes; and substantially the Jews of to-day, as of all ages, are physically and mentally the creation of Mosaism.

But it must not be imagined that the Jews have any desire to shirk their responsibilities as citizens. Their sense of duty in this respect is shown by the number in which they have joined English volunteer regiments—2,000 Jews on a total of 200,000 volunteers*—whilst in countries where the conscription exists they have always made good soldiers. In Germany and Russia their promotion in the army is hampered by a number of illiberal restrictions; but this did not prevent them from distinguishing themselves brilliantly on several occasions in the late Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars. In France, the only country in Europe where Jews are in every way on an equality with the rest of the population,† soldiers of the Hebrew faith are still more conspicuous. The French Jews do not underestimate the beneficial influence which the Revolution and the personal countenance of the Great Napoleon exercised on the destinies of themselves and their brethren all over the world; and as if desirous of proving their worthiness of the equal rights granted them, they are amongst the most *chauvinist* of French citizens. They are foremost in all works of public utility, and in the army their conscientious discharge of their duties has resulted in rapid advancement. I cannot say with certainty how many Jewish officers of distinction there are in the French army, as I have no note on this subject, but my memory serves me sufficiently to enable me to quote the names of General Leopold Sée and General Lambert as evidence of the military capacity, when necessary, of my coreligionists.

As for agricultural employment there are a multitude of convincing reasons why modern Jews show no particular inclination in this direction, but none which tend to support the more recriminatory than logical argument of the Anti-Semites, that the Jews are not now agriculturists because they have never belonged to the productive classes. The "because" here is totally fallacious. In the first place, even if the Jews had never been agriculturists it would be a fallacy—though, I grant, an ingenious piece of casuistry—to represent the agricultural classes as more productive than others. The agriculturist is no more productive than the broker; it is the ground which produces, not the man, and the agriculturist only gives his labour in the same way as the manufacturer or broker; each occupying his place in the social system, devotes his labour to the discharge of certain duties rendered necessary by the hierarchical constitution of society. But the Jews *have* been agriculturists, and still are where the conditions are favourable. It would be denying the

* This is given on the authority of Richard Andree ("Volkskunde der Juden"). In my opinion it falls somewhat short of the real number, but it is, I believe, more exact than the figures usually quoted.

† Census of 1875.

‡ Census of 1869.

§ "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives this figure for 1876, but it should be accepted with caution, as in the census of 1871 they numbered only 35,356.

|| At the end of the year 1881, of the 985 brokers on the London Stock Exchange, 89 were Jews.

* Dr. H. Adler in the "Nineteenth Century" ("Can Jews be Patriots?"), April, 1878.

† There is no post in the public service for which they are not eligible. In England the Cabinet and the House of Lords, at least, are closed to them.

most elementary fact in Hebrew history to state that in the old days the Jews were anything but agriculturists. In what may be called the industrial portion of the Mosaic code there is hardly a reference to any occupation which is not agricultural, and every characteristic and material aspiration of the early Jews is eloquent of a purely pastoral life. In the days of their dispersion, previous to the time of Constantine, they continued to till the ground on a large scale, and it was only when illiberal edicts and repressive laws prevented them from obtaining a livelihood in this manner that they began exclusively to devote themselves to trade.

Now, however, exceptional legislation no longer prevents them, in Western Europe at least, from devoting themselves to agriculture; but how is it they still hold aloof? The reason is not far to seek. The Jews have hardly been emancipated, in any part of Europe, more than half a century, and we have abundant evidence even now that the intolerant spirit of the indigenous populations which was formerly reflected in the various statute books is not yet dead. How then can they be expected to put so much confidence in their Christian fellow-citizens as to invest their money in immoveable property? I do not say that the Jews of England are to any extent influenced by this consideration, but in Germany and Russia it cannot be otherwise with them. As for the Jews of England, it would be a bad compliment to their commercial instincts to expect to see them engaging in farming. The agricultural interest in England is declining, and the Jews now reasonably prefer commercial and manufacturing enterprises. There can be no doubt, however, that were it otherwise, a considerable number of Jewish farmers would be found in this country. In America there are a large number; in France many vineyards are owned by Jews, and in Italy there are also plenty of Jewish agriculturists. Even in Germany, notwithstanding the perpetual possibilities of anti-Jewish outbreaks, a considerable number of Jewish agriculturists exist,* and in Russia there are a few agricultural colonies in which, burdened with disabilities and carrying their lives almost in their hands, Jewish husbandmen are content from year's end to year's end to till an ungrateful soil for a precarious living.†

And this brings me to a consideration of the condition of the Jews in Russia—the largest Hebrew community in the world, and at the same time the most heavily oppressed.

The estimates of the Jewish population in this empire vary widely. According to "Petermann's Mittheilungen," in which the statistics are given in considerable detail, there were, in 1877, 2,552,549 Jews in European Russia, or 3.57 per cent. of the total population; but this is known to be very much less than the actual number.‡ There are, indeed,

Jews who do not hesitate to assert that the real strength of their Russian co-religionists does not fall far short of double this number,* the under-estimate being assigned to a variety of causes, one in particular being that Jewish heads of families designedly give the census officers incorrect returns in order to avoid paying the special poll-tax levied on Jews. Although restricted by a "law of residence" to the sixteen western and southern Governments, and not permitted to settle in Russia Proper, they may yet be found in every province and almost every town of the empire. This anomaly is partly explained by the exceptions which the law makes to the residential disability in the persons of merchants of the first guild, handicraftsmen of a certified mechanic's guild, and professional men—lawyers and physicians. A further explanation must be sought in the evasions of the law which are permitted, for a consideration, by the most corrupt civil service in the world. In Russia it is no mere aphorism to say that gold is more powerful than the law; it is literally true that its administration and execution in almost every branch are directly controlled by the pecuniary value of the improbity of the official. This explains a great deal of the Governmental persecution to which the Jews have lately been subjected, particularly the expulsions which have taken place at Moscow, Kieff, Kharkoff, Odessa, and Orel. Outbreaks of mob fury against the Jews are opportunities for the "Tchinovnyk"—middle-class official—to levy his black mail. Those who require his protection have to pay for it; those who do not require it are soon made to understand by him that a zealous discharge of his duties (so necessary at a moment when there is an outcry against the Jews) might not be altogether pleasant to the unwisely independent parties. Some, perceiving the reference to the fraudulently-obtained right of domicile, become suddenly profuse in their presents to the "Tchinovnyk;" others, unable to pay, or unfamiliar with the occult formality, from their being the second, third, or fourth generation of their family domiciled in the town, are forthwith ordered to leave for the town or village from which they, their fathers, or a more or less remote ancestor may have originally come. Nor does this apply only to those who may have obtained their right of domicile by bribery, but equally to the children or grandchildren of properly qualified residents who, notwithstanding that they may have been born in the town, do not therefore inherit their parents' privilege, but are liable, at any moment, to be transferred to some out-of-the-way village, which, by a refinement of legislative irony, is called their "native" place. Although this system of bribery obtains all over the empire and oppresses every class, the Jews particularly suffer from it, as they are subject to exceptional laws which give innumerable opportunities for the exactions of the official.

We have heard lately a great deal about Muscovite persecutions and intolerance, and hundreds

* In 1861 there were 971 Jewish farmers in Germany and 3,460 Jewish agricultural labourers. ("Eine Rechtfertigung der Juden," by Dr. C. L. Beck. Leipzig, 1881.)

† Interesting accounts of these colonies appeared in the "Jewish World" of Sept. 16 and 23, 1881.

‡ So long ago as 1825 Count St. Plater estimated the Jewish population of Russia at 2,100,000 ("Geographie de l'Europe Orientale"), and in 1834 Count Ostrowski, in his "Pensées pour la Reforme des Israélites," placed the number at 2,500,000. Considering their normal rate of increase in times of peace, the Jews of Russia should number now at least 5,000,000.

* Herr Magnus, delegate of the Leipzig Committee for the relief of Russian refugees at Brody, made a statement in this sense at the Conference of the Board of Deputies of British Jews and the Anglo-Jewish Association, held in London last year to discuss measures for the relief of the persecuted Israelites in South Russia.

of impassioned orators have called upon the Russian Government to instruct its provincial satraps to put an end to the excesses of Jew-baiting mobs, by repressive measures of requisite severity. The persecution of the Jews cannot, however, be stopped in this way. As soon think to cure blood-poisoning by separately treating the eruptions on the skin. Popular outbreaks are the symptoms, not the disease itself. That is to be found in the exceptional laws under which the Jews are forced to live, laws which not only keep alive all the prejudices of the people, but are responsible for whatever peculiarities in the Jews themselves—if any really exist—recommend them to the special hatred of the people. In point of fact, the peculiarities complained of have no real existence. Of late years the Jews have so largely taken advantage of educational facilities that they have managed to rise superior to the demoralising influence of their invidious surroundings, and in commercial and industrial occupations they are as widely distributed as the rest of the population. If they are not tillers of the soil to any very considerable extent, it must be remembered that they are by law disqualified from holding land;* but they are, very numerous, handicraftsmen†—particularly in Kovno, Minsk, Grodno, Mohilev, Vilna, and Vitebsk—merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, etc., and generally they are the backbone of the commercial prosperity of the empire.‡

A very unjust memorandum by Mr. Vice-Consul Wagstaff, of Odessa, on the Anti-Semitic movement in New Russia, which has appeared in the recently-published official correspondence on the Russian persecutions, affects to describe the notorious "economical activity" of the Jews, and speaks of them as "parasites that have settled on a plant not vigorous enough to throw them off,

and which is being gradually sapped of its vitality." This injurious statement is absolutely without foundation, and the very metaphor with which it is illustrated, seems to have been more inspired by the similarly illustrated views of Professor Goldwin Smith than by actual observation. I am not presumptuous enough to wish to have my view of the question, unsupported by personal knowledge or experience of Russian life, accepted in preference to that of Mr. Wagstaff, who, at any rate, has opportunities which are denied me of ascertaining the truth. But I am content, especially in this supreme crisis in Russo-Jewish history, to oppose to Mr. Wagstaff's prejudiced description the evidence of the history of the Jews in Russia, my own knowledge of the general characteristics of my race and the results of the personal observation of the special commissioner sent to Russia last year by the "Jewish World" newspaper, and of the very intelligent correspondent at St. Petersburg of the "Economiste Français."* My own knowledge convinces me that Jews are not predisposed to questionable callings, and that their well-known emotionalism is at issue with the assumption that they are essentially grasping in their commercial relations or pitiless in their exactions.

Persecution has not made them cynics nor stifled their softer feelings, as is so often asserted by injudicious apologists, but the truth is that the legislative restrictions under which they have been forced to live so limited their means of earning a livelihood that for centuries it was only to usury that they could at all devote themselves. Their history in every country may be cited in proof of this, but in Russia it is particularly eloquent on this point. The most prosperous eras in Polish history, those of the Piast and Jagellon dynasties, were the periods in which the local Jews were free and unmolested, and the prosperity of those times is directly ascribed to the industrial and commercial activity of the Jews, then as now the most important mercantile class in the country.† The fanatical spirit of the middle ages closed their factories, emptied their warehouses, and forbade them any occupation but that of the usurer. At the present time the commercial disabilities of the Russian Jews, severe as they are, are not so restrictive as the prohibitions of mediæval Papal bulls, and hence it is that the inherent versatility of the Jew has again been enabled to expand, and the foremost merchants and manufacturers in Russia are once more Jews. In Kieff and Odessa it is said there is not a single Jewish usurer; but the financial business of the Jews of these cities is certainly large. Without it, however, Russian trade would be at a standstill. The Jewish financiers are the credit-banks of the country. They buy the agricultural produce for export, they carry it, they export it themselves, and they support and assist the farmers with money. Were it not for them not only would Russia be absolutely without its immense grain trade, but the indolent peasant would

* That there is no inherent antipathy to agriculture amongst the Russian Jews is proved by a very interesting circumstance, developed by the present critical condition of the Hebrew communities in the south. It has been suggested that a wholesale transmigration of the Jews in the west and south shall be made to fertile but sparsely-populated districts in the interior, where they shall be encouraged to engage in farming. Not only has the scheme received a large amount of support from Jewish notabilities all over the empire, but several Jewish youths recently addressed communications to the St. Petersburg press expressing a wish to be instructed in theoretical and practical agriculture, so as to fit them for their proposed new conditions of life.

† The returns of the London Jewish Board of Guardians for the weeks ending February 17th and 24th of the present year state the trades of the Russian refugees relieved during those periods to have been as follows: agricultural labourers, bakers, boot and shoemakers, butchers, blacksmiths, carpenters, cabinet-makers, clerks, clothiers, copper and tinsmiths, dealers, dressmakers, engine-drivers, furriers, fringemakers, glaziers, hatters, jewellers, labourers, lightermen, locksmiths, leather dealers, merchants, painters, shopmen, tailors, tobacco cutters, tie-makers, umbrella-makers, and watchmakers.

‡ Mr. Consul-General Maude, in a report on the trade and commerce of the kingdom of Poland for the year 1879, says: "Almost all the industries of Poland owe their origin to foreign enterprise. When natives have been the originators, in almost every case they have been Jews, in whose hands nearly the whole of the commerce of the kingdom of Poland is centred." ("Reports from her Majesty's Consuls," etc., part vi, No. 42, 1880.) Mr. Consul-General Stanley, writing from Odessa on the Russian persecutions, says: "The Jews are frequently described as only exercising the trade of usurers and money-lenders, but this is far from correct. The only shops in the villages are kept by Jews, and were they prevented from keeping them the Russian peasants would be deprived of many necessities, or have to pay a much higher price for them. As to their business generally, nearly the whole legitimate grain trade of South Russia is in their hands. Amongst the leading bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers are Jews. In Odessa and most towns in South Russia the majority of the shops are kept by Jews. Finally, as to their character for honesty, nearly every foreign business establishment in South Russia largely employs them in confidential situations, and were Jews to leave South Russia trade would entirely collapse." ("Treatment of Jews in Russia," No. 1, 1882.) See also the "Jewish World" from June 24 to October 28, 1881, inclusive, series of special articles from Russia, entitled, "The Russo-Jewish Question."

* See "L'agitation anti-sémitique et le rôle économique des Israélites en Russie," in the "Economiste Français" of June 4, 1881.

† See "Les Israélites de Pologne," by Léon Hollaenderski, and "Juden in Polen," by Hermann Sternberg.

not even till the soil. The Hebrew commerce of South Russia is no tyranny for the Muscovite farmer: it is the salutary harness in which that drunken and depraved individual is driven to become, to some small extent, a useful member of society. The Jews in this empire are not "para-

sites settled on a plant not vigorous enough to throw them off;" they are in reality the life-giving element which supports the plant, but which is in itself unfortunately not strong enough to grapple with the horrible disease from which the plant is suffering.

SPEED OF EXPRESS TRAINS.

SINCE the days of George Stephenson, every Englishman has learnt to expect not only security and punctuality, but speed in railway travelling. The following notes will serve to show not only what has been achieved in this direction, but what remains to be attempted.

We give first the maximum average speed now performed per hour on our leading lines.

Great Western	53½ miles.
Great Northern	51 "
Midland	50 "
London and Brighton	47½ "
London and North-Western	47½ "
London, Chatham, and Dover	45 "
South-Eastern	45 "
Great Eastern	44 "
London and South-Western	44 "

An exceptionally high speed has been given to the Great Western Exeter express trains in order to run them from London to that city in the same time as the South-Western "expresses," which traverse a much shorter route. The 11.45 a.m., the Great Western express known as the "Flying Dutchman," travels over the broad gauge line from London to Swindon in 1 hour and 27 minutes, or equal to 53½ miles an hour. Although this is the greatest velocity of travelling recorded in Bradshaw's Railway Guide and other time tables for the distance run, there have been many authentic statements to show that the "express" which is reputed to be the quickest in the world is not entitled to this distinction, nor are any other broad gauge trains. The Great Northern special express, the "Flying Scotchman," which leaves London for Edinburgh at 10 a.m., claims this merit. Its first run without stopping from King's Cross station to Grantham, 105½ miles in 2 hours and 9 minutes, is said to be not only the longest continuous run but the fastest on earth. The celebrated Great Western express goes considerably slower between Swindon and Exeter than it does between Paddington and Swindon, and only averages 46 miles an hour, including stops, on the whole route; but the "Flying Scotchman" travels from London to York, 199 miles, in 3 hours and 55 minutes, or equal to 50 miles an hour, besides taking much heavier loads than the former train. The 5 o'clock express of the Great Northern Company to Manchester runs on Sundays at the rate of 53.1 miles an hour between Hitchin and Peterborough, and one of

their "specials" performed the distance between London and York, in the summer of 1880, in 3 hours and 34 minutes. In one part of the journey a speed of 64 miles an hour was maintained for 22 miles, and in another portion of the permanent way a rate of 70 miles an hour was run for 5 miles; while a velocity of 60 miles an hour was kept up for 86 miles, being the fastest time ever travelled for so long a distance. The Leeds express has run from Grantham to Wakefield, 70½ miles, in 79 minutes, equal to 54.4 miles an hour. The reason why the Great Northern Railway Company run their trains at a higher speed than other companies, is because they have the best constructed engines for quick travelling on the narrow gauge system. These engines, with their eight-feet driving wheels, have attained a velocity of 70 miles an hour with sixteen loaded carriages on a level portion of the railway.

The London and North-Western Company's express to Manchester, which leaves Euston station at 4 p.m., also runs faster between Willesden and Rugby, which is about the same distance as between Paddington and Swindon, than the "Flying Dutchman," although the former train is a much heavier one and has longer gradients to climb. Some of the express trains on the Cheshire Lines Railway, between Manchester and Liverpool, a distance of 34 miles, is run by a few trains in 40 minutes, or at the rate of 51 miles an hour.

Again, while the London and Brighton Company is stated to run a train at the rate of 47½ miles an hour, this appears only to apply to some of the Portsmouth express trains on some parts of their journey in consequence of their competition with the trains of the South-Western Company to that place from London. Having regard to the rate at which the "expresses" on the Great Northern, the London and North-Western, and the Cheshire Lines Railway Companies are run, and considering the large number of first-class season ticket-holders from London to Brighton, it may appear strange that the trains which go between these places, a distance of 50½ miles, without stopping, only maintain an average speed of 43½ miles per hour, and not more than 46 between Croydon and Brighton. The locomotive performances of this company are not as creditable as those of the Midland Company, whose recorded maximum average speed is 50 miles. Even on the severe grades upon the Settle and Carlisle line the 86½ miles of this route is traversed at the rate of 43 miles an hour, while between London and Bed-

ford 50 miles an hour is frequently run by their "newspaper" train.

The Continental "expresses" of the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies perform the journey between London and Dover at the rate of 45 miles an hour. The West of England express of the former company does not, however, appear to run as quickly as we have reason to expect it should do between London and Exeter; and over the most rapid portion of its run, which is between Waterloo station and Basingstoke, its speed does not exceed 44 miles an hour.

One of the slowest railways upon which to make long journeys until very recently was that of the Great Eastern Company, but by means of the duplication and remodelling of their lines, they now run trains from Norwich to London in five minutes less than 3 hours, as compared with about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours before these improvements were effected. The highest average speed which the trains perform on this railway is equal to 44 miles an hour between Bishop's Stortford and Cambridge, and between London and Colchester the Harwich Continental "boat" express from London proceeds much slower.

It will be observed that the speed of express trains is always greater on long competition lines than on others. It is, however, gratifying to know that the Great Eastern Company have greatly accelerated their fastest trains on their main line, and that the Midland Company now run much quicker trains over their branch railway between Birmingham and Bristol than they did a few years ago, and both of which are non-competition routes. The system of slipping carriages in the rear of express trains at various stations when long distance runs are made, is a very great advantage in the consideration of time, and enables travellers to make journeys very quickly to important places within a moderate distance of the termini from which these trains start.

All express trains which run many miles without stopping go at different rates of velocity on account of gradients, repairing the permanent way, adverse signals, and greasy rails. A short time ago it was carefully noticed that the 4 p.m. express to Manchester, on the London and North-Western line, which travels between London and Rugby, $83\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in 2 hours and 48 minutes, varied in its speed as follows, after taking 12 minutes to run between Euston and Willesden, a distance of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and staying 3 minutes at the latter station; viz., from Harrow to Bushey, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in $5\frac{1}{4}$ minutes; from the latter place to Watford, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in 1 minute and 28 seconds; the next $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 17 minutes and 17 seconds; the succeeding $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles in $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; the next $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 3 minutes and 37 seconds, being an average of $74\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; the following $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 6 minutes and 53 seconds, being at the rate of 60 miles an hour from Tring to Bletchley. When the latter station was passed a "distance" signal was against the train, which caused it to reduce its speed to about 12 miles an hour. Between this time and the dropping of the "home signal" to "all right," about 4 minutes appears

to have been lost, and after again losing speed on account of the slippery state of the rails by a drizzling rain, the engine-wheels got another good grip of the metals, which enabled them to get over $13\frac{1}{4}$ more miles in $14\frac{3}{4}$ minutes, or equal to about 53 miles an hour, previous to pulling up for Rugby. This was an excellent performance, considering that the train consisted of 12 six-wheeled carriages, 9 of which weighed 14 tons each, and 3 brakes weighing 16 tons each, being a total of 174 tons without passengers or baggage. On some of the long down-hill stretches between Skipton and Carlisle, on the Midland Railway, a speed of 70 miles an hour is sometimes maintained.

The practical difficulties in the way of increased speed have been often discussed. Thus the "Engineer" last year, remarking that the desire of the public is on the whole for faster trains than are now run, stated the case as follows. "It is true that from time to time protests appear in the columns of the daily press against quick trains, but it is well known that of two rival lines, that which runs the fastest trains gets the most traffic. The general public refuse, and properly refuse, to believe that fast trains must be more dangerous than slow, and so they travel as fast as they can. . . . It is by no means impossible that at some future period trains will be run from York or Leeds to London without a stop. There is nothing impossible in making such a run at an average velocity of 55 miles an hour, and this would bring Leeds within about three and a half hours of London, while the time from York to London would be a little more. It is quite practicable to do this work now with many engines on the Midland and Great Northern lines, but not with the existing tenders. At such speeds, and with heavy trains, the consumption of water cannot be less than 25 gallons a mile or thereabouts. For a run of 180 miles this represents 4,500 gallons, and for a run of 200, 5,000 gallons, weighing over 22 tons. The required coal will weigh, say, 3 tons, allowing a little for contingencies. Together we have 25 tons of water and coal. The tenders to carry this will weigh at least 20 tons empty. Here, then, we have a 45-ton tender, and say, a 35-ton engine. It would, we think, be hardly desirable to adopt this system. . . . But there is ready to every one's hand a simple, satisfactory, and cheap way out of the difficulty. Let Ramsbottom's troughs be laid down, and let the engines pick up water as they run. It is unnecessary to say a word in praise of these troughs. Their use is rapidly extending over the whole London and North-Western system. All the patents connected with them have, we believe, long since expired, and their use is open to the whole world. If this plan be adopted, then the tender may be a very small one—a tender with four wheels, and capable of carrying 1,000 gallons of water and 3 tons of coal would suffice, and the engine would thus be relieved at once of a very unpaying load."

One of the best runs ever made on railways was on the 5th of January, 1862, when answers were brought to the despatches sent to

Washington requiring the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who had been taken out of the Trent, Royal West Indian Mail Steamer, by order of Commodore Wilkes. The London and North-Western train, carrying these papers, travelled from Holyhead to Stafford, $130\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in 145 minutes, being at the rate of 54 miles an hour; and although this speed was not run over the more crowded parts of the line approaching London, the entire distance from Holyhead to Euston was performed in five hours, or at a speed of $52\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour, which is said to be unparalleled for so long a distance on a line crowded with traffic. By the invention for supplying the tender with water from a trough, the engine was enabled to run with one stoppage only, which it otherwise could not have done.

It has frequently been urged that a few express trains should travel between London and Liverpool in four hours, and we quite agree with the statements in the letter which appears in the last-mentioned newspaper on the subject on the 18th of February, 1881, signed "Running Board," in which the writer states that "a train between these cities in four hours would fill well if the ordinary fare and a half were charged all round. As the

distance is 202 miles, a speed of but a fraction over 50 miles an hour would be sufficient to accomplish the journey;" and he adds that "the run could be made with one stop of ten minutes at, let us say, Rugby. . . . The remaining run would be 120 miles, or a little more than the Great Northern run of $105\frac{1}{2}$ to Grantham. This would present no difficulty, because water troughs render a big tender unnecessary."

The speed of railway travelling in the United States, which ranks next to England in this particular, has recently been appreciably accelerated. We are informed by the "Railway News" that the Chicago and North Western Railway has run a train 60 miles in 57 minutes, and that the 492 miles between Chicago and Omaha were traversed in 10 hours and 42 minutes, giving an average speed of more than $48\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. At certain parts of the journey 3 miles were run in 2 minutes and 12 seconds, 45 miles in 44 minutes, and 75 miles in 80 minutes.

From these and other facts there is reason to believe that our express trains for long distances have not yet attained the full velocity at which, with additional precautions, they may safely run.

J. N. P.

ELECTRICITY AND ITS USES.

V.—SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.

WE come now to the important branch of submarine telegraphy, which has developed so largely since 1851, when the first cable was submerged from Dover to Calais, that there are now about 100,000 miles of cable in working order, and representing property to the amount of forty millions sterling. A submarine cable consists, like a land line, of three parts—1st, the wire or conductor conveying the current; 2nd, the insulator keeping it on the wire, and 3rd, the outer sheathing which protects it from injury. The conductor is usually a seven-wire strand of the best copper, offering a low resistance to the passage of the current. The insulator, which takes the place of air in the overland line, and keeps the electricity from flowing into the sea or earth, is generally of gutta-percha, applied in a hot molten state to the wire in three coatings. Sometimes, however, indiarubber wound in tapes about the wire is used, especially if the cable is intended for tepid seas. The outer sheathing consists of jute or hemp-yarn and galvanised iron wires. These give strength to the cable in order that it may be safely laid and mended, as well as guarded from damage on the bottom from ships' anchors, wrecks, or shingle.

Owing to the proximity of the copper wire to the sea water and the ground, the effect of "induction" is far more strongly felt upon it than on a land line, and the result is that in telegraphing

through it the signals are sensibly delayed. Each signal current "induces" opposite electricity in the sea water around, and there is an attraction between them which holds the signal current back, as it were. This effect is hardly noticeable on long land lines because the telegraph wire is so high above the ground; but in deep-sea cables, or subterranean lines, it reduces the speed of signalling very much, and also makes the separate signal currents "run together." The instruments, therefore, which operate successfully on long aerial lines are perfectly useless for working long cables. Sir William Thomson was among the first to grasp this fact, and by his invention of the Mirror Galvanometer, which is specially adapted for cables, he rendered ocean telegraphy practicable and the first Atlantic cables a commercial success.

The submarine circuit is illustrated in Fig. 21,

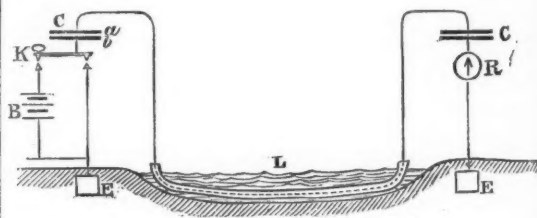


FIG. 21.

where *L* is the cable lying on the sea-bottom, *B* the sending battery, *K* the signalling key (which ought to have double-current levers), and *E* the earth-plate at the sending station. At the receiving station, *R* is the receiving instrument, and *E* the earth-plate as before. It will be seen, however, on comparison with Fig. 11, which represents the aerial circuit, that two strange apparatus (*C C*) are introduced. These are "condensers," and their use for sharpening the signals through a cable was suggested by Mr. C. F. Varley. The telegraph condenser is composed of a series of tinfoil sheets, each separated from the next by a layer of paraffined paper, and all the alternate plates connected to form one pole of the condenser. Thus the 1, 3, 5, etc., plates are joined to one pole (*a*), and the 2, 4, 6, etc., to the other pole (*b*). Now when this device is inserted in the circuit at each station, the running of the signals together in the cable is less noticeable on the receiver, and sharper, clearer signals are presented to the operator reading the message.

The mirror galvanometer, employed as a receiver on many cables, is represented in Fig. 22,

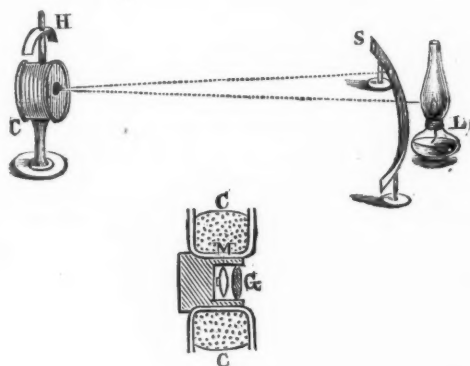


FIG. 22.

where *C* is a coil of fine insulated wire, surrounding a small magnetic needle hung by a silk fibre, and carrying a tiny mirror attached to it. The details of this needle are shown in the lower figure, where *C C* are sections through the coil. *M* is the magnet-needle, carrying in front of it a small mirror. This needle is enclosed in a small chamber, glazed by a lens (*G*), and inserted in the hollow of the coil (*C*). A curving magnet (*H*) is supported over the coil to adjust the position of the smaller magnet in the chamber. Now a ray of light from a lamp (*L*) in front of the galvanometer is thrown upon the tiny mirror and reflected back upon a white screen or scale (*S*). The coil (*C*) is connected between the end of the conductor of the cable and the earth-plate, as in the land circuit, a condenser, however, being usually interposed between the cable and the galvanometer.

Then the signal currents in passing through the coil deflect the tiny magnet hung within it, and the mirror, being carried by the magnet, throws the beam of light off in a different direction. Positive, or "dot," currents are arranged to throw

the spot of light toward the left side of the scale; and negative, or "dash," currents throw it to the right side. Thus the wandering of the spot of light on the screen, watchfully followed by the eye of the clerk, is interpreted by him as the message. Letter by letter he spells it out, and a fellow-clerk writes it down word for word.

This receiver, however, like the Sounder, has the disadvantage of leaving no permanent record, and Sir William Thomson has therefore introduced his Siphon Recorder on several long cables—for instance, the Eastern Telegraph Company's lines to India, and the Anglo-American Company's cables across the Atlantic. It is undoubtedly one of the finest inventions of the age, although it is not very well known, because only a few are required, and these are only to be seen abroad, if

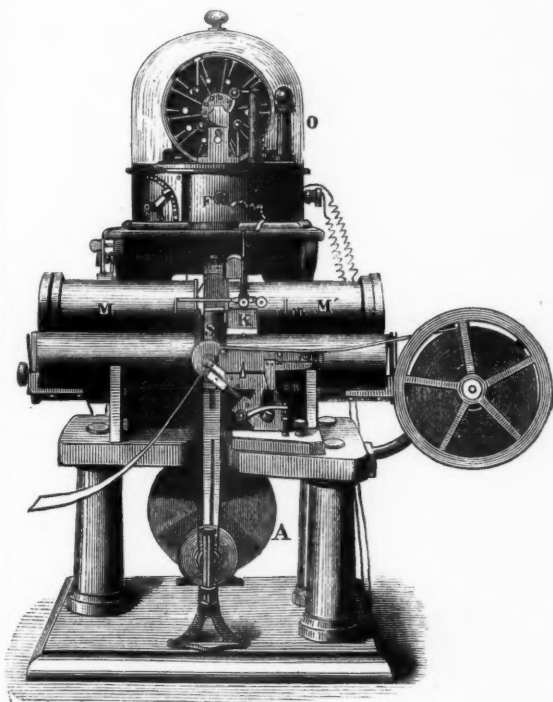


FIG. 23.

we except those now being exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. A general view of the instrument is given in Fig. 23, and the leading parts are detailed in Fig. 24. The principle of its action is just the reverse of the mirror galvanometer. In that instrument a tiny magnet moved within a fixed coil of wire; in the siphon recorder a light coil of wire moves between the poles of a powerful magnet. The signal currents pass through the suspended coil to earth, and in doing so the coil turns to left or right, according as the currents are positive or negative. These movements of the coil are communicated by a connecting thread to a fine glass siphon, which is constantly spurting ink upon a band of travelling

paper, and hence the trace of the ink on the

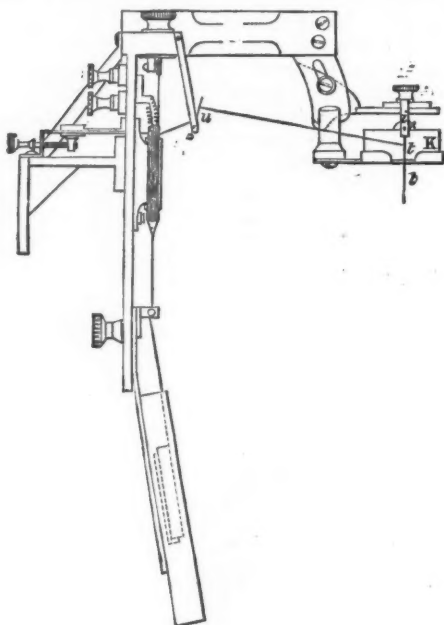


FIG. 24.

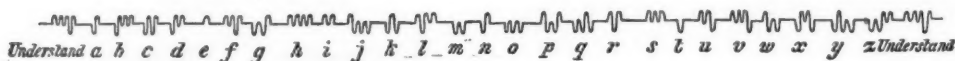


FIG. 25.

J. MUNRO.

Varieties.

Charles Darwin.—Our May Part being already printed, we were unable to record in it the loss of Charles Darwin, one of the greatest writers on natural history in our time. He died on the 19th April, at his residence, Down House, near Beckenham, Kent. In the "Leisure Hour" for September, 1880, we gave a Memoir and portrait; with biographical notices also of his father, a noted physician of Shrewsbury, where Charles was born; and of his more celebrated grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, poet and naturalist. We must refer to that memoir for a sketch of the life and works of Charles Darwin. His name is most widely and popularly known in connection with what is called the Evolution theory, of which he was the chief advocate in recent times, and of which many perhaps imagine him to have been the originator. But this is a mistake, Darwin having merely supported by numerous observations and researches a theory as old as Epicurus and Lucretius, and expounded with wonderful ingenuity and eloquence in the early part of this century by Lamarck. Let any one who wishes to know the history and the tendencies of this Evolution theory turn to the article entitled "Lamarckism and Darwinism" in the "Leisure Hour" for March last. The benefits to science from illustrating the influence of natural laws in modifying the forms and habits of living organisms are there fully admitted. To this extent all naturalists hold the doctrine of Evolution. But when Lamarck, and after him Darwin, maintain that all animated existences, not excluding man, with intellect,

paper follows and delineates the movements of the coil. In Fig. 23, *s* is the signal coil suspended between the poles of two powerful electro-magnets (*M M'*).

In Fig. 24 the coil (*s*) is shown connected by a thread and a small multiplying lever (*u*) to the siphon (*t*). The siphon is as fine as a bristle, and dips into the ink-box (*κ*) with its shorter arm, while the longer arm presents its nozzle to the travelling paper. So fine is the bore of the siphon that the ink will not run unless it is electrified, and hence an ingenious machine (*o*), Fig. 23, termed the "mouse-mill," is provided to generate electricity by "induction," after the manner indicated in our introductory article. The stream of electricity thus supplied is led from the mill to the ink by way of the strip of paper, or other semi-conductor (*F*), and the receiving plate (*D*). The particles of ink thus electrified rush through the fine bore of the siphon and rain upon the paper. The latter is pulled continuously past the siphon-point by the pulley (*A*), which is driving the "mouse-mill." There are many adjustments and interesting actions about the siphon recorder, but it would require a whole chapter to describe them, and we will now conclude our notice of this, the most delicate and beautiful of all telegraph instruments, with a specimen of the message it furnishes.

reason, conscience, have been evolved, or have spontaneously developed themselves from a primeval protoplasm, we can only marvel at the vagaries of science, falsely so called. It is sometimes said that this is an age of scepticism, but it is rather an age of credulity, when so many men are ready to receive the theory of Epicurus and Lamarck, in defiance alike of science and common sense. The well-earned fame of Darwin as a naturalist has helped to give influence to his support of the poetical theory which is known to most people as Darwinism, but of which Lamarck was the real founder in modern times. When Darwinism was first propounded religious people were irrationally alarmed, few of them understanding how far the alleged law of evolution was proved. Many show now an equally irrational readiness to admit the possibility of the theory being wholly true. They are not aware that the highest authorities in special departments of science are opposed to Darwinism. In regard to botany Dr. Carruthers, in regard to the lower orders of animal life Davidson and Barrande, maintain that facts do not support the theory, although some have the hardihood to assert that it is universally accepted by scientific men. Carry the theory to its logical issue, viz., that there has never been any supernatural interference with the order of nature since this planet first began its career, then not only the creation of man, but the whole system of Christian doctrine, the miraculous Incarnation, Life, and Resurrection of Christ, must be counted vain delusions. Infidels and Materialists are making this

use of Darwinism. But although honour was paid to Darwin as an industrious naturalist in burying him in Westminster Abbey, the theory bearing his name is opposed to scientific facts as well as to the doctrines of Christian creed. We believe that while many phenomena are rightly explained by the law of evolution, there are other facts and phenomena in this world's history which can only be explained by Supernatural and Divine interference with the ordinary laws and processes of nature.

Arbitration Courts.—Less success has followed the attempt to establish regular courts of arbitration for disputes between masters and workmen in England than in France. During the month of June in Paris the various working men's guilds, or "Sociétés Ouvrières," are engaged in choosing representatives for the courts of arbitration, whose tenure of office is three years. The jurisdiction of *Les Prud'hommes*, as they are called, is of immense benefit in any differences between masters and operatives. Not only are wasteful and mischievous strikes prevented, but the jurisdiction is far less costly than that of justices of the peace, or of the tribunals of commerce, to which such disputes would otherwise be referred. The members—*conseillers prud'hommes*—are now chosen by a large body of electors; and the institution commends itself to the notice of English masters and men, who have, only in few places, permanent courts of reference and arbitration.

Canes.—Fairholt, in his "Costume of England," mentions some curious instances of canes belonging to Henry VIII. "A cane garnished with silver and gilte, with astronomic upon it. A cane garnished with golde having a perfume in the toppe; under that a diall, with a pair of twitchers, and a pair of compasses of golde; and a foot-rule of golde, a knife and a file of golde, with a whetstone tipped with golde." In the early portion of the eighteenth century the most fashionable were made of white marble and agates, exhibiting either a fine variety of colour, or a semi-opaque tint which was most expressively described by the English word "clouded." These sticks were of slender proportions, but often richly mounted with gold, silver, amber, or precious stones. Such were the "clouded canes" of the time of Pope, which he mentions in one of his poems in the following words:

"Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Irish Thugs.—The Irish assassins ought to be hunted down by military police, as the Thug league was put down in India. Mr. Smythe, though a zealous Home Ruler, thus writes to some of his constituents in Tipperary, who disapprove of his not belonging to the Land League, with its principles of robbery and murder: "Look around, and if you are not utterly lost to every sense of patriotic and human feeling, weep for a land reduced to a condition of savagery. See the poor and honest man shot down in his cabin in the midst of his little ones; see the gentle and blameless lady massacred in her carriage; see these things, and reserve your curses for that League of Hell that has brought all this ruin, all this shame and dishonour, upon our nation." The actual murderers are usually men who hire themselves for money to commit the deed. It was proved in evidence before one of the Commissioners on Agrarian Crime that men from Manchester or Liverpool were always ready to undertake a job of the kind. But too often the perpetrators are resident ruffians. In the case of one terrible murder of a landlord, an eye-witness could not be induced by any promised reward to give evidence. "He would not for the world be so base as to become an informer, but he said he was ready to shoot the man that shot the landlord for ten shillings!" To depend upon the ordinary courts of justice, with witnesses and juries, in such a crisis, is trifling with a social revolution, and abdication the functions of good government. Since Lord Leim's assassination over fifty murders have been committed on Irish soil in connection with this atrocious organisation. Not one of the murderers has been hanged; scarcely any have even been arrested.

Captain Hans Busk.—Captain Hans Busk, D.C.L., F.R.G.S., LL.D., M.A. Cantab., who claimed to be the ori-

ginator of the Volunteer movement, died this spring in London. Captain Busk, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, took a great interest in advocating the tuition of the people in the use of the rifle, and in 1837 he strongly urged upon Lord Melbourne's Government the importance of sanctioning the formation of rifle clubs throughout the country, "with a view to the organisation of an army of Volunteers, as the most sure and constitutional defence of the nation." To this appeal Lord Melbourne replied, indicating apprehension at the idea of "putting arms into the hands of the people at large." On receiving this reply from the Prime Minister, Mr. Busk formed a model rifle club in his University, and from that time forward continued strenuously to advocate the establishment of a Volunteer army, though with little effect until the publication of his treatise, "The Rifle, and How to Use It," in which he again strongly insisted upon the importance of supporting the Volunteer movement. Further to enforce his views he joined the Victoria Rifles early in 1858. Captain Busk continued for some time to urge the movement by means of writings and lectures. The deceased gentleman also took an active part in local and county affairs, serving in 1847 the office of High Sheriff of Radnorshire, and devoted much time to lifeboat work. A pleasing incident in this connection took place a few years since, when a large sum was raised by public subscription, in order to present him with an adequate testimonial in recognition of his services as "the founder of England's Volunteer army." Captain Busk, however, declined to accept any personal gift, and expended the amount contributed in purchasing a lifeboat, which was stationed at Ryde (I.W.), and has been of material benefit. Besides writing several works, Captain Busk founded and edited for several years the "New Quarterly Review." He served on several Government commissions.

Addresses to the Queen.—The addresses to the Queen on the occasion of her Majesty being shot at by Maclean numbered several thousands. They are all examined at the Home Office; and these are forwarded, it seems, in sacks to Windsor, or wherever the Queen is residing. A few of the more splendid or important are kept, the remainder are sent back in the sacks to the Home Office, whence their destination is not publicly known. Some persons reap a harvest from the loyal effusion. The press might save a vast amount of trouble and expense if the mere list of places sending addresses were printed in the "Gazette." Certain corporations, as Edinburgh and Dublin, have the right to send their addresses direct. The seals attached to some addresses, as of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, were imposing affairs, encased in silver cases.

Electricity for Man's Service.—Professor Sylvanus Thompson concluded a lecture at the Crystal Palace "On the Electric Transmission of Power," with a sanguine view. "Once let there be a great central electrical supply—as there must be if whole towns were to be lighted up by electricity—and the distribution of power electrically must inevitably follow, as it would undoubtedly supersede steam in small workshops, if not in large ones too. In the near future electricity was to be our servant, to do the hard work of the world in the place of our present servants, coal and steam. If electric power were as cheap on the small scale as on the large, concentration of workmen in a barrack-like factory would be unnecessary. Home-work would be fostered, and the profits of labour would be more directly at the disposal of those who earned them. Small capital would have a fairer chance than now, and large capitalists would have a less chance of still further inflating their position at the expense of labour."

The Wellington Statue at Hyde Park Corner.—The removal of the Wellington Statue has recalled some interesting facts as to his famous charger, Copenhagen, which was not, however, the animal modelled for the memorial. Copenhagen died in 1825, and Mr. Wyatt's statue was not made until many years later. In the "Pictorial Gallery of English Racehorses," written by Mr. George Tattersall, and published in 1850, is the following passage: "Recovery, a chestnut colt, by Emilius out of Camarino's dam, is now the property of Messrs. Tattersall, and stands at their farm on

the Edgware Road. If our readers wish to know why we have selected Recovery to lead our string of 'cracks' we will soon explain. An equestrian statue having been determined on as the fittest subject for the Wellington Testimonial, and the execution of the group entrusted to the skill and taste of Mr. Wyatt, he, after looking long in vain for any horse of such proportionate beauty as should be pleasing to the common eye without offending the severe taste of the classic, declared at last that such rare qualities were only to be found united in the shape and symmetry of limb displayed by the subject of this memoir. Recovery having, therefore, been modelled from measurements taken by the artist himself, is destined to associate his name, however humbly, with the fame of Wellington." The same writer states that Copenhagen was a chestnut horse, which colour he took from his grandsire, Eclipse, and was born in 1808. Having proved to be a very moderate performer upon the turf, the horse was sold by General Grosvenor, his breeder, to Lord Londonderry, Adjutant-General of the British Army in the Peninsula, who sent him out to Lisbon in 1813. There he was bought for the Iron Duke at a price of £400, and carried his new master both at Vittoria and Waterloo. The Duke remained for eighteen hours upon his back at Waterloo, and when he dismounted opposite to the little inn in the Belgian village, where he slept the night before and after the great battle, the horse lashed out with both hind legs, and narrowly missed his late rider's head. The remainder of his days Copenhagen spent at Strathfieldsay, "receiving a daily allowance of bread from the hands of the Duchess, who used to visit him, passing through the summer-house to the corner of his paddock. He died in 1825, and was interred with military honours. The Duchess used frequently to wear a bracelet made from his hair." Copenhagen was much smaller than Recovery, and was not a well-shaped horse. It was remarked by the late John Timbs that "on fair afternoons the sun casts the shadow of the Duke's equestrian statue full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen gliding, spirit-like, over the front."

Rowing Commended by Legal Dignitaries.—In an article on athletic exercises, the following testimonies are cited in regard to the benefits of rowing. Writing twelve years ago, Sir Balliol Brett said: "I myself rowed as much and as hard as any one. Including college races, I rowed, I believe, seventy-two matches during the years I practised the art. I never suffered in even the slightest degree. On the contrary, being 6ft. 1½in. high when I went up to Cambridge at nineteen years of age, and weighing then 10st. 4lb., I developed into a weight of 12st. 4lb. before I left Cambridge, and maintained that weight until middle age." The following is at once the evidence and judgment of Mr. Justice Denman: "As for myself, I rowed in 101 races of all kinds, of which I lost thirteen. I think there can be no doubt that I thereby turned myself from a weak weedy boy into a tolerably athletic young man." And Mr. Justice Chitty concurs thus: "During my residence at Oxford I rowed in the University Eight against Cambridge three times at Putney and once at Henley. I also rowed in the University Four, and in pair-oar races at Oxford, Henley, and the Thames Regatta. My own personal experience extends over a period of about five years, during a great part of which I was rowing in races. I am not aware that I have in any way suffered in health, either from the training or the rowing. On the contrary, my belief is that I derived from them great benefit physically." We may add that Mr. Justice Bowen and the late Lord Justice Thesiger rowed each in his college boat; and that Mr. A. L. Smith, the present Junior Counsel to the Treasury, was a member of the famous Cambridge crew which was swamped in the year 1859.

Longfellow's "Excelsior."—The following letter, addressed long ago to the Hon. C. K. Tuckerman, has first been published since the poet's death. It seems to have been written in reply to an inquiry as to the real origin and motive of the poem "Excelsior," which had much "exercised" the souls of critics.

"My Dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem 'Excelsior,' and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose.

His motto is Excelsior—'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warnings of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of women's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that 'Excelsior,' an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers."

A subsequent letter more fully explains the use of the word "Excelsior," which critics said ought to have been Excelsius. It was addressed to an Italian correspondent, Signor Cesati:

"Cambridge, Feb. 5, 1874.

"My Dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your card with your friendly criticism on the word 'Excelsior.' In reply, I would say, by way of explanation, that the device on the banner is not to be interpreted 'Ascende superius,' but 'Scopus meus excelsior est.'"

"This will make evident why I say 'Excelsior,' and not 'Excelsius.'—With great regard, yours truly,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Good News for Ornithologists.—A correspondent of the "Morning Post" has communicated the report of a wonderful cure effected in the United States by Mr. Robinson, a Member of Congress. According to his statement, published in the "Irish Nation," it appears that "When I went to Congress I found the American eagle drowsy, her beak filled with Lowell garbage, her wings wet with the mildew of anarchy, her blood poisoned with political pyæmia." From this melancholy position the noble bird has been delivered by Mr. Robinson, who thus modestly describes his achievement: "I roused her from the ignoble torpor; I set her screaming to the tune of Freedom's music, and trimmed her wings to fan the tempest and soar to the sun."

Premature Burial.—A recent case in France, where a mother, wishing to have a last look at a child who was supposed to have died of croup, caused the coffin to be opened, and found that it had been closed while life was not extinct, has led to much discussion on the subject. According to French law, no burial can take place without a certificate from an *Inspecteur de Décès*, who, however, does not always seem to take sufficient personal care in his examinations. There is a work by Dr. Felix Gannal, of Paris, which contains full information, and the appendix of which gives titles of some hundreds of books or articles on the subject. Dr. Gannal says there are no infallible death tests.

Railway from Tripoli to Damascus.—A scheme is at present on foot for constructing a railway from the ancient port of Tripoli to Aleppo and Damascus. If this project is realised, it will have an importance far higher than any commercial or even political bearing, for reasons to be presently stated. The length of the line is about 200 miles, and it is proposed to obtain along with the concession a grant of land of two miles on each side of the railroad, amounting in all to 800 square miles. The opening up of such a route would immensely develop the resources of a region fertile and with great natural resources. The estimated cost of the line is about £10,000 per mile, or £2,000,000 for the whole distance. It is in connection with the present condition and future prospects of the Jewish race that the scheme has for us the greatest interest. The recent persecution of the Jews in Russia and in parts of south-east Europe has caused among large numbers of these people a desire to emigrate to the Turkish Empire, as few comparatively can move to more distant countries. In the construction of this line of railway, and the occupation of the conceded territory, employment and a resting-place would be found for a large number of Jewish immigrants. The Sultan is favourably impressed with the project, and the only condition made by him on the first discussion of the scheme was that the immigrants should become

Ottoman subjects. The toleration which marks the Turkish Government would make no difficulty on this score. But delay is caused by the political jealousies which arise on any subject that might have any bearing on "the Eastern Question." Because the chief promoters are foreigners, and especially Mr. Cazalet is a British subject, the agents of other nationalities have raised suspicion in the minds of some of the Turkish politicians, and the Sultan has been induced to delay the imperial iradé or decree. But when it is known that the scheme is essentially connected with the great future of Israel, and that it is free from any political purpose, we hope to see it soon and successfully carried out.

Hats in Hot Weather.—The irritation of the skin, sometimes ending in unpleasant eruptions, is caused by the fatty acids employed in preparing the leather with which hats and wideawakes are lined. The dressing varies in different makes, most acid being in Belgian leather, but all contain some injurious amount of the rancid oil. Dr. Fleck, a German chemist, recommends that the greasy leather should be rubbed with burnt ammonia or other alkali.—*The Hatter.*

Italian Census.—According to the statistics published by the Italian Government, in connection with the last census, there are in the peninsula eleven cities containing more than 100,000 inhabitants each. Of these Naples heads the list with 493,115. Milan has 321,839; Rome, 300,467; Turin, 252,832; and Palermo, 244,291, while Genoa, Florence, Messina, Bologna, and Catania number between 100,000 and 200,000 souls. The next largest cities containing between 50,000 and 100,000 inhabitants are Leghorn, Ferrara, Padua, Verona, Lucca, and Alessandria.

Asking for Money.—One of the very best wives and mothers I have ever known, whose husband was of a most generous disposition and denied her nothing, once said to me that whenever her daughters should be married she should stipulate in their behalf with their husbands for a regular sum of money to be paid them at certain intervals for their expenditure. "I suppose no man," she said, "can possibly understand how a sensitive woman shrinks from asking for money. If I can prevent it, my daughters shall never have to ask for it. If they do their duty as wives and mothers they have a right to their share of the joint income within reasonable limits; for certainly no money could buy the services they render."—*American Paper.*

The Gulf Stream and Fisheries.—At the Academy of Sciences recently M. Blavier, mining engineer, called attention to the disappearance of the sardine from the coast of Brittany, where it used to bring in the fishermen 15,000,000*f.* a year. He attributed this to a change in the direction of the Gulf Stream, which also accounted for the mild winter and early spring. M. Blanchard remarked that in England a committee of engineers and hydrographers were studying the apparent change in the Gulf Stream, and that information might be obtained from them. On the suggestion of M. Faye the question was referred to a committee.

Census in France.—The census was taken on the 18th of December last. The total population of France present on that day was 37,321,000 against 36,905,000 in 1876, an increase of 416,000. The increase is almost entirely confined to the larger towns. The forty-six towns of 30,000 inhabitants and upwards show a total increase of population of 488,000. Only eight of them reveal a diminution, and only four of these eight reveal a diminution of any moment. These are St. Etienne, which has lost 5,800 inhabitants; Brest, which has lost 2,200; Cherbourg, which has lost 1,800; and Versailles, which has lost 1,500. On the other hand, Paris has gained 237,000, Marseilles 38,000, Lyons 30,000, Nice 25,000, Lille 15,000, Rheims 12,000, and Havre 10,000.

Life Insurance Policy Commission.—A medical man writes to the "Times": "Thirty years ago I effected an insurance upon my life as part of a marriage settlement, and went to the office which was recommended to me by the solicitors by whom the settlement was prepared. Many years afterwards I wished to increase my insurance, and to do so in the same office; but in the meanwhile it had accidentally come to my knowledge that the aforesaid solicitors were receiving, under

the first policy, a small annuity during my life. I had no wish to increase this annuity, so I asked the secretary to the insurance office whether, as these solicitors had originally introduced me, anything would be payable to them under the new policy which I wished to effect. He replied in the negative. I then asked, 'If I were to bring a third person here, who was induced by me to effect an insurance, would you pay me a commission upon his annual premiums?' He replied, 'Certainly; a commission of five per cent.' I said, 'Very well, then why should you not pay me this commission upon introducing myself?' He replied that there was no objection; and I still deduct, as commission, five per cent. from each annual payment. I may, perhaps, add that the office is one of the very highest standing. The inference seems to be that the published premiums are calculated upon the assumption that five per cent. will be deducted from them for the benefit of somebody, and that insurers, if they are alive to their own interests, may secure this benefit for themselves."

Army Conscience Clause in France.—The Council of State has been directed to report on the regulations as to military honours at ecclesiastical ceremonies with a view to relieve Protestant or Jewish soldiers from compulsory attendance at mass or at Catholic processions. As a rule, such soldiers regard this attendance as a purely military and secular act, but it occasionally happens that scruples are entertained, and punishment incurred. The clerical organs, of course, denounce this contemplated extension of liberty of conscience.

Rent in Skye.—It was stated recently that the tenants of a proprietor in the island of Skye had refused to pay their rent, and had burned the papers brought by the sheriff's officer. It would be embarrassing if the principles of the Land League spread from Ireland to other parts of the kingdom. But the land agitation is no new question in the island of Skye. When Dr. Johnson made his celebrated tour in the Hebrides, the condition of the poor people of Skye enlisted much of his sympathy. He was "much dissatisfied at hearing heavy complaints of rents racked, and the people driven to emigration;" and said that "if an oppressive chieftain were a subject of a French king, he would probably be admonished by a *lettre de cachet*." In the appendix to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," a most interesting narrative appears, written by General McLeod, who, on hearing of the discontent of his tenantry, went among them, and successfully removed the causes of complaint, giving considerable abatement on the rents, checking the emigration, and restoring the old good feeling between chief and dependents. Dr. Johnson's first impressions of Skye itself are amusingly given in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. "It is an island perhaps fifty miles long, so much indented by inlets of the sea, that no part of it is removed from the water more than six miles. No part that I have seen is plain; you are always climbing or descending, and every step is on rock or mire. A walk upon ploughed ground in England is a dance upon carpets compared to the toilsome drudgery of wandering in Skye."

The Trial of Maclean.—Maclean was charged with high treason, while all his predecessors in the same bad eminence, since the law has permitted a lesser charge, have been treated as misdemeanants; and a special commission, not employed in any of the other cases, was issued to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Baron Huddleston to try him. Oxford, in 1840, was tried before Lord Denman, Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Patteson; Francis, in 1842, before Chief Justice Tindal, Baron Gurney, and Mr. Justice Patteson; Bean, in the same year, before Lord Abinger, Mr. Justice Williams, and Baron Rolfe; Hamilton, in 1849, pleaded "guilty;" Pate, in the same year, was tried before Baron Alderson, having as his counsel Mr. Cockburn, Q.C., the late Chief Justice, and Mr. Huddleston, then a junior counsel, and now one of the judges who is to try Maclean; and O'Connor, in 1872, before Baron Cleasby. Oxford and Francis were charged with high treason, but all the others were indicted for the misdemeanour created by Sir Robert Peel's Act. Special commissions were not necessary in any of these cases, as all were tried at the Central Criminal Court, of which the whole bench are Judges. Maclean could not have been tried at the Central Criminal Court,

as Palmer's Act, which allows a removal to that court, does not apply to high treason; but the Attorney-General might have removed the case to the Queen's Bench. A special commission, especially when it consists of two judges who may differ in opinion, has this inconvenience, that there is no appeal to the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, as the commission is not a court of oyer and terminer and general gaol delivery. The last instance of a special commission was in 1867, when the Fenians were tried at Manchester. The policy of giving so dignified an aspect to Maclean's act may well be doubted.—*Law Journal*.

Playgrounds for Children.—It is imperatively necessary for the proper growth and development of children that they should have abundance of outdoor amusement. The enormous increase of population in London, in proportion to its open spaces, renders this a difficult object to secure. With the exception of the annual holiday at the seaside, and the daily walk to and from the preparatory school, a large number of the children of the well-to-do classes rarely get much exercise. Of course there are the parks, but the distance is often great, and, in addition, where there are none of the restrictions irksome to children, the youthful *habitués* of them are not altogether desirable companions for the delicately bred. What is wanted are open-air spaces with grass for football and cricket, and with elementary gymnastic appliances, where the youngsters can be supervised by their tutors or parents. A small charge would secure privacy and selectness, and the ground could be made remunerative by the addition of lawn tennis, etc., for the elders. Some attempts have been made to provide resources of the kind indicated in the west districts, but we believe they have not met with the support they deserve. In these days of crowded professions and keen competition for subsistence the mental wear and tear is much more than in former years, and the duty of forming a healthy body to support the work cannot begin too early.—*Land and Water*.

Ratepayers and Vestrymen.—In a leading article in the "Times" upon the opposition to the proposed People's Park at Paddington, the following remarks occur:—"The feeling of the ordinary ratepayer towards a rate is something that would be incredible if every day's experience did not prove it. He grudges every penny taken from him for public ends. In his heart he would prefer bad roads, bad gas lamps, and bad police, if they could be got cheaply, until the moment of his periodical awakening, when he would rise in a panic and a fever, and denounce the authorities, not for extravagance, but for inefficiency. He fights to the death against free libraries, though a rate amounting to a little more than he spends in a single evening at the public-house would establish a library that might bless the whole neighbourhood. Just in the same way we read that a meeting of the 'representative Vestry' of Paddington denounced the rating clauses of the Park Bill, and carried resolutions condemning them 'with only five dissentients.' When it is remembered that the rate in question only amounted to 2d. in the £, or 8s. 4d. on a £50 rental, it will be seen how substantial was the grievance." The "penny-wise" but "pound-foolish" policy has, for the present, postponed the scheme. Increased poor-rates, police-rates, and other public burdens, with the heavier home taxes arising from sickness and epidemics, will be the inevitable result of refusing to have an open park in the densely-peopled region which surrounds the proposed Paddington Park.

Newspaper Statistics.—The "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1882 gives the following particulars:—"There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,817 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 375; provinces, 1,012—1,387. Wales, 71; Scotland, 183; Ireland, 156; Isles, 20. Of these there are 124 daily papers published in England, 5 daily papers published in Wales, 22 daily papers published in Scotland, 16 daily papers published in Ireland, two daily papers published in the British Isles. In the year 1846 there were published in the United Kingdom 551 journals; of these 14 were issued daily—viz., 12 in England and two in Ireland; but in 1882 there are now established and circulated 1,817 papers, of which no less than 169 are issued daily, showing that the Press of the country has more than trebled during the last 36 years. The increase in daily papers has been still more remarkable; the daily issues

standing at 169 against 14 in 1846. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1,180, of which 326 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other Christian communities."

Dr. Johnson's Charity.—Poverty and helplessness seemed to be the strongest recommendations to his favourable notice. When asked by one of his intimate friends how he could bear to be surrounded by such necessitous and undeserving people as those he assisted and had about him, his answer was, "If I did not assist them no one else would, and they must be lost for want."—*Sir J. D. Hawkins's "Recollections of Johnson."*

Lime and Vinegar.—The Rev. Wilse Brown writes from Whitstone Rectory, Exeter: "About forty years ago I asked a mason in Teesdale, county of Durham, what he did if lime got into his eyes. 'I put vinegar in, sir.' In January this year my church was whitewashed inside. The sexton reported that water had no effect on the splashes on the pews. I applied vinegar, and the lime vanished. It had the same effect on iron and stone."

Pantheon at Rome.—The Pantheon is proved by recent explorations to have been originally built as the hot-air chamber of the baths of Agrippa. The structure is exactly analogous to the *Laconicum*, or sweating-room, of the baths of Caracalla, the recesses formerly supposed to have been for the *Di Majores* being merely for the furnaces. Stefano Piali, a learned architect, maintained this in 1834, and recent excavations have demonstrated the correctness of his theory.

Science and Common Sense.—Professor Tyndall, in his Belfast Address, said that he discerned in matter "the promise and the potency of every form and quality of life." And again: "It is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded." Some have inferred from these words that he considers life and intelligence to be mere properties of matter; we cannot, however, understand how he could see the promise and potency of that about which, by his own confession, he knows nothing; or see the germs of the operation and evolution of that which he confesses is an "insoluble mystery." The promise and potency we ascribe to the Almighty, which possibly is what is understood by the "insoluble mystery." In most of these professional and presidential addresses, the hard words crystallisation, fermentation, germination mean, "We do not know." It is time for common-sense people to understand that when very clever men say "suns resolve themselves into flore and faune, that is, into vegetables and animals," they only mean that the natural materials and forces used by the Almighty are, so far as physically known, stored in terrestrial and solar sources, but that it is impossible to give an exhaustive account of any one of the changes characteristic of any living thing in nature.—"*The Mystery of Miracles*," by Prebendary J. W. Reynolds, author of "*The Supernatural in Nature*." (Kegan Paul & Co.)

The Positivists.—Considerable differences, in the course of years, have arisen among the Positivists in London. Mr. Frederic Harrison and Professor Beesly have seceded from Dr. Congreve, and possibly may hold separate services. In the "Sunday at Home" for June there is an article entitled, "A Sunday Morning with the Positivists."

Unfair Quotation.—Materialists sometimes quote the words of Kant, "Give me matter and I will explain the formation of a world;" but they omit his other words, "Give me matter only and I cannot explain the formation of a caterpillar."

Fiat Experimentum in Corpore Vili.—A poor patient in a hospital heard the physician at his bedside say to his colleague, "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*," not imagining that the man understood Latin. "*Corpus non tam vile est*," said the poor patient, "*pro quo Christus ipse non dedignatus est mori*" (No person is worthless for whom Christ Himself deigned to die). Sir John Hawkins records this incident, and says that Dr. Johnson was greatly pleased when he heard it.

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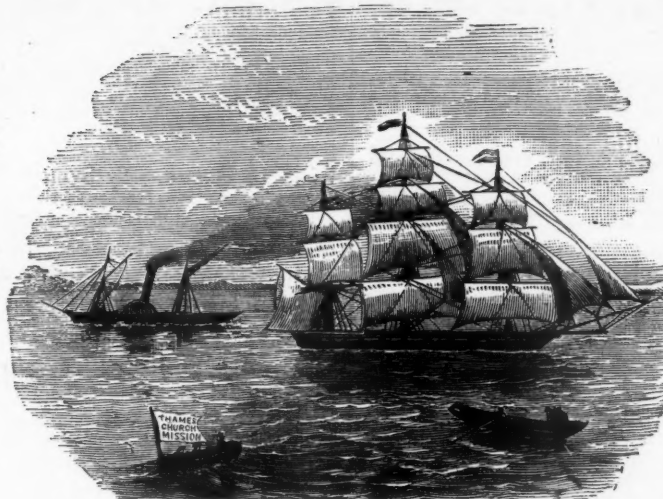
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British and Foreign Bible Society Monthly Reporter, August, 1881.

"The Thames Church Mission has grown into a vigorous and important agency for practically obeying the text which it takes as its motto, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' It is, in fact, one of those valuable Home Societies which enable the British and Foreign Bible Society to put the Scriptures into wider circulation, just as the great Missionary Societies do abroad."

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"As a sheriff of the great port of London, I am happy to have this opportunity of testifying to the blessings which this Society confers upon many thousands of sailors."—*Vide Speech of the late Mr. Sheriff Woolton, April 14th, 1880.*

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Religious Tract Society Record, December, 1881.

The following is from one of the agents of the Thames Church Mission:—"While in conversation with two pilots on the —, for Spain, and telling them of the conversion of two collier boys who are now preachers of the Gospel, one of the pilots remarked, 'You do not know one-half your Mission has done for seamen. I can tell you something, perhaps, you have not heard. I was in company with the captain of a ship about twelve months ago, and heard him tell of your visiting his ship, addressing his men, and giving them tracts just before going away. One of the tracts was blessed to the conversion of one of the sailors; this man became very zealous, and was made instrumental in the conversion of nearly the whole ship's company. While in port, a gentleman observed the conduct of the crew, and had a conversation with them, and was so pleased with their statement that he afterwards visited the captain and inquired about them, and the captain's testimony was they were all he wished them to be.'"

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